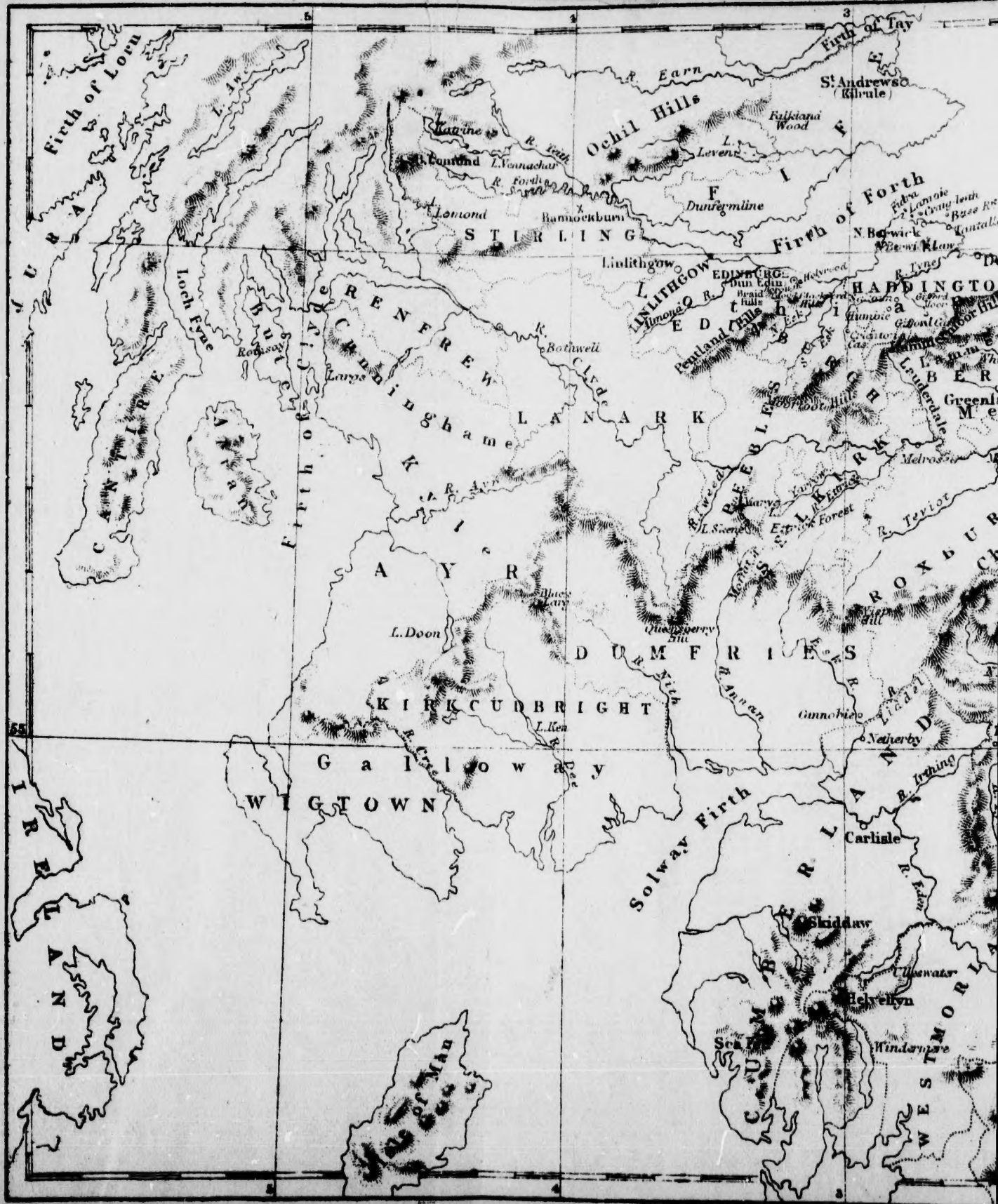
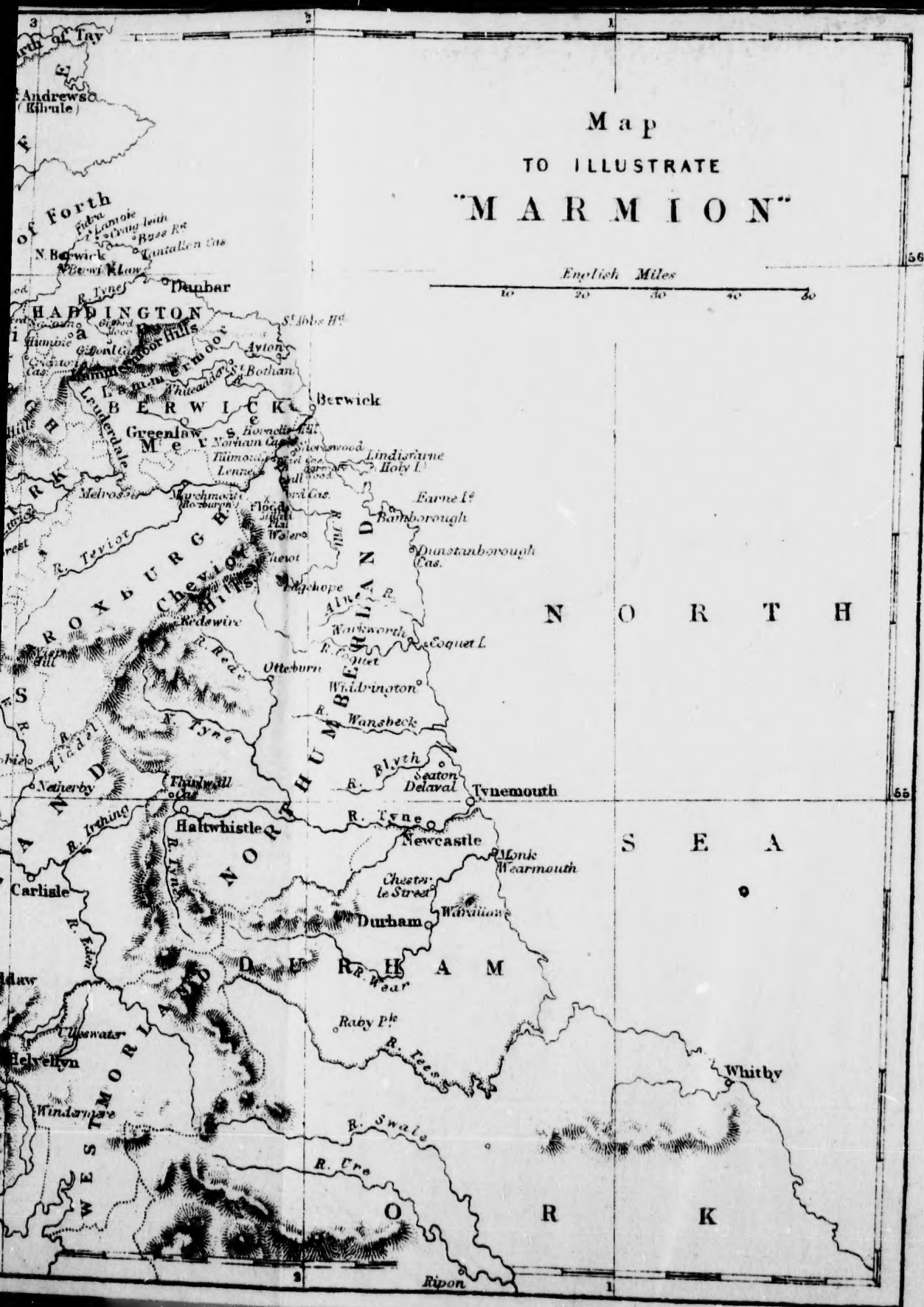




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W. J. Gage & Co's English School Classics.

SCOTT'S
MARMION

AND

BURKE'S

REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

WITH INTRODUCTION, LIVES OF AUTHORS, CHARACTER
OF THEIR WORKS, ETC. ;

AND COPIOUS EXPLANATORY NOTES, GRAMMATICAL, HIS-
TORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, ETC.

BY

JOHN MILLAR, B.A.,

Head Master of St. Thomas Collegiate Institute.

TORONTO:

W. J. GAGE & COMPANY.

1882.

*Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the
year 1882, by W. J. Gage & Company, in the Office of the
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PREFACE.

The aim of this little work is not merely to furnish High School pupils with such information as is usually required of them at the Intermediate and University Examinations, but to serve as a guide to all who wish to study English literature intelligently. It is pleasing to know that English is gradually asserting its true position in the programmes of our schools and colleges, and still more satisfactory to find a growing taste for sound literature amongst the people. The proper direction of this taste at school should be one of the principal objects of the teacher; but when he is compelled to supplement what is given in the text, with notes of an elaborate character, his time is necessarily lessened for dealing with the spirit and beauties of the piece—the genius and taste of the author. Experience also shows that many students both in school and out of it have not the time, even when a library is accessible, to consult works of reference. With the object of suiting the convenience of both teachers and students this edition is offered to the public. That it may secure an approval, similar to that so generally accorded to his previous work in the same department, is the hope of the author.

Collegiate Institute,
St. Thomas, July, 1882.



INTRODUCTION.

I. LITERATURE AND ITS DEPARTMENTS.

1. **Literature** in its widest sense embraces all kinds of literary productions which have been preserved in writing ; but is generally restricted to those works that come within the sphere of the literary art or rules of rhetoric.

2. **Classification.**—Literature, in regard to its *form*, is divided into (1) Prose and (2) Poetry. In regard to *matter*, it has three divisions : (1,) Composition, designed to inform the understanding by *description, narration, or exposition* ; (2) Oratory ; (3) Poetry.

3. **Description**, or descriptive composition, is of two kinds : (1) Objective, where the observer pictures what he describes as it is perceived by his senses or realized by his fancy ; (2) Subjective, where the observer, referring to the feelings or thoughts of his own mind, gives his impressions as they have been excited by the outward scene. Scott is a good example of an *objective*, and Byron of a *subjective* writer.

4. **Narration** is that kind of composition which gives an account of the incidents of a series of transactions or events. It may also be subjective or objective.

5. **Exposition** includes those literary productions where facts or principles are discussed and conclusions reached by a process of reasoning. It embraces various treatises, from the brief editorial, or essay, to the full discussion in extensive works. To this class belongs the philosophic poem.

6. **Oratory** is that kind of composition in which arguments or reasons are offered to influence the mind. It admits of the following divisions : (1) Judicial, (2) Political, (3) Religious, and (4) Moral suasion.

7. **Prose** compositions are those in which the thoughts are arranged in non-metrical sentences, or in the natural order in common and ordinary language. The principal kinds of prose composition are narrative, letters, memoirs, history, biography, essays, philosophy, sermons, novels, speeches, &c.

8. **Sentences** are divided grammatically into *simple*, *complex*, *compound*, and also into *declarative*, *interrogative*, *imperative*, and *exclamative*. Rhetorically, they are divided into *loose sentences* and *periods*.

9. **A loose sentence** consists of parts which may be separated without destroying the sense. It is generally adopted by Addison.

10. **A period** is a sentence in which the complete sense is suspended until the close. The first sentence of *Paradise Lost*, and also the first sentence of the *Task*, *Book III*, furnish examples.

11. **Poetry** is that species of composition in which the words are metrically arranged. It also differs from prose in (1) having a greater number of *figures of speech*, (2) employing numerous *archaic*, or *non-colloquial* terms, (3) preferring epithets to extended expressions, (4) using short and euphonious words instead of what are long or harsh, and (5) permitting deviations from the rules of grammar.

12. **Metre** is defined as "the recurrence within certain intervals of syllables similarly affected." This may arise from (1) alliteration, (2) quantity, (3) rhyme, (4) accent, or (5) the number of syllables.

13. **Alliteration**, which was the characteristic of Old English poetry, consisted in the repetition of the same letters.

14. **Quantity** has reference to the length of vowels or syllables. In the classical languages, quantity was measured by the length of syllables; in English, by the length of the vowels.

15. **Rhyme** is a similarity of sound at the end of words; its essentials being (1) vowels alike in sound, (2) consonants before the vowels unlike, and (3) consonants after the vowels alike in sound. Poetry without rhyme is termed *blank verse*. Blank verse usually consists of five, or five and a half, feet.

16. **Accent**, which forms the distinguishing feature of English verse, is the stress on a syllable in a word.

17. **Rhythm**.—When the words of composition are so arranged that the succession of accented syllables produces harmony we have *rhythm*. When the accents occur regularly we have *verse*, or *metre*.

18. **Couplets**, triplets, &c., are used to designate two, three, &c., verses taken together.

19. **Stanza** is a term applied to a part of a poem consisting of a number of verses regularly adjusted to one another.

20. **Feet**.—A portion of a verse of poetry consisting of two or more syllables combined according to accent is called a *foot*. Two syllables thus combined is called a *disyllabic* foot, which may be (1) an *iambus*, when the accent is on the second syllable, or (2) a *trochee*, when the accent is on the first syllable, or (3) a *spondee*, when both are

accented, or both unaccented. Three syllables combined form a *tri-syllabic* foot, which may be a *dactyl*, an *amphibrach*, or an *anapaest*.

21. **Monometer, dimeter, trimeter, tetrameter, pentameter, and hexameter**, are terms that indicate the number of feet or *measures* in the verse. Thus five iambic feet are called *iambic pentameter*. This is the metre of the *Deserted Village*, *The Task*, and also of the principal epic, dramatic, philosophic, and descriptive poems. From its use in epic poetry, where *heroic* deeds are described, it is called *heroic measure*. An iambic hexameter verse is called an *Alexandrine*.

22. The **Elgiac stanza** consists of four pentameter lines rhyming alternately.

23. The **Spenserian stanza** consists of eight heroic lines followed by an *Alexandrine*.

24. **Common Metre** consists of four verses, the first and third being iambic tetrameters, and the second and fourth, which rhyme, iambic trimeters.

25. **Short Metre** has three feet in the first, second, and fourth lines, and *four* in the third.

26. **Long Metre** consists of four iambic tetrameter lines.

27. **Ottava Rima** is a name applied to an Italian stanza consisting of eight lines, of which the first six rhyme alternately, and the last two form a couplet.

28. The **Rhyme Royal** consists of seven heroic lines, the first five recurring at intervals and the last two rhyming.

29. The **Ballad Stanza** consists of four lines, the first and third being iambic tetrameters, and the second and fourth iambic trimeters.

30. **Pauses**.—Besides the usual pauses indicated by the punctuation and called *sentential* pauses, there are in poetic

diction the *Final* pause at the end of each line and the *Cæsural* pause.

31. The *Cæsural* Pause is a suspension of the voice somewhere in the line itself. It is not found in short lines, and in long verses is movable. It generally occurs near the middle, but may come after the 4th, 5th, 6th, or 7th syllable. It is often found in the middle of a foot, but never in the middle of a word. Sometimes a secondary pause called *demicæsural* is found before and also after the *cæsural*.

32. *Scansion* is a term applied to the division of a verse into the feet of which it consists.

33. *Classification of Poetry*.—In respect to form and mode of treatment, poetry may be divided into (1) *Epic*, (2) *Dramatic*, and (3) *Lyric*.

34. *Epic* poetry is that variety in which some great event is described, or where the exploits of heroes are treated of. The leading forms of *Epic* poetry are these:— (1) The Great *Epic*, as the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, *Paradise Lost*; (2) The Romance, as the *Faerie Queene*, *The Lady of the Lake*; (3) The Ballad, as *Chevy Chase*, Macaulay's *Lay of Horatius*; (4) The Historical Poem, as Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis*; (5) The Tale, as Byron's *Corsair*, *Enoch Arden*; (6) The Mixed *Epic*, as Byron's *Childe Harold*; (7) The Pastoral, Idyll, &c., as the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, the *Excursion*; (8) Prose Fiction, including sentimental, comical, pastoral, historical, philosophical, or religious novels.

35. *Dramatic Poetry* deals also with some important events, but differs from *Epic* poetry where the author himself narrates the events forming its subject, in having the various characters represent, in action or conversation, the story to be described. *Dramatic poetry* is of two kinds, (1) *Tragedy*, where the human passions and woes or misfortunes of life are represented in such a manner as to ex-

site pity, as Shakespeare's *Macbeth* or *Hamlet*; (2) Comedy, where the lighter faults, passions, actions, and follies are represented, as the *Merchant of Venice*.

36. **Lyric Poetry** is so called because originally written to be sung to the Lyre. Its principal kinds are: (1) The Ode, as Gray's *Bard*; (2) The Hymn, as those of Cowper; (3) The Song, as those of Burns or Moore; (4) The Elegy, as Gray's; (5) The Sonnet, as those of Shakespeare or Wordsworth; (6) The simple Lyric, as Burns' *Mountain Daisy*.

37. **Further Classification** as to object will embrace; (1) Descriptive poetry, as Thomson's *Seasons*; (2) Didactic, as Wordsworth's *Excursion*; (3) Pastoral, as Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*; Satirical, as Butler's *Hudibras*; (5) Humorous, as Cowper's *John Gilpin*.

II. FIGURES OF SPEECH.

38. **A Figure** is a deviation from the ordinary form or construction or application of words in a sentence for the purpose of greater precision, variety, or elegance of expression. There are three kinds, viz., of *Etymology*, of *Syntax*, and of *Rhetoric*.

39. **A Figure of Etymology** is a departure from the usual form of words. The principal figures of etymology are: *Aphæresis*, *Prosthesis*, *Syncope*, *Apocope*, *Paragoge*, *Diacresis*, *Synæresis*, *Tmesis*.

40. **Aphæresis**.—The elision of a syllable from the beginning of a word, as *'neath* for *beneath*.

41. **Prosthesis**.—The prefixing of a syllable to a word, as *agoing* for *going*. If the letters are placed in the middle, *Epenthesis*, as *farther* for *farer*.

42. **Syncope**.—The elision of a letter or syllable from the body of a word, as *med'cine* for *medicine*.

43. **Apocope.**—The elision of a letter or syllable from the end of a word, as *tho'* for *though*.

44. **Paragoge.**—The annexing of a syllable to the end of a word as *deary* for *dear*.

45. **Diæresis.**—The divison of two concurrent vowels into different syllables, as *co-operate*.

46. **Syncæresis.**—The joining of two syllables into one, in either orthography or pronunciation, as *dost* for *doest*, *loved* for *lov-ed*.

47. **Tmesis.**—Separating the parts of a compound word, as "*What time soever*." When letters in the same word are interchanged, as *brunt* for *burnt*, *nostrils* for *nose-thirles*, the figure is called *Metathesis*.

48. **A Figure of Syntax** is a deviation from the usual construction of a sentence for greater beauty or force. The principal figures of syntax are: *Ellipsis*, *Pleonasm*, *Syllepsis*, *Enallage*, *Hyperbaton*, *Periphrasis*, *Tautology*.

49. **Ellipsis.**—An omission of words with a rhetorical purpose, as "*Impossible!*" *Asyndeton* is the omission of connectives.

50. **Pleonasm.**—The employment of redundant words, as "*Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.*"

51. **Syllepsis.**—An inferior species of *personification*, as "*The moon gives her light by night.*"

52. **Enallage.**—The substitution of one part of speech for another, as—

"Whether charmer *sinner* it or *saint* it
If folly grow romantic I must paint it."—Pope.

53. **Hyperbaton.**—The transposition of words in a sentence, as "*A man he was to all the country dear.*"

54. **Periphrasis or Circumlocution.**—The employment of more words than are necessary to convey the sense, as the use of a definition or descriptive phrase instead of a

noun, as "He was charmed with the idea of taking up arms in the service of his country."

55. **Tautology.**—The repetition of the same sense in different words, as—

"The dawn is overcast—the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day." — Addison.

56. **A Figure of Rhetoric** is a form of speech artfully varied from the direct and literal mode of expression for the purpose of greater effect. Rhetorical figures may be divided into three classes.

57. **I. Figures of Relativity.**—*Antithesis, Simile, Metaphor, Allegory, Personification, Apostrophe, Vision, Allusion, Irony, Sarcasm, Synecdoche, Metonymy, Euphemism, Litotes, Epithet, Catachresis.*

58. **II. Figures of Gradation.**—*Climax, Hyperbole.*

59. **III. Figures of Emphasis.**—*Epizeuxis, Anaphora, Epiphora, Anadiplosis, Epanalepsis, Alliteration, Anacoluthon, Aposiopesis, Paraleipsis, Erotesis, Epanorthosis, Syllepsis, Ecphonesis.*

60. **Antithesis.**—The statement of a contrast of thoughts and words, as "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion."

Under this figure may be mentioned *Oxymoron*, or a contradiction of terms, as "a pious fraud"; *Antimetabole*, where the words are reversed in each member of the antithesis, as "A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits."

61. **Simile or Comparison.**—A formal expression of resemblance, as: "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water."

62. **Metaphor.**—An implied comparison or a *simile* without the sign, as "Pitt was the pillar of the State."

63. **Allegory.**—A continuation of *metaphors*, or a story having a figurative meaning and designed to convey in-

struction of a moral character, as Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*

64. **Personification.**—A figure in which some attribute of life is ascribed to inanimate objects, as "The mountains *sing together*, the hills *rejoice* and *clap hands*."

65. **Apostrophe.**—A turning off from the subject to address something absent, as "Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death, where is thy sting?"

66. **Vision.**—The narration of past or absent scenes as though actually present, as "I see before me the gladiator lie," etc.

67. **Allusion.**—That figure by which some word or phrase in a sentence calls to mind something which is not mentioned, as "It may be said of him that he came, he saw, he conquered."

68. **Irony.**—A figure by which we mean to convey a meaning the contrary of what we say, as where Elijah addresses the worshippers of Baal, "Cry aloud, for he is a god."

69. **Sarcasm.**—A mode of expressing vituperation under a somewhat veiled form, as the *Letters of Junius*.

70. **Synecdoche.**—A figure where—

1. A part is put for the whole, as "A fleet of twenty sail."
2. The species for a genus, as "our daily bread."
3. The concrete for the abstract, as "The patriot comes forth in his politics."
4. The whole for a part, as "Belinda smiled and *all the world* was gay."
5. The genus for the species, as "The creature was sad."
6. The abstract for the concrete, as—
"Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry."

Antonomasia is a form of synecdoche where a proper noun is used to designate a class, as—

"Some village *Hampden*, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood."

71. Metonymy.—A figure where one thing is described by another thing in substituting—

1. The cause for the effect, as

"A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man."

2. The effect for the cause, as "Gray hairs should be respected."

3. The sign for the thing signified, as "He carried away the *palm*."

4. The container for the thing contained, as "The toper loves his *bottle*."

5. The instrument for the agent, as "The *pen* is mightier than the *sword*."

6. An author for his works, as "We admire *Addison*."

72. Euphemism.—A figure by means of which a harsh expression is set aside and a softer one substituted in its place, as "The merchant prince has *stopped payment*."

73. Litotes.—A figure in which by denying the contrary, more is implied than is expressed, as

"Immortal names,
That were *not born to die*."

74 Transferred Epithet.—An epithet joined to another to explain its character, as "The *sunny South*."

75. Catachresis.—A figure where a word is wrested from its original application and made to express something at variance with its true meaning, as "Her voice was but the *shadow of a sound*."

76. Climax.—An ascending series of thoughts or statements increasing in strength, as "What a piece of work

is man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties : in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a God !—*Hamlet*. Where the series is descending we have an *Anticlimax*, as “ If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing ; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination.”—De Quincy.

77. *Hyperbole*.—A figure by which more is expressed than the truth and where the exaggeration is not expected to be taken literally, as “ They were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.” (Referring to David’s statement concerning Saul and Jonathan.)

78. *Epizeuxis*.—The immediate repetition of some word or words for the sake of emphasis, as—

“ *Restore him, restore him if you can from the dead.*”

79. *Anaphora*.—The repetition of a word or phrase at the beginning of each of several sentences or parts of a sentence, as—

“ *No more the farmer’s news, the barber’s tale,
No more the woodman’s ballad shall prevail,
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear.*”

80. *Epiphora*.—Where the repetition is at the end, and *Anadiplosis*.—Where the repetition is in the middle :

“ *Has he a gust for blood? Blood shall fill his cup.*”

81. *Epanalepsis*.—Where there is a repetition at the end of the sentence of the word or words at the beginning.

82. *Alliteration*.—The repetition of the same letter or letters, as “ *Apt alliteration’s artful aid.*”

83. *Anacoluthon*.—A figure by which a proposition is left unfinished and something else introduced to finish the sentence, as—

"If thou be'st he—but oh, how fallen, how changed from him who," etc.

84. **Aposiopesis.**—A sudden pause in a sentence by which the conclusion is left unfinished, as—

"For there I picked up on the heather,
And there I put within my breast,
A moulted feather, an eagle's feather—
Well—I forget the rest."—Browning.

85. **Paraleipsis** or omission.—A figure by which a speaker pretends to pass by what at the same time he really mentions, as "I do not speak of my adversary's scandalous venality and rapacity; I take no notice of his brutal conduct."

86. **Erotesis.**—An animated or passionate interrogation, as—

"Hath the Lord said it? and will He not do it?
Hath He spoken it? and shall He not make it good?"

87. **Epanorthosis.**—A figure by which an expression is recalled and a stronger one substituted in its place, as "Why should I speak of his neglect—*neglect did I say? call it rather contempt.*"

88. **Syllepsis.**—The use of an expression which is taken in a literal and metaphorical sense, as—

"Lie *heavy* on him, Earth, for he
Laid many a *heavy* load on thee."

89. **Ecphonesis.**—An animated exclamation, as—
Othello. —O, my soul's joy,

If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death."

90. Other figures are often found, as *zeugma*, whereby a verb, etc., applicable to only one clause does duty for two, as—

"They wear a garment like the Scythians, but a language peculiar to themselves."—Sir J. Mandeville.

Anacœnosis, where the speaker appeals to the judgment of his audience on the point in debate, as if they had feelings common with his own. The *Enigma* or riddle. The *Epigram*, where the mind is roused by a conflict or contradiction between the form of the language and the meaning to be conveyed, as "The child is father of the man." *Personal Metaphor*, where acts are attributed to inanimate objects, The *Paronomasia* or pun. The *Parable*, *Proverb*, *Repartee*, etc.

III. LIST OF PRINCIPAL WRITERS.

Dryden, John (1630—1700). *Annus Mirabilis*, *Abraham and Ahithophel*, *Mac Flecknoë*, *The Hind and Panther*, *Translation of Virgil*, *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*, *Alexander's Feast*.

Locke, John (1632—1704). *Essay on Human Understanding*, *Letters concerning Toleration*, *Treatise on Civil Government*, *Thoughts concerning Education*.

Newton, Sir J. (1642—1727). *Principia*, *Optics*.

Wycherly, William (1640—1715). Several immoral Comedies.

De Foe, Daniel (1661—1731). Besides editing *The Review*, wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, *Moll Flanders*, *History of the Great Plague*, *Captain Singleton*, *Mrs. Veal's Apparition*.

Bentley, Richard (1662—1742). Editions of *Horace*, *Terence*, *Phædrus*, and other classical works.

Prior, Mathew, (1665—1721). *The Town and Country Mouse*, *Solomon*.

Swift, Jonathan (1666—1745). *Tale of a Tub*, *Drapier's Letters*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and poems including *Morning*, *The City Shower*, *Rhapsody on Poetry*, *Verses on My Own Death*.

Congreve, William (1669—1728). Several comedies.

a very immoral tendency, and the tragedy *The Morning Bride*.

Cibber, Colley (1671—1757). *The Comedy Careless Husband*.

Steele, Richard (1671—1729). Besides writing for the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, *Englishman*, etc., he wrote comedies—*The Funeral*, *The Tender Husband*, *The Lying Lover*, *The Conscious Lovers*.

Addison, Joseph (1672—1719). Contributions to the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, *Whig*, *Examiner*, etc. Poems—*Letter from Italy*, *Campaign*, *Hymns*, *Rosamond*, *The Drummer*, *Cato*.

Vanbrugh, John (1672—1726). *The Provoked Wife*.

Rowe, Nicholas (1673—1718). *The Fair Penitent* and *Jane Shore*.

Watts, Isaac (1674—1748). *Hymns*, *Logic*, *The Improvement of the Mind*.

Philips, Ambrose (1675—1749). *The Distressed Mother*.

Philips, John (1676—1708). *The Splendid Shilling*.

Farquar, Geo. (1678—1707). *The Recruiting Officer*, *The Beaux' Stratagem*.

Parnell, Thomas (1679—1717). *The Hermit*.

Young, Edward (1681—1765). *Night Thoughts*, *The Revenge*, *The Love of Fame*.

Berkeley, George (1684—1753). *Theory of Vision*.

Tickell, Thomas (1686—1740). Besides writing for *Spectator* and *Guardian*, wrote the ballad of *Colin and Lucy*, and the poem *Kensington Gardens*.

Gay, John (1688—1732). *The Shepherd's Week*, *Trivia*, *The Fan*, *Black-eyed Susan*, *Beggars' Opera*.

Pope, Alexander (1688—1744). *Essay on Criticism*, *The Messiah*, *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*, *The Rape of the Lock*, *The Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard*, *The Temple of*

Fame, translation of *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, *The Dunciad*, *Essay on Man*, *Windsor Forest*.

Richardson, Samuel (1689—1761). *Pamela*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, *Sir Charles Grandison*.

Savage, Richard (1696—1743). *The Wanderer*.

Thomson, James (1700—1748). *Seasons*, *Liberty*, *The Castle of Indolence*.

Wesley, John (1703—1791). *Hymns* and *Sermons*, *Journal*.

Fielding, Henry (1707—1754). *Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones*, *Jonathan Wild*.

Johnson, Samuel (1709—1784). Wrote for the *Rambler*, *Idler*; and *A Life of Savage*, *Dictionary of the English Language*, *London*, *Rasselas*, *Journey to the Hebrides*, *Lives of the Poets*.

Hume, David (1711—1776). *A Treatise of Human Nature*, *Moral and Philosophical Essays*, *Political Discourses*, *History of England*.

Sterne, Lawrence (1713—1768). *Tristram Shandy*, *The Sentimental Journey*.

Shenstone, William (1714—1763). *The Schoolmistress*, *The Pastoral Ballad*.

Gray, Thomas (1716—1771). *The Elegy*, *The Progress of Poesy*, *The Bard*, *Ode to Spring*, *Ode to Adversity*, *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Etna*.

Walpole, Horace (1717—1797). *Letters* and *Memoirs*, *The Castle of Otranto*.

Collins, William (1720—1759). *Odes to Liberty* and *Evening*, *The Passions*, *Oriental Eclogues*.

Akenside, Mark (1720—1770). *Pleasures of Imagination*.

Robertson, William (1721—1770). *Histories of Scotland*, *Charles the Fifth of Germany* and *America*.

Smollett, Tobias (1721—1771). *Roderick Random*,

Peregrine Pickle, Humphrey Olinker, History of England.
 Edited Critical Review.

Warton, Joseph (1722—1800). *Ode to Fancy.*

Blackstone, William (1723—1780). *Commentaries on the Laws of England.*

Smith, Adam (1723—1790). *The Wealth of Nations, The Theory of Moral Sentiments.*

Goldsmith, Oliver (1728—1774). *The Traveller, The Deserted Village, Retaliation, The Vicar of Wakefield, The Good-Natured Man, She Stoops to Conquer, Animated Nature, Histories of England, Rome, Greece, Citizen of the World.*

Percy, Thomas (1728—1811). Published a collection of ballads entitled *Reliques of English Poetry.*

Warton, Thomas (1728—1790). *The Pleasures of Melancholy, History of English Poetry.*

Burke, Edmund (1730—1797). *The Vindication of Natural Society, Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, Reflection on the Revolution in France, Letters on a Regicide, Peace.*

Falconer, William (1730—1769). *The Shipwreck.*

Cowper, William (1731—1800). *Truth, Table-talk, Expostulation, Error, Hope, Charity, John Gilpin, The Task* translation of *Homer, Letters.*

Darwin, Erasmus (1732—1802). *The Botanic Garden.*

Gibbon, Edward (1737—1794). *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

Macpherson, James (1738—1796). *Fingal and Temora*, two epic poems, which he represented he had translated from materials discovered in the Highlands.

Junius, (Sir P. Francis) (1740—1816). *Letters of Junius.*

Boswell, James (1740—1795). *Life of Johnson.*

Paley, William (1743—1805). *Elements of Moral and*

Political Philosophy, Horæ Paulinae, Evidences of Christianity, Natural Theology.

Mackenzie, Henry (1745—1831). *The Man of Feeling, The Man of the World.*

Bentham, Jeremy (1747—1832). *Fragment on Government*, and numerous writings on Law and Politics.

Sheridan, Richard B. (1751—1817). *The Rivals, The School for Scandal, The Duenna, The Critic.*

Chatterton, Thomas (1752—1770. Wrote the tragedy of *Ella*, *Ode to Ella*, *Execution of Charles Bawdin*, and other poems which he represented he found, and said had been written in the 15th century by Rowley, a Monk.

Stewart, Dugald (1753—1828). *Philosophy of the Human Mind, Moral Philosophy.*

Crabbe George (1754—1832). *The Library, The Village, The Parish Register, The Borough, The Tales of the Hall.*

Burns, Robert (1759—1796). *Tam O'Shunter, To a Daisy, To a Mouse, The Cotter's Saturday Night, The Jolly Beggars.*

Hall, Robert (1764—1831). *Sermons.*

Clarke, Adam (1760—1832). *Commentaries on the Bible.*

Bloomfield, Robert (1766—1823). *The Farmer's Boy, Rural Tales, May-day with the Muses.*

Edgeworth, Maria (1767—1848). *Castle Rackrent, Popular Tales, Leonora, Tales of Fashionable Life, Patronage.*

Opie, Amelia (1769—1853). *Father and Daughter, Tales of the Heart, Temper.*

Wordsworth, William (1770 — 1850). *An Evening Walk, Descriptive Sketches, The Excursion, The White Doe of Rylstone, Sonnets, Laodamia, Lines on Revisiting the Wye.*

Scott, Sir W. (1771—1832.) *Border Minstrelsy, The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion, The Lady of the Lake, Vision of Don Roderick, Rokeby, Life and Works of Dryden ; no*

vels, including *Waverley*, *Rob Roy*, *Icanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, *Woodstock*; *Life of Napoleon*.

Montgomery, James (1771—1854). *Greenland*, *The Pelican Island*, *The Wanderer in Switzerland*, *Prison Amusements*, *The World before the Flood*.

Coleridge, Samuel T. (1772—1834). *Ode to the Departing Year*, *The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere*, *Christabel*, *Genevieve*, *Lectures on Shakespeare*, *Biographia Literaria*.

Lingard, John (1771—1851). *History of England*.

Southey, Robert (1774—1843). *Wat Tyler*, *Thalaba*, *The Curse of Kehama*, *Roderick*, *Vision of Judgment*, *Lives of Wesley*, *Cowper*, &c.

Moore, Thomas (1779—1852). *Irish Melodies*, *Lalla Rookh*. *The Fudge Family in Paris*, *The Epicurean*.



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THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH POETRY.



Poetry as a Mirror.—The literature of a nation bears an intimate relation to its history. The poets of a period fairly express its prevailing thoughts and sentiments. Great eras in a country's rise and progress have always been found to correspond with the great intellectual eras of its growth. When questions of a political, social, moral or religious importance have stirred men's minds, then have arisen authors whose works have reflected the predominant features of the times in which they lived. Thus the heroic greatness of the Hellenic race is marked by Homer, not only rich in poetic thought, but clearly the outcome of the mental life and character of ancient Greece. The age of Pericles, brilliant in political achievements, was no less illustrious for its intellectual vigor. The Augustan era, forming the lofty climax of Roman influence and power gave to the Latin language Virgil and Horace, Cicero and Livy. A review of English literature, and especially English poetry, exhibits still more clearly this intimate relationship. The writings

of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden and Pope as well as Cowper, Burns, Scott, Tennyson and Browning reflect, as with a magic mirror, the genius of the periods of which they are distinguished representatives.

Chaucer belongs to a period when the darkness of the Middle Ages was passing away. New languages were forming on the continent, and the happy fusion by courtly influence of Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French, terminated a long struggle for ascendancy, and produced our noble English tongue. It was the age of Dante, of Petrarch, and Boccaccio,—when Wycliffe by his writings, translations and discourses was creating a ferment in the religious world,—when Crecy and Poitiers were gained, and Edward III. was encouraging the settlement of Flemish artisans and extending the trade of the English merchants over every sea of Europe, and thus paving the way for that commercial supremacy which should subsequently add to the nation's glory. With Chaucer is well exemplified the fact that the poet to be successful must live *with* and *for* his generation, must suit himself to the tastes of his public, must have common sympathies with his readers and must adopt a style that accords with the emotions by which he is actuated. The *Canterbury Tales*, his greatest work, vividly represents that gaily apparelled time when king tilted in tournament, and knight and lady rode along with falcon on wrist, and when friars sitting in tavern sang war songs quite in harmony with the nation's victories on the continent, but little in keeping with their sacred calling. With the "father of English poetry", every character is a perfect study elaborated with a careful finish and minuteness of touch; the beautiful and grand objects of nature are painted with grace and sublimity; and results are thus combined which are unsurpassed by any English poet that

lived before his time. He became the acknowledged inventor of the heroic line, characterized not by quantity as that of Greece and Rome, but by accent which thus became a recognized feature of English versification. The legacy left to our literature has not been unproductive in the hands of a long succession of heirs. His influence had its effect upon all the great poets that followed him, and upon none more evidently than those of the present century.

Spenser.—The breaking up of old systems, the revolts of the people, and the furious struggles between the Houses of York and Lancaster darkened for a time as with a mist, the lamp of English poetry, but it possessed sufficient vitality to enable it to blaze forth under favorable influences with greater brilliancy than before. The invention of printing ; the interest in classical literature ; the study of Greek philosophy, and, especially, the freedom with which religion was discussed, aroused a spirit of activity which added powerful impulses to the growth of the national intellect. The translation of the works of modern Italy, and those of France where letters received an earlier revival ; the circulation of the Scriptures presenting a variety of incidents, images, and aspirations connected with oriental life and manners ; the study of the allegorical tales and romances of chivalry and the fostering influence of a learned queen who surrounded her court with men qualified to shine in every department of learning, ushered in a period which is appropriately termed the Augustan age of English literature.

It is not difficult to understand how, with such knightly spirits as Raleigh and Essex, the essential spirit of chivalry, "high thought and a heart of courtesy" as Sidney puts it, found a fitting exponent in Edmund Spenser. Among the poets who flourished exclusively in

the reign of Elizabeth he stands without a rival. No master-piece of the great painters ever glowed on canvas with more reality than the *Færie Queene*, and no poet says Wilson, "has ever had a more exquisite sense of the beautiful" than its author. He deemed himself the poetical son of Chaucer, and was, in his own times, taunted with "affecting the ancients," and with engrafting on his own language the "old withered words and exploded persons" of a former period. If guilty, so may Virgil and Milton, Scott and Wordsworth receive similar condemnation. At all events succeeding generations have paid homage to the richness and pathos of his strains, and the author of *Paradise Lost*, and the author of the *Seasons*, as well as Scott and Tennyson have been essentially indebted to this "Rubens of English poetry."

Shakespeare.—The new impulses by which the human mind began to be stirred, mark the early part of the sixteenth century as the great frontier-line which divides the Literary History of the Middle Ages from what we call Modern. The Revival of Classical Learning opened up to a people zealous for enquiry the rich mines of knowledge of the Greeks and Romans. Theological discussions aroused a spirit of research and investigation. The extensive circulation of the Scriptures and other works decided the question of a national tongue. Under Shakespeare, the greatest writer the world has ever seen, the drama reached its highest perfection. But the "myriad-minded" writer of tragedy and comedy with all his depth, sublimity, creative power and refinement was inspired by that same love of nature and truth that prevades the works of Chaucer, Spenser and the great modern poets. Nature was his great preceptress from whose inspired dictates he spoke—"warm from the heart and faithful to its fires"—and in his disregard of rules he

pursued at with his winged way through all the labyrinths of fancy and of the human heart. No writer has exhibited such a deep acquaintance with the human heart, its passions, its powers, its weaknesses and its aspirations. From his works may be gathered precepts adapted to every condition of life, and to every circumstance of human affairs, and no writings except the Bible have been more closely interwoven with the language of every-day life.

Milton nobly closes that rich poetry of the imagination which marks the age begun by Spenser. With a mind stored with invaluable treasures of the mines of Greece and Rome, and an extensive acquaintance with the older English poets, many years actively employed in the keen struggle for civil and religious liberty, well qualified him for undertaking a theme lofty in its conception, and intimately connected with everything important in the circumstances of human history. In the crash which shattered the regal and hierarchic institutions of the country, his majestic, unwordly and heroic soul saw only the overthrow of false systems, and the dawn of a bright period marked by private investigation and individual liberty. All the higher influences of the Renaissance are summed up in Milton. That pure poetry of natural description which he began in *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso* has no higher examples to produce from the writings of Wordsworth, Scott, or Keats. Living in an age when skilful criticism, though it purified English verse, gave rise to false conceits and extravagance, his knowledge of good classical models enabled him to free his works from the advancing inroads of a rising school.

Not only did he create the English epic and place himself by the side of Homer, Virgil and Dante, but he put new life into the masque, sonnet and elegy, the descriptive

lyric, the song and the choral drama. Though untrue in his descent from the Elizabethans in a want of humor and of the dramatic faculty, we can forget these defects while we listen to the organizing of his versification, the stately march of his diction, the beautiful and gorgeous illustrations from nature and art, the brightly coloured pictures of human happiness and innocence, and the lofty sentiments of *Paradise Lost*. Blank verse, which Surrey had introduced into our literature, is managed by Milton with a skill that shows its power in the construction of an heroic poem. The depth or sublimity of his conceptions finds a corresponding expressiveness in his numbers; and his power over language was not in its variety due to a musical ear, but had its source in the deep feelings of a heart influenced by the conscientious spirit of Puritanism.

The Restoration. With the return of the English people to monarchical government they were sadly disappointed in their expectations of a return at the same time to their ancient nationality and modes of thought. The exiled Charles and his royalist followers had rubbed off by their friction with the men and manners of other nations much of those external habits and customs, which, if not of the most commendable description, possessed a spirit of nationality and patriotism. They returned with strong predilections in favor of French literature, being fully impressed with the belief of its superiority over that of every other country. It was not the first or last instance when a foreign literature exercised a marked influence upon our own. Chaucer, though plainly the poet of character and of practical life, writes largely after the manner of the Provingals, but improved by Italian models. Spenser's manner is also that of the Provingals, but guided by the authors of a later Italian school. The character of German literature influenced Scott, and in our own day, Carlyle.

Milton, as we have seen, was the great representative of the Classical school, now to be followed by the writers who moulded their works after the tastes of Paris. The social mischiefs of the Restoration were the worst fruits of the French influence. The Court and the society of the metropolis began to exercise a powerful influence on the various departments of literature. The corrupt and profligate manners of the Court tainted too easily a people who had felt the restraints of Puritan rule. The lighter kinds of composition mirrored faithfully the surrounding blackness, which required no short period of time, no little exertion and a religious revival to clear it away. The drama sank to a frightful degree of shame and grossness. Other forms of poetry were marked by no higher object than that to which satire aspires. Writing verse was degraded from a high and noble art to a mere courtly amusement, or pander to the immorality of a degenerated age.

The Artificial School of Poetry. The poets already considered belonged to the "school of nature." Influences were now at work which gave rise to another phase of poetic genius. The Gothic and Romance literature of the Middle Ages gave its inspiration to Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton. The study of the Greek and Roman Classics gave an impetus to a class of writers who, influenced by causes of another kind, developed a new style of poetry. The great masters possessed artistic as well as natural powers. The secondary poets of the Elizabethan period, though fresh and impassioned, as a result of the strong feelings that inspired them, were extravagant and unrestrained because of their want of art. When the national life grew chill, the poets inspired by no warm feelings became lavish in the use of "far-fetched meanings," and fanciful forms of expression. With poetry extravagant in words and fantastic in images, the sense

became often obscure. The natural style unregulated by art assumed an unnatural character. Milton, in addition to the inspiration derived from Gothic and Roman literature, by his knowledge and imitation of the great classical models, gave the first example in England of a pure, finished and majestic style. Those who felt during the Restoration period the power of his genius were also influenced by the "school of inquiry," which all over Europe showed its work in science, politics and religion. In France this tendency to criticise was well represented in poetry by Boileau, LaFontaine, and others, whose effort after greater finish and neatness of expression told on English writers at a time when French tastes began "even to mingle with the ink that dropped from the poet's pen." The new French school was founded on classical models, which had already become fashionable in England. The admirers of Charles II. were also admirers of that great nation so friendly to the Stuarts, which under Louis XIV. had reached the highest point of civilization then attained by any European state. It would be a mistake to conclude that the Restoration was the origin of the "artificial school." The work had already been begun and had made much progress before the death of the Protector. The accession of the "merry monarch" gave it a mighty impulse, and in accelerating the adoption of "cold, glittering mannerism, for the sweet, fresh light of natural language" added at the same time the poisonous colouring of an immoral court.

Dryden. Milton the great leader of the setting age, had scarcely given to the world his *Paradise Lost*, when Dryden, the leader of the rising age, appeared before the public. As a poet his is the great name of the period that followed the Restoration. He had fallen upon evil times. The poet must reflect his age. There was little noble to

reflect. The poetry of the passions of the human heart, the poetry of the affection, and the poetry of religion had shown evident indications of decline. Satire, didactic and philosophical poetry came to the front. Living in a most infamous period of English history when the most flagrant corruption was rampant in church and state, Dryden, in want of better subjects turned satirist. There his wit and sarcasm turned against his opponents rendered him unsurpassed by Horace or Juvenal. Our literature possesses no more vigorous portrait-painter. His choice of words and forms of expression are most appropriate. In versification he is one of our greatest masters. He was a diligent student of the best models. He carried to the highest perfection the rhymed heroic couplet of ten syllables. By the occasional introduction of a triplet and the skilful use of the Alexandrine at the end of a paragraph, he knew well how to break the uniformity of the couplet and give to his versification that

“Long-resounding march and energy divine.”

which gave to his poetry of this metre such vigour, sonorousness and variety.

Pope. The glitter of Dryden's poetry dazzled the public mind from the death of Milton till his own in 1700. His most distinguished pupil was Alexander Pope, who as a poet surpasses his master in the most characteristic features of the artificial school. In mechanical execution Pope is without a peer. His neatness and correctness of expression, pointed and courtly diction, harmony of versification and melody of rhyme rank him *par excellence* the artist of poetic style. In his polished heroic couplets are found sparkling wit, strong sense, good taste and terse and vigorous command of the choicest English. We find, however, that coldness of sentiment and disregard of the

emotions and passions of the soul which Dryden had observed, carried to such perfection by Pope that the public soon after longed for a return to nature. The age was not designed to cultivate the highest poetic genius. Matter was regarded of less importance than the form of the words by which it was expressed. We look in vain through Pope's elaborately polished verses for those qualities that would place him among the greatest masters of the lyre. He has none of the universality of Shakespeare or sublimity of Milton. Of the varying shades and gradations of vice and virtue, wisdom and folly, he was a nice observer and an accurate describer. Had he studied the great English poets more, and paid less attention to the school of Horace and Boileau, his memory would have been hallowed with still more affectionate and permanent interest. His great object was to express himself smoothly. Attractive and lucid utterance was his aim. With a desire to "set" gems rather than create them, to make "correct" verse his "study and aim," it is no wonder that "truth" was often "cut short to make a sentence round." In the first half of the eighteenth century no name is more brilliant than that of the author of *The Rape of the Lock*, *Windsor Forest*, *The Temple of Fame*, *The Duncid*, and the translation of *Homer*. In his *Epistles* and *Essay on Man* we have numerous passages that have supplied to our current literature more phrases and sentiments remarkable for their mingled truth and beauty than are to be found probably in any other pieces of equal length.

Decay of the Artificial School. The greater part of the eighteenth century was, in a literary point of view, cold, dissatisfied and critical. It valued forms more than substance. Warm feelings, grand thoughts and creative genius, were less esteemed than elegance of phrase and symmetry of proportion. In a period when philosophy

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was essentially utilitarian, and religion a system of practical morality, it is not surprising that poetry was largely didactic and mechanical. With such attention to form, an active criticism rendered our English prose, when employed by such masters as Addison, for the first time, absolutely simple and clear. For similar reasons during the same period, Nature, Passion, and Imagination decayed in poetry. But matters were coming to a crisis. Hume and Robertson were beginning their career as historians. Richardson, Fielding and Smollet aroused a taste for light literature. In moral philosophy Jonathan Edwards and Joseph Butler were laying the foundations of systems on a sounder basis. New thoughts moved men. The poets felt the impulse of the transition period. The publication of Warton's *History of Poetry* and Percy's *Reliques* revived a taste for the bold, free style of our earlier writers. The inspiration seized the writers of verse, and a return from the classical to the romantic, from the artificial to the natural, soon began to manifest itself. Pope's name stood highest until his death in 1744, but the most distinguished of his contemporaries departed widely from the style of their great master. Thomson made no attempt to enter the school of polished satire and pungent wit. Equal originality is shown by Young in his startling denunciations of death and judgment, stirring appeals and choice epigrams. Gray and Collins in aiming at the dazzling imagery and magnificence of lyrical poetry show the "new departure." The former is not without the polish and exquisitely elaborated verse of Pope, but as well as Collins, he shows the freshness, the spirit of imagination, and the sprightly vivacity of the older poets. Akenside in strains of melodious and original blank verse, expatiated on the operations of the mind and the associated charm of taste and genius. Johnson alone of the eminent

authors of this period seems to have adopted the style of Dryden and Pope. But his ponderous Latinized composition was counteracted in part by the simplicity of Goldsmith and Mackenzie. Many of the poets of the transition period show the didactic tendency of the times. It required in some cases an effort to break off from what had been popular. To such a low ebb had the public taste been reduced that Gray was ridiculed and Collins was neglected. The spirit of true poetry was not, however, dead. The conventional style was destined to fall, leaving only that taste for correct language and polished versification which Pope had established. The seed was sown and the next generation was to see under Cowper that work completed which Thomson had begun.

The System of Patronage. During the Elizabethan period and considerable time afterwards the social standing of literary men was far from encouraging. The names of Spenser, Butler and Otway are sufficient to remind us that warm contemporary recognition was not enough to secure an author from a position of want. *Paradise Lost* yielded its author during eleven years only £15. Ben Johnson in the earlier, and Dryden in the latter part of the seventeenth century found the laureate's pittance scarcely sufficient to keep their heads above water. The first few years of the next century showed signs of improvement. In the reign of Charles II., Dorset had introduced the system of patronage, which, under Montague, Earl of Halifax, became subsequently so serviceable to men of literature. The politicians who came into power with the Revolution were willing for a time to share the public patronage with men of intellectual eminence. Addison, Congreve, Swift and other authors of less note won by their pens not only temporary profits, but permanent places. Prior, Gay, Tickell, Rowe and

Steele held offices of considerable emolument, and Locke, Newton and others were placed above indigence by the same system of princely favor. Before Pope was thirty the fruits of his pen amounted to over £6000, and by the popular mode of subscription he received £8000 for his translation of Homer. Such rewards indicate a readiness among both political parties to patronize literature with a beneficence honourable to those who gave, and advantageous to those who received. „In one respect at least the period may be termed the Augustan age of literature. Its patrons were in high places and were prepared to give it substantial rewards. Fortunately for the cause of literature, though painfully inconvenient for many writers of the "transition period," this system of patronage was doomed shortly after the accession of the House of Hanover.

Decline of Patronage. The reigns of William III. and Anne are noted for the encouragement given to literature by those in authority. After the accession of the House of Hanover, there was a marked change. The reign of George II., though productive of much progress in science and literature is marked by no indication of originality. Still it had many authors who deserved better treatment than they received. As the system of party government developed, the political partisans were sufficient to absorb all the sinecures at the disposal of the leaders. Authors were rewarded by no munificent patronage from the Crown or ministers of state. Harley and Bolingbroke were succeeded by Sir Robert Walpole, a wise tactician, but a man with no taste for learning, no admiration of genius. His liberality to the extent of £50,000 was extended only to obscure and unscrupulous partisans, the supporters of a corrupt government, whose names might have passed into oblivion but for the satire

of Pope. Scribbling for a party in pamphlets and newspapers was rewarded, while genius was neglected. The considerable sums spent on literature were given for services equally degrading to giver and receiver. Men of talent, who would not stoop to the "dirty work" of sustaining with their pens a base administration, might starve in Grub Street, or be pilloried in the *Dunciad*, although had they lived thirty years before, they might have been entrusted with an embassy or appointed Commissioners, Surveyors or Secretaries. Men like Churchill, who turned their pens to political satire, were well remunerated. Young obtained, in time, a pension, and Thomson, after tasting the worst miseries of author-life, was rewarded with a sinecure. But Collins, Fielding, and even Thomson and Johnson, were arrested for debt, and the wretched and precarious lives of many, have made Grub Street, in which they herded together, suggestive of rags, hunger and misery. The age of dedication was intolerable to men of independence of spirit. Authors by profession must either starve or become parasites. The reading public was very limited, and the booksellers, in consequence, were not to be blamed for the small sums given to authors. A better day was dawning. The right of the Press to discuss public affairs created a class of writers of higher moral and literary qualifications. The time was ripe for the emancipation for ever, of literature from the "system of flattery." The letter of Johnson to Chesterfield gave the "knock-down" blow. It was, as Carlyle calls it, "the far-famed blast of doom proclaiming into the ear of Lord Chesterfield, and through him, of the listening world, that patronage should be no more." The period between the old and the new system, was one of much privation and suffering. In that period lived Goldsmith.

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Revival of the Natural School. From about the middle of Pope's life to the death of Johnson, was a time of transition. The influence of the didactic and satiric poetry of the critical school, lingered among the new elements which were at work. The study of Greek and Latin classics revived, and that correct form for which Pope sought, was blended with the beautiful forms of "natural feeling and natural scenery." The whole course of poetry was taken up with greater interest after the publication of Warton's *History of English Poetry*, and Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* in 1765. Shakespeare was studied in a more accurate way, and the child-likeness and naturalness of Chaucer began to give delight. The narrative ballad and the narrative romance, afterwards perfected by Sir Walter Scott, took root in English verse. Forgeries such as *Fingal, an Ancient Epic Poem*, by Macpherson, and the fabrications of Chatterton,

"the marvellous boy.

The sleepless soul, that perish'd in his pride,"

indicate the drift of the new element. It was felt that the artificial school did not exhibit fully the noble sentiments, emotions and thoughts of the human soul. Man alone had been treated of by the poets. Nature now was taken up. The polish and accuracy of Pope is fully preserved by such writers as Gray, Collins and Goldsmith, but their verse is also "instinct with natural feeling and simplicity." Natural description had appeared already in the poems of the Puritans, Marvel and Milton; but Thomson, in the *Seasons*, was the "first Poet who led the English people into the new world of nature in poetry, which has moved and enchanted us in the works of Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats and Tennyson, but which was entirely impossible for Pope to understand." The real and actual were, as

subjects of song, to be substituted for the abstract and remote. The increase in national wealth and population, led to the improvement of literature and the arts, and to the adoption of a more popular style of composition. The human intellect and imagination, unhampered by the conventional stiffness and classic restraint imposed upon former authors, went abroad upon wider surveys and with more ambitious designs.

The age of Cowper. Of all poetical writers of the last twenty years of the eighteenth century the name of Cowper casts the greatest illustration upon the period in which he lived. The hard artificial brilliancy of Pope standing at the head of that list, which included Gibbon and Hume, Chesterfield and Horace Walpole had scarcely ceased to dazzle the poets of the Johnsonian era. The death of "king Samuel" in England, like that of Voltaire in France, was not followed by the accession of another to the throne of literature. The reaction which followed the Restoration did not readily subside, and the approach of the French Revolution was marked by movements of great social as well as of great political importance. In England the forces which had been silently gathering strength ushered in a revolution no less striking than that which convulsed the continent. The attention of the community was arrested by changes of a moral and religious character, which are still running their course. The earnestness of the puritan had almost disappeared, and the forms of religion were found with little of its power. Scepticism widely pervaded the wealthy and educated classes. The progress of free inquiry had produced a general indifference to the great questions of Christian speculation. It arose partly from an aversion to theological strife, as a result of the civil war, and partly from the new intellectual and material channe's

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to which human energy was directed. The spiritual decay of the great dissenting bodies had gone hand in hand with that of the establishment. It was an age of gilded sinfulness among the higher classes, and of a sinfulness ungilded, but no less coarse, among the lower classes. Drunkenness and foul language were not sufficient to render the politician guilty of them unfit to be prime minister. The purity and fidelity of woman were sneered at, as out of fashion. The vast increase of population which had followed the growth of towns, and the rapid development of manufactures had been met by little effort to improve the moral or intellectual condition of the masses. Without schools the lower orders were ignorant, and brutal to a degree which it is hard to conceive. The rural peasantry who were fast being reduced to a state of pauperism by the abuse of the poor-law had in many cases no moral or religious training of any kind. Within the towns matters were worse. There was no effective police to withstand the outbreaks of ignorant mobs. It was the age of the old criminal law when cutting a pear-tree or stealing a hare, was regarded as a capital crime, while the "gentleman" might with impunity be guilty of duelling, gambling, or outrages on female virtue. It was the age of the old system of prison discipline, which aroused the philanthropy of Howard. It was a period which has associated with it fagging and bullying in school and the general application of the rod as the most potent aid in the process of instruction. It was the period with which the names of Walpole and Newcastle are identified, and which has associated with it rotten boroughs, political corruption, party without principle, and all the rancourness of faction warfare. The sights that indicate cruelty and hardness of heart, such as bull-rings, cock-pits and whipping-posts

were quite as common as the fumes that indicate intemperance. It was the age of great reforms. Johnson had left his impress on the improved tone of society and had overthrown the system of patronage; Wilberforce and Clarkson were coming forward to abolish the slave trade. Burke and Pitt were to restore the higher principles of statesmanship, and to redeem the character of public men. A more important reform and one which gave an impulse to all the others, was of a religious character.

In the middle classes, the piety of a former period had not completely died out. From that quarter issued the "Methodist movement," which awakened a spirit of moral zeal, that softened the manners of the people, called forth philanthropists and statesmen who infused clemency and wisdom into our penal laws, reformed our prisons, abolished the slave trade, gave to popular education its first impulse, discussed measures for arresting the evils of intemperance, and adopted various methods of a Christian character for bettering the social condition of the humbler classes. (See Green's English History.) The enthusiasm of the Wesleys and Whitefield was not kindled against the rules of the Church or State, but only against vice and irreligion. The results of their zeal are not confined to the denomination which owes its origin to the movement, and no body is more ready than the English Church to acknowledge the great advantages of the religious revival of the last century.

If Wesley came to revive religion and impress upon his followers that Christian worship was "of the heart," Cowper, who was imbued with the spirit of the movement came to regenerate poetry, to Christianize it, to elevate it, and to fill it again with feeling and with truth. If the ballads of a nation have, as in the case of Burns, a lasting effect in arousing patriotism, the religious poems of Cowper may be regarded no less influential in extending "that religion which exalts and ennobles man."

The age of Scott. Cowper was the precursor of the poetical school that sprang up amid the excitement of the French Revolution. He had many distinctive qualities essentially different from the leaders of that school. He was unfamiliar with the German modes of thought and German modes of composition. With one exception his poems did not assume the narrative form which became a marked characteristic of the next period. As a painter of manners he represents the fashions and classes before the French Revolution. As a poet of that kind he did not stand alone. Crabbe, more than any other poet of the period to which he belongs, is a painter of manners. But with all his originality his poetical genius was acted upon and changed by the growth of new tastes and a new spirit in the times through which he lived. Others show similar changes. Robert Burns, in his passionate treatment of love, takes up an element that had been on the whole absent from our poetry since the Restoration. Those ideas relating to Man, which exhibited their influence on the works of Cowper, Crabbe, and Burns spoke of natural rights that belonged to every person and which united all members of the human family. In the eyes of many all the old divisions which wealth and rank and class and caste and national boundaries had made were about to be changed. Views of this character had been for a long time expressed by France in her literature. The overthrow of the Bastille in 1789 and the proclamation of the new Constitution abruptly threw these sentiments into popular and political shape. They became living powers in the world and round the stir they produced in England are clustered poets of a distinct group. In nearly every gifted mind in England, as well as on the continent, the French Revolution came with a stimulating or disturbing influence. Thrilled with hope and flushed with excitement many young

enthusiasts thought that a golden age had opened for mankind. Wordsworth hastened from Cambridge to France where he formed close republican associations. Coleridge invented a scheme for an ideal community which was to start a model democratic settlement on the American continent. Southey nearly got himself into trouble by publishing his *Wat Tyler*, a dramatic sketch of an inflammatory and seditious character. On the other hand Sir Walter Scott looked with shrewd eyes on the tumultuous scene and was not tempted to throw himself into the vortex. With admiration and esteem he regarded the treasures which the middle ages had left to Europe as too precious to be bartered for any quantity of "visionary hopes and fairy gold." The effect of Burke's *Reflections* was to lead to a great political reaction. Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge changed to the conservative side, while the spirit of revolution still breathed from the pages of Shelley and Byron. The romantic poems of Scott became popular because they were in full sympathy with the return of the European mind towards chivalry, feudalism and the mediæval spirit. People had already ceased to admire the poetry of the artificial school. Since the publication of Warton's *History of English Poetry* and Percy's *Reliques* an interest had been awakened in old poetry of various forms. The influence of German literature opened up new lines of thought and the great struggle of the people against political restraints was conducted in such a manner as preserved the stability of the nation.

Of the characteristics of the period may be mentioned the increased importance that was attached to the substance of literary works. Less attention was paid to the outward form and the reaction against the features of the critical period continued to show the impetus of Cowper's style. Natural scenery called forth those powers which

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further developed the art of description. The passions and impulses which pertain to mankind in general, became popular themes among writers of poetry. The old romances of chivalry were now to become valuable works and worthy of imitation by Byron and more especially by Scott. With Scott the narrative poem became what it has continued since to be—the most popular kind of metrical composition. From this kind of literature it was an easy transition to the prose narrative of the romance and historical novel into which he soon glided and in which his fame reached a still higher limit.

The Metrical Romance. "The history of the English metrical romance appears shortly to be, that at least the first examples of it were translations from the French;—that there is no evidence of any such having been produced before the close of the twelfth century;—that in the thirteenth century were composed the earliest of those we now possess in their original form;—that in the fourteenth, the English took the place of the French metrical romance with all classes, and that this was the era alike of its highest ascendancy and of its most abundant and felicitous production;—that in the fifteenth, it was supplanted by another species of poetry among the more educated classes, and had also to contend with another rival in the prose romance, but that, nevertheless, it still continued to be produced, although in less quantity and of inferior fabric—mostly indeed, if not exclusively, by the mere modernization of older compositions—for the use of the common people;—and that it did not altogether cease to be read and written till after the commencement of the sixteenth century. From this time the taste for this earlier form of poetical literature (at least counting from the Norman Conquest), lay asleep in the national heart till it was reawakened in our own day by Scott, after the lapse

of three hundred years. But the metrical romance was then become quite another sort of thing than it had been in its proper era, throughout the whole extent of which, while the story was generally laid in a past age, the manners and state of society described were, notwithstanding, in most respects those of the poet's and of his readers' or hearers' own time."—*Craik*.



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LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.



Ancestry. By both parents Sir Walter Scott was connected with some respectable Scottish families. On his father's side he was six generations removed from that Walter Scott commemorated in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, who is known in Border Story as Auld Wat of Harden. His great-grandfather, mentioned in the introduction to the last canto of *Marmion*, was generally known in Teviotdale by the surname of Beardie, because he would never cut his beard after the banishment of the Stuarts, in whose cause he lost almost all his property, and barely escaped being hanged as a traitor. Sir Walter inherited from Beardie, a sentimental Stuart bias, which, though condemned by his better judgment, helped him to restore the mould and fashion of the past. From his grandfather, Beardie's second son, Scott acquired not only his first childish experience of the delights of country life, but also that speculative, risky, and sanguine spirit, which had so much influence in shaping his fortunes.

On his mother's side, the grandfather of the poet and novelist was Dr. John Rutherford, professor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh. He was a man distinguished for professional talent, for lively wit, and for literary ac-

quirements. Dr. Rutherford was twice married. His first wife, daughter of Sir John Swinton, was the mother of Annie Rutherford, who married in April, 1758, Walter Scott, the poet's father.

Parents. Sir Walter's father, a man of good education, became a writer to the Signet, or Advocate, in Edinburgh. As a lawyer he exhibited remarkable zeal for his clients and a readiness to sacrifice his own interests to his sympathy for others. His general habits were decidedly temperate. His religion, in which he was devoutly sincere, was Calvinism of the strictest kind. Often when supposed to be immersed in professional researches, he was engaged in reading Church history, or the folios of Knox. In political principles he was a steady friend of freedom, with a strong bias to the monarchical part of our constitution, which inclined him to the Tory party. Sir Walter's mother had been better educated than most Scotchwomen of her day. She was a motherly, comfortable woman, with much tenderness of heart, and an active, well-stored memory. Sir Walter writing of her after his mother's death, says: "She had a mind peculiarly well-stored with much acquired information, and natural talent, and as she was very old, and had an excellent memory, she could draw, without the least exaggeration or affectation, the most striking pictures of the past age. If I have been able to do anything in the way of painting the past times, it is very much from the studies with which she presented me."

Birth, 1771. On the 15th of August, 1771, Walter Scott, the ninth of twelve children of whom six died in early childhood, was born in Edinburgh. When a toddling bairn of only eighteen months he had a teething-fever which ended in a life-long lameness. By the advice of his grandfather, Dr. Rutherford, who had exhausted every effort to effect a cure, he was sent to reside with his speculative grandfather, at Sandy-Knowe, near the ruined tower of Smailholme, celebrated afterwards in his ballad of *The Eve of St. John*. With this place were associated the earliest recol-

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lections of the poor lame boy. His delighted eyes, as he lay among his intimate friends the sheep, on the grass-cushioned crags of Sandy-Knowe, beheld below the winding of the Tweed, above all other names imperishably connected with the life of the great poet and novelist. There in spite of his lameness which served to turn his attention towards studies and literature, he early taught himself to clamber about with an agility which few children could have surpassed, and to ride his little Shetland pony even in gallops on very rough ground. Scott's life at his grandfather's, including even the old clergyman of the parish, Dr. Duncan, who so bitterly complained of the boy's ballad shouting in his early attempts as a declaimer, is painted for us in the picture of his infancy, given in the third Canto of *Marmion*.

At Edinburgh High School, 1778. Having received some early instruction at home, he entered in 1778, the High School where he remained till 1783, making considerable progress in learning, but evincing in the ordinary tasks of a school no superiority over others. He entered Luke Fraser's class in 1779, and passed to the tuition of the rector, Dr. Adam, in 1782. He did nothing remarkable in the class-rooms, and received more praise for his interpretation of the spirit of the authors which he read, than for his knowledge of their language. In the selection of his studies he showed some wilfulness. Greek received very little of his attention, but Latin was mastered with much readiness. Indiscriminate reading was the great passion of his boyhood. Already, while yet a child, he had displayed extraordinary precocity in those departments in which he was to become so famous. Shakespeare was his delight, and Spenser an especial favourite. Of Border ballads he had committed several to memory, and had made an extensive collection before he was ten years of age. These he was accustomed to recite with great enthusiasm, and became famous among his schoolmates for his great powers as a story-teller. On leaving the High School, Scott spent a few months with a maiden aunt at Kelso, in which delightful

place he imbibed that love of scenery that afterwards induced him to hunt up every tradition connected with spots and ruins so dearly cherished. Among the standard English authors, with which he became acquainted, Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, served at once to kindle his inspiration and to increase his love for legendary lore. As a boy Scott was, as far as a boy could be, a Tory—a worshipper of the past, and a great Conservative of any remnant of the past, which reformers desired to get rid of. But his political leanings were more the result of feeling and hereditary bias than of reason, for he states:—"In all these tenets there was no real conviction on my part arising out of acquaintance with the views or principles of either party. . . . I took up politics at that period, as Charles II. did his religion, from an idea that the Cavalier creed was the more gentlemanlike persuasion of the two." It may be doubted whether Scott's convictions on the issues of the past were more decided in after life than during his boyhood, but feeling always carried the day, and he remained a Tory all his life.

Edinburgh University, 1783. When Walter returned to Edinburgh he entered the college, and from his total unacquaintance with Greek, and his unwillingness on account of the advantage enjoyed by his fellow-students, all of whom had mastered the rudiments of that language, to remove the defect, obtained the name of the "Greek Blockhead." But though he neglected "to enter into that chamber in the magic palace of literature in which the sublimest relics of antiquity are stored," he had an extensive acquaintance with the Latin, French, German, Italian, and Spanish languages. He was well read in Shakespeare and Milton, and was also familiar with Spenser, Boccaccio, and Froissart. He received instruction in Moral Philosophy, History, and Civil and Municipal Law. "My appetite for books," he says of himself, "was as ample and indiscriminating as it was indefatigable. I waded into the stream like a blind man into a ford, without the power of searching my way, unless by groping for it." With a most capacious and retentive memory he

stored up a mass of curious knowledge, which he afterwards turned to great account.

A Law Student, 1786. Scott's studies at the University were probably directed with a view to fit him for the legal profession. He entered into indentures with his father who resolved that his son should serve the ordinary apprenticeship of five years. He availed himself of the law classes at the University, and became noticeable to all his friends for his gigantic memory. His experience as a clerk gave him business habits and a freedom in the use of the law which were of essential service in his literary career. In the second year of his apprenticeship, at about the age of sixteen, an attack of hemorrhage confined him to the house. His mind was turned to an extensive course of reading. Military exploits, chivalrous romances, and mediæval legends engaged most of his attention. He soon learned Italian and was delighted with Ariosto. Later, having mastered Spanish, he devoured Cervantes, whose "Novelas" he said, "first inspired him with the ambition to excel in fiction."

Called to the Bar, 1792. In July of this year Scott having completed his legal course, donned the wig and gown of an advocate. His filial affection induced him to purchase with his first fee a silver taper-stand for his mother. Though his practice was small, it continued to increase from year to year and he became a very respectable, and, might unquestionably have been a very great, lawyer. He was by no means a heaven-born orator, and never made much of a figure as an advocate. He was too "full of literary power," and too "proudly impatient of the fetters which prudence seemed to impose in his extra-professional proceedings," to gain that credit which he deserved for the general common sense, unwearied industry, and "keen appreciation of the ins and outs of legal method, which might have raised him to the highest reputation, even as a judge." The pride and impatience of genius stood in the way of his immediate success. But his mind was chiefly devoted to other subjects. Antiquities possessed an attrac-

tion for him which a less imaginative mind can scarcely understand. An old coin, a rusty broadsword, the hunting-horn of a Highland chief, or an ancient battle field, absorbed more of his attention than the cases of the law courts. Lame though he was, he would walk twenty miles to examine the ruins of an old fastness. No landscape however lovely was complete until he had discovered its historical associations, and the blackest moor glowed with beauty as he listened to the story of the knights whose achievements had been associated with it. "To me," he writes, "the wandering over the field of Bannockburn was the source of more exquisite pleasure than gazing upon the celebrated landscape from the battlements of Stirling Castle." To him antiquarian researches formed unsurpassed pleasures. "I do not know," he says, "anything which relieves the mind so much from the sullenness as trifling discussions about antiquarian *old womanries*. It is like knitting a stocking, diverting the mind without occupying it." To trace out the lost verses of an old ballad, to discover the missing lines of a couplet, to pick up the curious phraseology of some venerable relic of a bygone age, were to him labours of love. He made during seven successive years what he called *raids* into Liddesdale, becoming acquainted with the scenery and manners of the people, adapting himself with singular success to every class, and making himself equally at home in the minister's manse and beside the farmer's kitchen hearth. The records of these visits have been placed within the reach of all in the sketches embodied subsequently in *Guy Mannering*. Having been appointed in 1795 one of the curators of the Advocate's Library, the office gave him still further facilities for gratifying those tastes congenial to him. All the antiquarian collections in the establishment were searched with wonderful perseverance and industry. His manners were easy and agreeable, and he was always a welcome guest. It was in the beginning of 1797 that he became quartermaster of a volunteer cavalry regiment designed to aid in repelling the French invasions, which then threatened the

country. For the position his lameness was considered no disqualification, especially as he happened to be a very graceful equestrian. His patriotism, intrepidity, ready wit and powers of social entertainment, contributed greatly to sustain the spirits of his companions in the daily drudgery of their drill. Doubtless the "galloping and wheeling of these cavalry drills, with braying trumpets, flashing steel, and the wild excitement of the headlong charge, must have kindled martial fire in the breast of the author of *Marmion*."

Marriage, 1797. A couple of years before Scott was called to the Bar, he had fallen in love with Margaret Stuart Belches, a lady of high rank, and had shown her much attention for five or six years. Through some misunderstanding on the part of one of them, or indifference—perhaps opposition—on the part of the lady's father, the attachment did not result in the union expected. She was married in 1796, to William Forbes, (afterwards Sir William Forbes), a banker, who proved to be one of Sir Walter's most generous and most faithful friends when his financial troubles came on towards the end of both their lives. In the summer of the next year he set off with some friends on a tour of the English lakes, and while riding, met a young lady with whose beauty he was singularly impressed. Fresh from his first-love disappointment, he was prepared, like Romeo, to "take some new infection to his eye" and accordingly, having paid his addresses to her, he was accepted and married on the 24th of December, 1797. This lady, Miss Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, was the daughter of a royalist of Lyons, whose family, on the death of the father, had sought refuge in England. The connection proved a happy one. They had a pleasant cottage at Lasswade, on the Eke, near Edinburgh and there they spent their summers, receiving friends and enjoying themselves amid the delightful scenery of the place. One who visited him at this period, dwells on "the simple unostentatious elegance of the cottage, and the domestic picture which he thus contemplated—a man of native kindness and cultivated talent, passing the intervals of a

learned profession amidst scenes highly favourable to his poetic inspirations, not in churlish and rustic solitude, but in the daily exercise of the most precious sympathies as a husband, a father and a friend."

Beginning of Authorship. It was in the autumn of 1795, that the recital by a lady, of portions of Mr. William Taylor's translation of Bürger's *Lenore*, awakened in Scott's mind his early love of versification and he immediately set to work on a rhymed translation of the poem. It was published anonymously with a version of another of Bürger's ballads, *The Wild Huntsman*, in 1796, and was well received. The spirit and manner of his original compositions were, from the first, very powerfully influenced by what had thus awakened his poetical faculty. "His robust and manly character of mind," remarks Craik, "however, and his strong nationalism, with the innate disposition of his imagination to live in the past rather than in the future, saved him from being seduced into either the puerilities or the extravagances to which other imitators of the German writers among us were thought to have, more or less, given way; and having soon found in the popular ballad-poetry of his own country all the qualities which had attracted him in his foreign favourites, with others which had an equal or still greater charm for his heart and fancy, he henceforth gave himself up almost exclusively to the more congenial inspiration of that native minstrelsy." A translation of Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*, with his own name upon the title page, was published early in 1799. In the same year he obtained, through the influence of the Duke of Buccleuch, the office of Sheriff-deputy of Selkirkshire, poetically called "Ettrick Forest." The position yielded £300 a year, so that now, with his wife's portion, which was considerable, he was in easy circumstances. He contributed some ballads for the collection of Lewis, entitled *Tales of Wonder*, which did not appear until 1801. *The House of Aspen*, written for the stage, but not published till 1829; *Glenfinlas*, *The Eve of St. John*, *The Gray Brother*, and *The Fire King*, ballads

which smack of the old Border spirit, were his next productions. His genius soon turned from the raw preternaturalism of such works to more appropriate and natural subjects. In those excursions of his into Liddesdale and elsewhere, he had been collecting materials for a book on *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The work was published in January, 1802 (in two volumes at first), and proved his first great literary success. Eight hundred copies were sold within a year, "while the skill and care which Scott had devoted to the historical illustrations of the ballads, and the force and spirit of his own new ballads, written in imitation of the old, gained for him at once a very high literary name." The *Border Minstrelsy* exhibited his historical industry and knowledge, his masculine humour, his delight in restoring the vision of the "old, simple, world" of rugged activity and excitement, and in addition that "power to kindle men's hearts, as by a trumpet-call, which was the chief secret of the charm of his own greatest poems." The complete edition of the *Minstrelsy* came out in 1803, and met with a cordial reception. In the large amount of prose illustration which was published with these poems might have been seen the germ of that power which he subsequently developed in his novels. It required little sagacity to foresee that Walter Scott was to become a great name in Scotland. In 1804 he increased his reputation as a literary antiquary, by publishing the ancient tale of *Sir Tristrem*, supposed to be written by Thomas the Rhymer, or Thomas Ercildoune, who flourished about the year 1280. In addition to other undertakings, he, about this time, contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, which commenced its career in 1802.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel, 1805. One of Scott's most cherished schemes, which became gradually the aim of his life and labours, was to possess landed property. To enjoy some portion of the power and authority once wielded by those old chieftains, whose character and achievements it was his delight to depict, gave him nerve and inspiration for his greatest literary tasks. In 1804 he

gave up Lasswade Cottage, eagerly embracing an opportunity that then presented itself of removing to Ashestiel, on the banks of the Tweed, a short distance from Selkirk. From this place many of his earlier poems are dated, and soon advancing fame and other favouring circumstances concurred to stimulate his ambition. For several years he wavered between literature and the legal profession, as if unwilling to dedicate his powers exclusively to either. In 1803 his real vocation began. A legend, designed to appear as a ballad, grew under his hands until it became a poem of considerable size. After being shown in detached portions to his friends, it was published in 1805, as *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. It instantly stamped him as one of the greatest of the living poets. "His legendary lore, his love of the chivalrous and supernatural, and his descriptive powers, were fully brought into play; and though he afterwards improved in versatility and freedom, he achieved nothing which might not have been predicted from his first preformance. His conception of the Minstrel was inimitable, and won all hearts—even those who were indifferent to the supernatural part of the tale, and opposed to irregularity of the ballad style" (Chambers Cyc. of Eng. Lit.). Its popularity was immediate and extensive. The first edition of 750 copies, was disposed of the next year, and before twenty-five years had elapsed, 44,000 copies of the poem had been bought by the public. Scott gained in all by *The Lay* £769, an unusually large sum in those times to be secured for any poem. The dream of being a Tweed-side "laird" began with his growing wealth and brightening fame to take definite shape. In 1806 he was appointed a Clerk of Session, which gave him the prospect of £800 a year, in addition to his salary as sheriff, upon the death of his predecessor.

Marmion, 1808. After the publication of *The Lay*, Scott's literary labours were incessant. In 1806 he collected his original compositions in the ballad style into a small volume which he published under the title of *Ballads and*

Lyrical Pieces. A complete edition of Dryden's works, with a memoir and elaborate notes by Scott, appeared in 1808. This work which was published in eighteen volumes, had given him three years of hard labour. In the same year appeared *Marmion*, his greatest poem. The publishers of *The Lay* emboldened by the success of that poem, willingly offered £1000 for his second great work. It brought an immense increase of reputation to the author. Its more stately pictures of chivalry, its stronger alliance to national history, and the broader scale on which it painted feudal manners, produced greater admiration than had been excited by *The Lay*. But its entrance into the world was greeted by a critique in the *Edinburgh Review* of the most caustic and unfriendly temper. The unkindest cut of all which he received from his friend, Jeffrey, was an imputation of a neglect of Scottish character and feeling. "There is scarcely," said the reviewer, "one trait of true Scottish nationality or patriotism introduced into the whole poem; and Mr. Scott's only expression of admiration for the beautiful country to which he belongs, is put, if we rightly remember, into the mouth of one of his southern favourites." Scott was not slow in finding 'he political principles of the *Edinburgh* so repugnant to his own that he severed his connection with the journal of which he had been a contributor, and next laboured with unwearied diligence to organize another, *The London Quarterly*, whose main object should be to counteract the Whig proclivities of the former. Already he had assumed the editorial management of the *Annual Register*, and with his *Life of Dryden* and other literary labours, we find him soon overwhelmed with poetical, biographical, historical, and critical compositions. Another step involved him in grievous embarrassments, and stimulated him to exertion which required "a frame of adamant and soul of fire." This was his partnership with the Ballantynes, one of whom, James Ballantyne, had been his old school-fellow. The copartnery was at first kept a secret. The establishment, upon which was sub-

sequently ingrafted a publishing business, demanded large advances of money, and the poet's name became mixed up with pecuniary transactions and losses to a large amount. In his share of the printing business, and in his literary gains, he made with his emoluments from the sheriffdom an honourable and opulent provision for his family. With such resources, and in the certainty of receiving before long a large salary as Clerk of the Court of Sessions, it is not, perhaps, surprising that aims beyond his powers were attempted.

The Lady of the Lake, 1812. The author now gave to the world this exquisite poem. It was welcomed with an enthusiasm surpassing that which attended any of his previous productions. "It seemed," remarks Prescott, in 1838, "like the sweet breathings of his native pibroch stealing over glen and mountain, and calling up all the delicious associations of rural solitude, which beautifully contrasted with the din of battle and the shrill cry of the war trumpet, that stirred the soul in every page of his *Marmion*. The publication of this work carried his fame as a poet to its most brilliant height. The post-horse duty rose to an extraordinary degree in Scotland, from the eagerness of travellers to visit the locality of the poem. A more substantial evidence was afforded in its amazing circulation, and consequently its profits. The press could scarcely keep pace with the public demand, and no less than fifty thousand copies of it have been sold since the date of its appearance. The successful author received more than two thousand guineas from his production." What rendered the poem so readily popular was partly its narrative character. The story interested a class of readers who were more captivated with the development of the plot than the poetic grandeur of its brilliant passages. In the latter respect it is inferior to *The Lay*, and still more to *Marmion*. Their charm "lies less on the interest of mere incident, and more on that of romantic feeling and the great social and historic features of the day."

The Vision of Don Roderick, 1811. In his next poem the author proved himself as completely master of the Spenserian stanza as he was of the octosyllabic metre. He intended to celebrate the achievements of Wellington in Spain, but the work does not rank among his highest productions. In 1812 appeared *Rokeby*, in which he attempted to invest English scenery and a tale of the civil war, with the charm which he had already thrown over the Scottish Highlands and Borders and their romantic inhabitants. It met with a comparatively unfavourable reception. In 1814 he published *The Lord of the Isles*. The struggle of Bannockburn and the wild scenery of the Highlands are painted with much harmony, but even the name of Bruce, however, could not compensate the want of what had been the most captivating charm of his earlier poems—the development of new powers and style of poesy. But “the sale of fifteen thousand copies,” says Scott, “enabled the author to retreat from the field with the honours of war.” *The Bridal of Triermain* and *Harold the Dauntless* were published anonymously; they made a very slight impression on the public. To perform such tasks even the genius of Scott required the most unremitting industry. Lockhart informs us that “he rose by five o’clock, lit his own fire when the season required one, and shaved and dressed with great deliberation, for he was a very martinet as to all but the mere coxcombries of the toilet, not abhorring effeminate dandyism itself so cordially as the slightest approach to personal slovenliness, or even those ‘bed-gown and slipper tricks,’ as he called them, in which literary men are so apt to indulge. Clad in his shooting-jacket, or whatever dress he meant to use till dinner-time, he was seated at his desk by six o’clock, all his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order, and his books of reference marshalled by him on the floor while at least one favourite dog lay watching his eye, just beyond the line of circumvallation. Thus, by the time the family assembled for breakfast, between nine and ten, he had enough (in his own language) ‘to break the

neck of the day's work.' After breakfast, a couple of hours more were given to his solitary tasks, and by noon he was, as he used to say, 'his own man.' When the weather was bad he would labour incessantly all the morning; but the general rule was to be out and on horse-back by one o'clock at the latest; while, if any more distant excursion had been proposed over night, he was ready to start on it by ten; his occasional rainy days of unintermitted study, forming, as he said, "a fund in his favor, out of which he was entitled to draw for accommodation whenever the sun shone with special brightness." His favourite amusement, besides riding, in which he was fearless to rashness, was "burning the water," as salmon-spearing by torchlight was called.

Removal to Abbotsford, 1812. Such was Scott's life at Ashestiel where he had resided from 1804 until 1808. The description of the place and the brook which runs through it, in the introduction of the first canto of *Marmion*, is one of the finest specimens of his descriptive poetry. The Glenkinnon brook, dashing in a deep ravine through the grounds to join the Tweed; the hills, rising behind his beautiful little house, which divide the Tweed from the Yarrow, and the adjacent scenery of Yair were among the associations of eight busy but happy years.

Having now obtained the salary of Clerkship of Session he indulged himself in realizing his favourite dream of buying a "mountain farm" at Abbotsford. To this place, which was five miles lower down the Tweed than Ashestiel, he migrated with his "household gods."

"Our fitting and removal from Ashestiel baffled," he writes, "all description; we had twenty-five cart-loads of the veriest trash in nature, besides dogs, pigs, ponies, poultry, cows, calves, bare-headed wenches, and bare-breeched boys." Attended by a number of "ragged, rosy children, carrying fishing-rods and spears." The procession he likens to a group of gipsies on the march. A hundred acres of moorland were purchased for four thousand pounds. Upon the place was a poor farm-house, a staring barn, and

a pond so dirty that it had given the name of "Clarty Hole" to the place itself. The name of Abbotsford was chosen as the land had formerly belonged to the Abbots of Melrose. Other purchases of land followed, generally at extravagant prices. According to Mr. Lockhart £29,000 were invested in land alone. In planting and draining about £5,000 were expended. A further sum of £20,000 was spent in erecting the mansion-house—that "romance of stone and mortar"—and in constructing the garden, &c. In his baronial residence he received innumerable visitors. Men of all ranks, including princes, peers, and poets, enjoyed his friendship. Scott now stood on such a pinnacle of fame and brilliant social prosperity as no other British man of letters had before gone near to reach. As "Pilgrims of his Genius" summer after summer repaired to his costly mansion and magnificent grounds, crowds of the noble and distinguished, to partake of the princely hospitality of a man whom they found as delightful in the easy intercourse of his home, as they had previously found him in his writings. Having long practised the invaluable habit of early rising, his mornings were devoted to composition. The rest of the day was occupied in riding among his plantations and in entertaining his guests and family. In 1820, to set a seal upon all his distinction, the honour of the baronetcy was conferred upon him by George IV, who had sufficient literary taste to appreciate cordially his remarkable genius. But the stately fabric of his fortunes, secure as it seemed, was built upon the shifting sands of commercial speculation. Irrespective of what literature might bring him, his income was large and sufficient for all prosaic needs. But to his imagination, with its fond and glittering dreams, it was poor. It was the "darling ambition of his heart to re-create and leave behind him, in the founding of a family, some image of the olden glories, which were the life of his literary productions." The vision that flitted before his mind's eye was doomed to be suddenly and painfully dispelled.

Scott's Partnerships. In the year 1805, when *The Lay* had been published, and before Scott had much pros-

pect of gain from literature, he was lured by the expectation of profit to join James Ballantyne, an old schoolfellow, in the establishment of a large printing business in Edinburgh. A greater mistake was made in 1809 when, by way of feeding the printing press, he started the bookselling and publishing firm of John Ballantyne & Co. The blunder was intensified by the dangerous practice of forestalling his genius, and spending wealth not yet earned. Gradually the affairs of the firm became complicated with those of the great house of Constable & Co. James Ballantyne was deficient in industry and fond of display. His brother of the publishing firm was clever but frivolous and dissipated. Scott doubtless felt their inferiority to himself, and the consciousness that he could dictate what he wanted to his colleagues flattered his pride. Many unsaleable works were published by John Ballantyne & Co., and disposed of to Constable on terms that were quite embarrassing to the larger firm. The publication of *Waverley*, and the consequent opening up of the richest vein, not only in Scott's own genius, but in his popularity with the public, staved off for a time the day of reckoning; but it came eventually, and brought its terrible reverses to Constable, the Ballantynes, and the distinguished poet and novelist.

The Waverley Novels. The enthusiasm with which Scott's earlier works were received somewhat began to abate as the series proceeded. Some deterioration in quality is quite evident in his latter poems. The charm of novelty was no longer felt. A formidable rival had appeared in Byron, with his deeper vein of sentiment and concentrated energy of passion. The readers of poetry were taken by the "new worship." Scott was not defeated by this reverse. With dauntless and intrepid mind his resources were too great to despond. "As the old mine gave symptoms of exhaustion," says Bulwer, "the new mine, ten times more affluent, at least in the precious metals, was discovered; and just as, in *Rokeby* and *Triermain*, the genius of the Ring seemed to flag in its powers, came the more potent genius

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of the Lamp in the shape of *Waverley*." This, the first of his illustrious progeny of tales, had been begun in 1805. About seven chapters were written and laid aside. Having accidentally met with the fragment some years afterwards, the story was completed and given to the world in 1814. Scott did not prefix his name to it, afraid that he might compromise his poetical reputation by a doubtful experiment in a new style. The unmingled applause with which the tale was received was something almost unprecedented. "Who wrote the nameless book?" became the great question in literary circles. Scott resolved to preserve his mark as a novelist, and when from his secret pen there came a series of new novels, brilliant and enchanting as no novels had ever been before, the marvel became greater still. In February, 1815—seven months after *Waverley*—*Guy Mannering* was published. Then followed *The Antiquary* in 1816, and in the same year *The Black Dwarf* and *Old Mortality*. In 1817 appeared *Rob Roy*; in 1818, *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, and, in 1819, *Bride of Lammermoor* and *Legend of Montrose*. The "Great Unknown," as he was called, (whom yet every one could very well guess to be no other than Walter Scott,) now became the idol of the hour. The historical romance of *Ivanhoe*, the most brilliant of his pure romances, was published in 1820, and was followed by *The Monastery* and *The Abbot*. *Kenilworth*, one of his best, was published the following year; *The Fortunes of Nigel*, in 1822, *Peveril of the Peak* and *Quentin Durward*, in 1823; *Redgauntlet*, in 1824, and *The Talisman*, in 1825. With such an enormous amount of literary labour it is no wonder that his strong frame, already shaken by severe illness, began to show signs of advancing age. Symptoms of apoplexy appeared in 1823. Still his valiant soul was not the kind to yield to physical failings, and he worked steadily and bravely on.

Bankruptcy, 1826. Amidst declining health and the rapid advances of age, came the calamitous wreck of Scott's fortunes. The enormous sale of his novels secured

immense sums which were lavishly expended upon his establishment at Abbotsford. The author, as well as the publishers, became intoxicated with success. The ruinous system of receiving bills from his publishers as payment for undone work, grew into a wild and destructive habit. The money panic of 1825 came with its perils and its crashes. Constable and Ballantyne went down, and Scott stood at fifty-five years of age as a partner in the concern, with a debt of £117,000. To redeem the honour of his name, his efforts were energetically turned. Refusing to permit the creditors of the firm to which he belonged, to suffer any loss that he could help, he would listen to no compromise. He ceased "doing the honours for all Scotland," and breaking up his establishment at Abbotsford, where his wife whom he loved lay dying, he hired a lodging in Edinburgh, and there for some years with stern and unfaltering resolution, he toiled at the herculean task of removing the mountain-debt. "The fountain was awakened from its inmost recesses, as if the spirit of affliction had troubled it in its passage." He would, "God granting him time and health", owe no man a penny. In four years he had realized for his creditors no less than £70,000.

Scott in Adversity. Pride was a part of Scott's strength, and pride never enabled a man to struggle so vigorously and so unremittingly as he did to meet the obligations he had incurred. Had he not been a man of iron nerve and of an amount of courage hardly ever equalled, the financial crash would have ended his literary career. To add to the misfortune, domestic calamity soon followed. His wife who had been failing in health died, within four months of the blow. His own health also was quite poor. No time was lost. He set himself to work the next day after the financial blow to prepare *The Opus Magnum*, a new and annotated edition of all his novels. He calmly resumed the composition of *Woodstock*, which, when completed, realized him £8,228, although it was but the work of three months. He cheers his wife and daughter by telling them

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"that they must not look for miracles, but consider the misfortune as certain, and only to be lessened by patience and labour." He takes comfort by quoting from Job, "Naked we entered the world and naked we leave it; blessed be the Lord," and regards adversity as "a tonic and a bracer." Some months before the disaster he had entered upon a new and much more laborious kind of work—a *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*. It presented a new kind of labour. Formerly he had been able to write sheet after sheet of his novels with head erect and left-hand at liberty for patting some favourite canine of his "den." "Now," as Collier remarks, "he had to gather books, pamphlets, newspapers, letters, and all other kinds of historical materials round his writing-table, and painfully and slowly, notebook in hand, to wade through heavy masses of detail in search of dates and facts. Before he had read with pleasure; the old man had now to read, often with aching head and dim eyes, for the materials of his task. Heavy work for any one; heavier work for him, who had been used to pour forth the riches of his own mind without trouble and research. Both morning and evening must now for the most part be given to literary toil." This work was completed in 1827, in nine volumes. The two first editions sold for £18,000, and it was evident, had Sir Walter Scott's health lasted, he would have redeemed his obligations on behalf of Ballantyne and Co., within eight or nine years from time of failure. With brain overtaxed, but with a will that knew no bounds, he toiled on while it was yet day, though the shades of evening were fast approaching. Among the works of his declining years, were his delightful *Tales of a Grandfather*, in which, for the first time, a picturesque colouring was given to history, intended for the perusal of the young. *The Chronicles of Cannongate* poured from his unresting pen with the rapidity of earlier days. *The Fair Maid of Perth* was published in 1828, and *Geierstein* in 1829. His last works of fiction, published in 1831, were *Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous*. They were written after repeated

shocks of paralysis and apoplexy, and are only shadows of his former greatness. The public received with tenderness and indulgence the imperfect volumes of one who had so long swayed the sceptre of romance. They were the last feeble gleams of a light soon to be extinguished:

"A wandering witch-note of the distant spell;
And now 'tis silent all! Enchanter, fare thee well."

Death, 1832. From the paralysis with which he was smitten in 1830, he never thoroughly rallied. Fits of apoplexy occurred at intervals during that and the following year. His physicians recommended a residence in Italy as a means of delaying the approach of his illness. His Majesty's ship the *Barham* was placed at the disposal of the poet. At Rome he was received with every mark of attention and respect. At Naples he spent many of his morning hours in the composition of two novels, *The Siege of Malta* and *Bizarro*, which were never finished, and which last feeble efforts of a mind shattered by disease, his friends did not deem well to have published. He soon desired to return home, and after spending a short time in London and Edinburgh, Abbotsford, the loved place, that cost him so much, was reached. Propped up with pillows, he was moved into his study and placed before his desk. The pen put in his hand by his daughter, dropped from his hand. Day after day did the remnants of a broken constitution continue to hold out against the gloomy foe of life. For two months he lingered in a state of almost total insensibility and mental deprivation; sometimes raving frantically, as if he supposed himself to be exercising the functions of a judge, but in general quite low and subdued. Four days before he died, Mr. Lockhart, his biographer and son-in-law, was called to Sir Walter's bed-side with the news that he had awakened to a state of composure and consciousness, and desired to see him. "Lockhart," said he, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man,—be virtuous,—be religious,—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." The

contest was soon to be over ; “ the plough was nearing the end of the furrow.” “ About half-past one P.M.,” says Mr. Lockhart, “ on the 12th of September, 1832, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.”

“ Call it not vain ; they do not err
 Who say, that when the poet dies,
 Mute nature mourns her worshipper,
 And celebrates his obsequies ;
 Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
 For the departed bard made moan ;
 That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
 That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
 Through his loved groves the breezes sigh,
 And oaks, in deeper groans, reply ;
 And rivers teach their rushing wave
 To murmur dirges round his grave.”

Lay of the Last Minstrel.



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SCOTT'S LITERARY CHARACTER.

Descriptive Powers. Scott ranks high as a painter in words. His love of the beauties of nature was intense, and few employed greater skill in communicating it to their readers. Places that were almost wildernesses and seldom visited by strangers, became by his descriptions scenes of universal pilgrimage. In a nature so warm, color was sure not to be wanting, and the best judges have pronounced that Scott possessed this gift in an eminent degree. The magnificent views of natural scenery with which many of his chapters open, indicate an appreciation of the picturesque seldom surpassed. Beautiful sunsets, rushing rivers, raging seas, deep woodland glades, and rugged mountains, are brought before the reader with panoramic effect. In his hands Nature was endowed with life. He could make her sympathize with the human drama, as in the lines at the end of the Convent Canto of *Marmion*, and in the opening of *Rokeby*, which has been said to rival the opening of *Hamlet*, in the cold winter night on the lonely platform of Elsinore. Where exciting incidents were to be portrayed, his pen was equal to the task. "Nothing could surpass, for vivid force, the meeting and the duel between the distinguished king and the rebel chieftain, Roderick Dhu; or that rapid flight of the Fiery Cross over mountain and moor, by which the clansmen are summoned to the tryst. The opening of Michael Scott's grave, in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and

the battle of Flodden, at the close of *Marmion*, are pictures that none but true genius could paint." His power to describe character was no less marked. His subjects were not limited. Characters of every age and condition, from the "baron to the fisherman, from the advocate to the beggar, from the lady to the fishwife" receive his attention. The mention of his name brings forward a crowd of names "familiar as household words."

"Then his powers of description were unequalled—certainly never surpassed. His landscapes, his characters and situations, were all real delineations; in general effect and individual details, they were equally perfect. None of his contemporaries had the same picturesqueness, fancy, or invention; none so graphic in depicting manners and customs; none so fertile in inventing incidents; none so fascinating in narrative, or so various and powerful in description."—*Chambers*.

"Scott's romance is like his native scenery,—bold, bare and rugged, with a swift deep stream of strong pure feeling running through it. There is plenty of colour in his pictures, as there is on the Scotch hills when the heather is out. And so there is plenty of intensity of simple, natural, unsophisticated, hardy, and manly characters. But as for subtleties and fine shades of feeling in his poems, or anything like the manifold harmonies of the richer arts, they are not to be found; it is only at the expense of the higher qualities of his romantic poetry that even in this small measure it is supplied."—*Hutton*.

Imaginative Powers. If much value is assigned to the division of poets into *objective* and *subjective* writers, Scott will form an excellent type of the former class. That imagination is a faculty that invents out of nothing is a view which is contradicted at once by the practice of inventors and by the philosophy of the mind. Shakespeare did not build out of nothing and in like manner Scott's creative power points to "productive associations." He had seen much, and few had such facility in recalling exactly at the

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right moment and in using to advantage, the scenes of former days. He had the "true Shakespearian quality of going out of himself to create—of throwing his own mind so completely into the subject immediately before him, that the creator seems successively to be absolutely identified with all his creations." His power of inventing scenes and persons which are at once surprising and natural is shown alike in his novels and metrical romances. In the prolific richness of his fancy and in the abundant stores of his memory that could create, collect, and arrange such a multitude of scenes and adventures, consisted his strength. The most minute and barren antiquarian details furnished materials for stirring and romantic poetry. The past was reanimated and the present painted with a vividness and energy unknown, perhaps, since the period of Homer.

"The only poetical form which could possibly have comprehended Scott's genius in all its breadth was the *Dramatic*. Dramatic power in the untechnical sense, he possessed in the highest degree. It is difficult to believe that, had he lived in the Elizabethan age, he would not have ranked high amongst the 'old masters' of our drama, to whom as towards his spiritual brothers he felt himself always strongly drawn in his sympathies. He is one of the very few who since Shakespeare's time have seemed to be endowed with something of Shakespeare's nature. But, as it proved, he could express himself in the dramatic form even less worthily than in the metrical romance. It would seem as if every great age and every great genius have their own form of expression which dies with them. The Drama in Scott's time was an obsolete thing, incapable of resuscitation; with all Scott's dramatic faculties he could not write dramas. The one shape in which all the richness of his genius was to be revealed was the *Novel*. The *Novel* was for his day and for him what the Drama was for Shakespeare and his age. There all his various talents were to find free play—his shrewd observation, his tragic intensity, his lyrical excellence, his infinite humour."—*Hales*.

Cause of his Popularity. "We shall neither rate Scott's originality high enough, nor perceive exactly how it was that his poems became so popular, unless we remember that he was the earliest adventurer in a region hitherto unknown; and that, on his first appearance, he stood, in the eye of the world at large, quite unaccompanied. . . . He appealed to national sympathies through ennobling historic recollections; he painted the externals of scenery and manners with unrivalled picturesqueness; he embellished with an infectious enthusiasm all that was generous and brave in the world of chivalry; and he seldom forgot to dress out the antique in so much of modern trappings, as might make it both intelligible and interesting."—*Spalding*.

"The secret of the success of Scott's poetry lay partly in his subjects, partly in his mode of treating them, and partly in his versifications. He loves to sketch knighthood and chivalry, baronial castles, the camp, the court, the grove, with antique manners and institutions. To these he adds beautiful descriptions of natural scenery, and graphic delineations of passion and character. His personages he takes sometimes from history and sometimes from imagination, the former idealized by fancy, and the latter made the more real by being associated with men and women already familiar to us on the page of history or in actual life. The knights of Spenser, the every-day life of Chaucer, the ladies of Shakespeare, the antiquarian lore of Drayton, all meet on canvas, and everything capable of life seems endowed with it. In his power of vivifying and harmonizing all his characters, Scott is second only to Shakespeare. For background he has magnificent groupings of landscape and incident, which acquire additional charm from the power he gives them of exciting human sentiment and emotion."—*Angus*.

"His poems are all lays and romances of chivalry, but infinitely finer than any that had ever before been written. With all their irregularity and carelessness (qualities which some sort are characteristic of and essential to this kind of

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poetry), that element of life in all writing, which comes of the excited feeling and earnest belief of the writer, is never wanting; this animation, fervour, enthusiasm—call it by what name we will—exists in greater strength in no poetry than in that of Scott, redeeming a thousand defects, and triumphing over all the reclamations of criticism. It was this, no doubt, more than anything else, which at once took the public admiration by storm. All cultivated and perfect enjoyment of poetry, or of any other of the fine arts, is partly emotional, partly critical; the enjoyment and appreciation are only perfect when these two qualities are blended; but most of the poetry that had been produced among us in modern times had aimed affording chiefly, if not exclusively, a critical gratification.”—*Craik*.

“The novelty and originality of Scott’s style of poetry, though exhausted by himself, and debased by imitators, formed the first passport to public favour and applause. The English reader had to go back to Spenser and Chaucer ere he could find so knightly and chivalrous a poet, or such paintings of antique manners and institutions. The works of the older worthies were also obscured by a dim and obsolete phraseology; while Scott, in expression, sentiment and description, could be read and understood by all. The perfect clearness and transparency of his style is one of his distinguishing features; and it was further aided by his peculiar versification. Coleridge had exemplified the fitness of the octosyllabic measure for romantic narrative poetry, and parts of his *Christabel* having been recited to Scott, he adopted its wild rhythm and harmony, joining to it some of the abruptness and irregularity of the old ballad metre. In his hands it became a powerful and flexible instrument, whether for light narrative and pure description, or for scenes of tragic wildness and terror, such as the trial and death of Constance in *Marmion*, or the swell and agitation of a battlefield. The knowledge and enthusiasm requisite for a chivalrous poet, Scott possessed in an eminent degree. He was an early worshipper of ‘hoar antiquity.’ He was in

the maturity of his powers—thirty-four years of age—when the *Lay* was published, and was perhaps better informed on such subjects than any other man living. Border story and romance had been the study and the passion of his whole life. In writing *Marmion* and *Ivanhoe*, or in building Abbotsford, he was impelled by a natural and irresistible impulse. The baronial castle, the court and the camp—the wild Highland chase, feud, and foray—the antique blazonry, and institutions of feudalism, were constantly present to his thoughts and imaginations.”—*Chambers*.

Versification. “His versification, moreover, is ever appropriate to his purpose; it is based upon the eight-syllabled rhyming metre of the Trouvères, which was admirably adapted by its easy flow for narrative powers. But that metre alone would have been very monotonous; Scott has, therefore, blended with it a frequent mixture of other kinds of English verse, trochaic, dactylic, and anapæstic; his most common expedient is to employ a short six-syllabled line after octo-syllabic couplets or triplets—a variety that gives at once melody and strength. At other times he makes the third and sixth line rhyme, forming a six-line stanza. The idea of this versification, Scott himself says, was taken from the example of Coleridge, and especially from the *Christabel*.”—*Angus*.

Faults. Scott wrote too much to avoid carelessness. The rapidity with which he dashed off poem after poem and novel after novel prevented him from giving sufficient attention to details. His style, though characterized by great brilliancy and variety, has not that exquisite finish in its images and descriptions which we find in the works of many other poets. The beautiful but minute delineations of character, for which Crabbe or Cowper is noted, are not to be found in the works of Scott. The refined, deep and sustained pathos of Campbell is wanting. He never ventures, like either of these authors, to carry us into the cottage of the modern peasant, or into the bosom of domestic privacy. Such creatures of the imagination as those painted by

Southey or Darwin are not brought before us. We fail to find in his poetry those higher and deeper qualities which we are accustomed to exact in later writers. His powers as a literary-poetic artist were not of the highest order. Greatness of expression—the heights and depths of language—keen insights into the secrets of the heart, were not much in his way. He respected his subject more than he respected his art. With youthful and high-minded readers his works will always be popular, but Scott is not and never can be the poet of literary readers. The student and the artist remember him as a cherished enchantment of youth, and do not recur to him. Neither the inner recesses of the heart, nor the high places of art thrill to his appeal.

"He has," says Jeffrey, "dazzled the reader with the splendour, and even warmed him with the transient heat of various affections; but he has nowhere fairly kindled him with enthusiasm, or melted him into tenderness. Writing for the world at large, he has wisely abstained from attempting to raise any passion to a height to which worldly people could not be transported; and contented himself with giving his reader the chance of feeling, as a brave, kind, and affectionate gentleman must often feel in the ordinary course of his existence, without trying to breathe into him either that lofty enthusiasm which disdains the ordinary business and amusements of life, or that quiet and deep sensibility which unfits for most of its pursuits. With regard to diction and imagery, too, it is quite obvious that Mr. Scott has not aimed at writing either in a very pure or a very consistent style. He seems to have been anxious only to strike, and to be easily and universally understood; and, for this purpose, to have called the most glittering and conspicuous expressions of the most popular authors, and to have interwoven them in splendid confusion with his own nervous diction and irregular versification. Indifferent whether he coins or borrows, and drawing with equal freedom on his memory and his imagination, he goes boldly forward, in full reliance on a never-failing abundance; and dazzles, with his richness and variety, even

those who are most apt to be offended with his glare and irregularity. There is nothing, in Mr. Scott, of the severe and majestic style of Milton—or of the terse and fine composition of Pope—or of the elaborate elegance and melody of Campbell—or even of the flowing and redundant diction of Southey.”

To do justice to Scott's poetry, we must remember what it succeeded and supplanted. Darwin's *Botanical Garden*, Hayley's *Triumphs of Temper*, and Lewis's *Tales of Terror*, were among the most popular of the time. Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth were all singing indeed, but singing to an audience rather few than fit. Campbell, after gaining the popular ear with the *Pleasures of Hope*, had fallen asleep with his early laurels. Scott's poetry had the merit of doing good service, though not very original. The models imitated were the best. His poems, if not charged with profound thought, were fresh, natural, unconventional in spirit, and eminently free, flowing, and unhackneyed in style. “His store of images is so copious, that he never dwells upon one long enough to produce weariness in the reader; and even where he deals in borrowed or in tawdry wares, the rapidity of his transitions, and the transient glance with which he is satisfied as to each, leave the critic no time to be offended, and hurry him forward, along with the multitude, enchanted with the brilliancy of the exhibition. Thus the very frequency of his deviations from pure taste, comes, in some sort, to constitute their apology; and the profusion and variety of his faults to afford a new proof of his genius.”

“Friends,” remarks Carlyle, “to precision of epithet will probably deny his title to the name of great. One knows not what idea worthy of the name of great, what purpose, instinct, or tendency that could be called great, Scott was ever inspired with. His life was worldly, his ambitions were worldly. There is nothing spiritual in him; all is economical, material of the earth, earthy. A love of picturesque, of beautiful, vigorous, and graceful

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things ; a genuine love, yet not more genuine than has dwelt in hundreds of men, named minor poets—this is the highest quality to be discerned in him.” “It were a long chapter,” the same critic says, “to unfold the difference in drawing a character between Scott and a Shakespeare or Goethe. Yet it is a difference literally immense ; they are of a different species ; the value of the one is not to be counted in the coin of the other. We might say in a short word, which covers a long matter, that your Shakespeare fashions his characters from the heart outwards ; your Scott fashions them from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them. The one set become living men and women ; the other amount to little more than mechanical cases, deceptively painted automats.” Still he considers, “No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in the eighteenth century.” He was “genuine,” “no shadow of cant,” “an eminently well-conditioned man, healthy in body, healthy in soul,” and “the good and the not so good which all Scotchmen inherit ran through every fibre of him.”

Ruskin, estimating him as the great representative mind of the age in the department of literature, is ready to offer an apology for his “poetry of careless glance and reckless rhyme.” Morris gives that critic’s estimate thus :—“The tests of greatness are—(1) humility ; Scott never talks about the dignity of literature ; he has ~~no~~ affectation, and, although a mannerist, no assumption of manner ; and (2) the ease with which he does his work. But in his faults, likewise, Ruskin finds him a representative of his age—1. In faithfulness ; 2. In the habit of looking idly back on the past without understanding it, without a real wish to recall it ; 3. In ignorance of true art ; 4. In the melancholy which underlies his scepticism. Observe, further, the way in which he looks at Nature, ‘as having an animation and pathos of its own, wholly irrespective of human presence or passion ;’ and his preference for colour over form in landscape painting.”

Compared with Byron. “Byron and Scott are not easily compared. Scott is the poet of romantic history,

Byron of actual and every-day life. Scott develops his characters through his plot, Byron by direct description of their thoughts and speech. Scott is seldom seen in lines, Byron is the chief figure in his. Scott is ever trustful, gentle, unselfish, chivalrous; in Byron we have lofty genius and generous impulses in strangest combination with misanthropy, scepticism, and licentiousness. Scott is intensely human, Byron 'Satanic.' Both, however, are mannerists, and both are writers of animated poetry. Both excel in painting strong passion in contrast with feminine softness and delicacy (Scott's skill in passion-painting being shown chiefly in his novels), but the softness of Byron's beauties is sensual and Eastern."—*Angus*.

"They are distinctively poets of active life. They portray, in spirited narrative, idealized resemblances of the scenes of reality; events which arise out of the universal relations of society, hopes and fears, and wishes which are open to the consciousness of all mankind. Were it not for some higher flights which Byron took, inspired from without rather than from within, we might say of them, without exception, what is true of him generally: that they neither aspired to the praise of wedding poetry with abstract thought, nor ascended into those secluded walks of fanciful musing, in which none delight but minds very finely toned. Both of them have described some of their works as tales; and it has been said of Scott, while it might with not less truth have been said of Byron, that his works are romances in verse. It is unquestionable, that they have neither the elevation nor the regularity belonging to the highest kinds of narrative poetry; and, while the poems of the one are in many points strikingly analogous to his historical novels, those of the other often derive their popular attractiveness from sources of interest nearly akin to that which prevails in less worthy works of fiction. But the model of both poets was something different from the regular epic; and, if there must be a comparison, the standard is to be sought elsewhere. Scott, fondly attached to the early literature of the land, began his

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authorship on *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, with the reduplication and imitation of ancient ballads; and he avowedly designed his poems as restorations, with changes suited to modern tastes, of a very interesting class of poems with which he was not less familiar. His originals were the Romances of Chivalry; and, after the extraordinary success of his attempts at embodying the chivalrous and national idea, nothing was more natural than that the example should be applied, by Byron as well as others, in the construction of narratives founded on a different kind of sentiment."—*Spalding*.

Religion and Morality. Scott was no enthusiast in religion, yet he shows in various passages of his writings that he held Christianity in high esteem. If he shows a readiness to extenuate the sins of brave and violent defiers of the law, he says little in favour of the crimes committed by the crafty and cunning members of society. His works are full of descriptions of irregular characters in almost every sphere, but he never paints the inner life in such a manner as to produce immoral tendencies. His sense of honour was high, and it was that truly chivalrous sense of honour which stamped his whole conduct. He is no friend to cant in any form. His heart overflowed with that charity which is the life-blood of our religion, and wherever he takes occasion to allude to the subject directly, he testifies a deep reverence for the truths of revelation, as well as for its divine Original. If he shows no strong religious impulses, it is because he regards a tranquil and submissive mood as the only true religious mood. In his "avoidance of indulging the imagination," says Hutton, "on religious, or even on spiritual subjects, Scott goes far beyond Shakespeare. I do not think there is a single study in all his romances of what may be fairly called a pre-eminently spiritual character as such, though *Jeanie Deans* approaches nearest to it. The same may be said of Shakespeare. But Shakespeare, though he has never drawn a pre-eminently spiritual character, often indulged his imagination while meditating on spiritual themes."

Effect on Literature. "Meanwhile, his success, the example he had set, and the tastes which he had awakened in the public mind, had affected our literature to an extent in various directions which has scarcely been sufficiently appreciated. Notwithstanding the previous appearance of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and some other writers, it was Scott who first in his day made poetry the rage, and with him properly commences the busy poetical production of the period we are now reviewing; those who had been in the field before him put on a new activity, and gave to the world their principal works, after his appearance; and it was not till then that the writer, who of all the poets of this age attained the widest blaze of reputation, eclipsing Scott himself, commenced his career. But what is still more worthy of note is, that Scott's poetry impressed its own character upon all the poetry that was produced among us for many years after; it put an end to long works in verse of a didactic or merely reflective character, and directed the current of all writing of that kind into the form of narrative."—*Craik*.

"Around and after him, the novel of manners, separated from the historical romance, has produced a whole literature, and preserved the character which he stamped upon it. Miss Austin, Miss Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot, Bulwer, Thackeray, Dickens, and many others, paint especially or entirely in his style, contemporary life, as it is, unembellished in all ranks, often among the people, more frequently still amongst the middle class. And the causes which made the historical novel come to nought, in Scott and others, made the novel of manners, by some authors, succeed."—*Taine*.

"Since his time, the novel has received developments unknown to him. Dickens and Thackeray, and, more recently, George Eliot and Charles Kingsley, have infused into it a more genial humanity, a profounder philosophy, a higher and finer glow of imagination; yet it is fitting to connect with Scott the influence and the worth of modern fiction. While resuscitating the past, he was conferring a boon on

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the future in which the whole range of literature participated ; for the Waverley romance established this important principle, that for immediate success, as well as lasting profit, books must be interesting in the best sense—not relying on mere sensation, but on genuine fascination. That books are now more readable, more frank and candid, is in a large measure due to that enchanting interest which the author of Waverley scattered broadcast over the literature of his time. Moreover, he taught authors the art of reaching a wide audience, and producing an immediate effect ; out of which has been developed our popular style of writing.”—*Spalding*.



II

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M A R M I O N .

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST.

TO WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, ESQ.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

NOVEMBER'S sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear :
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen, 5
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled green-wood grew,
So feeble trilled the streamlet through :
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier, no longer green, 10
And angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer Autumn's glowing red 15
Upon our forest hills is shed ;
No more, beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam ;
Away hath passed the heather-bell,
That bloomed so rich on Needpath-fell ; 20

Sallow his brow, and russet bare
 Are now the sister-heights of Yair.
 The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
 To sheltered dale and down are driven,
 Where yet some faded herbage pines, 25
 And yet a watery sunbeam shines :
 In meek despondency they eye
 The withered sward and wintry sky,
 And far beneath their summer hill,
 Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill : 30
 The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
 And wraps him closer from the cold ;
 His dogs no merry circles wheel,
 But, shivering, follow at his heel ;
 A cowering glance they often cast, 35
 As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,
 As best befits the mountain child,
 Feel the sad influence of the hour,
 And wail the daisy's vanished flower ; 40
 Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,
 And anxious ask,—Will spring return,
 And birds and lambs again be gay,
 And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray ?

Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flower 45
 Again shali paint your summer bower ;
 Again the hawthorn shall supply
 The garlands you delight to tie ;
 The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
 The wild birds carol to the round, 50
 And while you frolic light as they,
 Too short shall seem the summer day.

To mute and to material things
 New life revolving summer brings ;
 The genial call dead Nature hears, 55
 And in her glory reappears.

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- But oh! my country's wintry state
 What second spring shall renovate?
 What powerful call shall bid arise
 The buried warlike, and the wise? 60
 The mind, that thought for Britain's weal,
 The hand, that grasped the victor's steel?
 The vernal sun new life bestows
 Even on the meanest flower that blows;
 But vainly, vainly may he shine, 65
 Where glory weeps o'er NELSON'S shrine:
 And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
 That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallowed tomb!
- Deep graved in every British heart,
 O never let those names depart! 70
 Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
 Who victor died on Gadite wave;
 To him, as to the burning levin,
 Short, bright, resistless course was given;
 Where'er his country's foes were found, 75
 Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
 Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
 Rolled, blazed, destroyed,—and was no more.
- Nor mourn you less his perished worth,
 Who bade the conqueror go forth, 80
 And launched that thunderbolt of war,
 On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar;
 Who, born to guide such high emprise,
 For Britain's weal was early wise;
 Alas! to whom the Almighty gave, 85
 For Britain's sins, an early grave;
 His worth, who, in his mightiest hour,
 A bauble held the pride of power,
 Spurned at the sordid lust of pelf,
 And served his Albion for herself; 90
 Who when the frantic crowd amain
 Strained at subjection's bursting rein,

O'er their wild mood full conquest gained,
 The pride, he would not crush, restrained,
 Showed their fierce zeal a worthier cause, 95
 And brought the freeman's arm to aid the freeman's
 laws.

Hadst thou but lived, though stripped of power,
 A watchman in the lonely tower,
 Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
 When fraud or danger were at hand ; 100
 By thee, as by the beacon-light,
 Our pilots had kept course aright ;
 As some proud column, though alone,
 Thy strength had propped the tottering throne.
 Now is the stately column broke, 105
 The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
 The trumpet's silver sound is still,
 The warder silent on the hill !

Oh, think, how to his latest day,
 When Death, just hovering, claimed his prey, 110
 With Palinure's unaltered mood,
 Firm at his dangerous post he stood ;
 Each call for needful rest repelled,
 With dying hand the rudder held,
 Till, in his fall, with fateful sway, 115
 The steerage of the realm gave way !
 Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,
 One unpolluted church remains,
 Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
 The bloody tocsin's maddening sound, 120
 But still upon the hallowed day,
 Convoke the swains to praise and pray ;
 While faith and civil peace are dear,
 Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
 He, who preserved them, *PITT*, lies here ! 125

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
 Because his Rival slumbers nigh ;

	Nor be thy <i>requiescat</i> dumb, Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.	
95	For talents mourn, untimely lost,	130
man's	When best employed, and wanted most ;	
	Mourn genius high, and lore profound, And wit that loved to play, not wound ; And all the reasoning powers divine, To penetrate, resolve, combine :	135
100	And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,— They sleep with him who sleeps below ; And, if thou mourn'st they could not save From error him who owns this grave, Be every harsher thought suppressed,	140
105	And sacred be the last long rest ! <i>Here</i> , where the end of earthly things Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings ; Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue, Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung ;	145
110	<i>Here</i> , where the fretted aisles prolong The distant notes of holy song, As if some angel spoke agen, " All peace on earth, good-will to men " ; If ever from an English heart,	150
115	O <i>here</i> let prejudice depart, And, partial feeling cast aside, Record that Fox a Briton died ! When Europe crouched to France's yoke, And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,	155
120	And the firm Russian's purpose brave Was bartered by a timorous slave, Even then dishonour's peace he spurned, The sullied olive-branch returned, Stood for his country's glory fast,	160
125	And nailed her colours to the mast. Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave A portion in this honoured grave ; And ne'er held marble in its trust Of two such wondrous men the dust.	165

With more than mortal powers endowed
 How high they soared above the crowd !
 Theirs was no common party race,
 Jostling by dark intrigue for place ;
 Like fabled Gods, their mighty war 170
 Shook realms and nations in its jar ;
 Beneath each banner proud to stand,
 Looked up the noblest of the land,
 Till through the British world was known
 The names of PITT and FOX alone. 175
 Spells of such force no wizard grave,
 E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
 Though his could drain the ocean dry,
 And force the planets from the sky.
 These spells are spent, and, spent with these, 180
 The wine of life is on the lees,
 Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
 For ever tombed beneath the stone,
 Where,—taming thought to human pride !—
 The mighty chiefs sleep side by side. 185
 Drop upon FOX's grave the tear,
 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier ;
 O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound
 And FOX's shall the notes rebound.
 The solemn echo seems to cry,— 190
 " Here let their discord with them die ;
 " Speak not for those a separate doom,
 " Whom Fate made brothers in the tomb,
 " But search the land of living men,
 " Where wilt thou find their like agen ?" 195

 Rest, ardent Spirits ! till the cries
 Of dying Nature bid you rise ;
 Not even your Britain's groans can pierce
 The leaden silence of your hearse :
 Then, O how impotent and vain 200
 This grateful tributary strain !
 Though not unmarked from northern clime,

Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme :
 His Gothic harp has o'er you rung ;
 The bard you deigned to praise, your deathless names
 has sung. 205

Stay yet, illusion, stay a while,
 My wildered fancy still beguile !
 From this high theme how can I part,
 Ere half unloaded is my heart !
 For all the tears e'er sorrow drew, 210
 And all the raptures fancy knew,
 And all the keener rush of blood,
 That throbs through bard in bard-like mood,
 Were here a tribute mean and low,
 Through all their mingled streams could flow— 215
 Woe, wonder, and sensation high,
 In one spring-tide of ecstasy !
 It will not be—it may not last—
 The vision of enchantment's past :
 Like frostwork in the morning ray, 220
 The fancied fabric melts away ;
 Each Gothic arch, memorial-stone,
 And long, dim, lofty aisle, are gone,
 And lingering last deception dear,
 The choir's high sounds die on my ear. 225
 Now slow return the lonely down,
 The silent pastures bleak and brown,
 The farm begirt with copswood wild,
 The gambols of each frolic child,
 Mixing their shrill cries with the tone
 Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on. 230

Prompt on unequal tasks to run,
 Thus Nature disciplines her son ;
 Meeter, she says, for me to stray,
 And waste the solitary day, 235
 In plucking from yon fen the reed,
 And watching it float down the Tweed ;

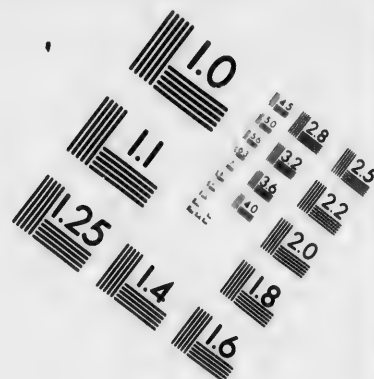
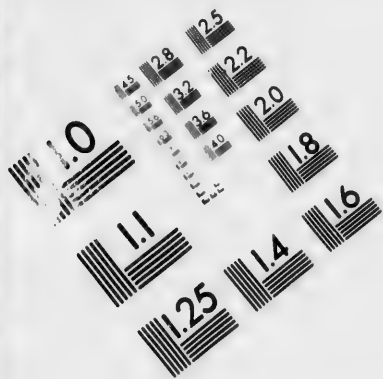
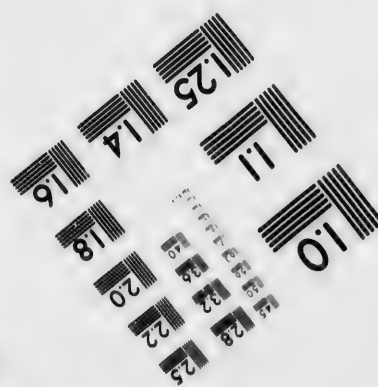
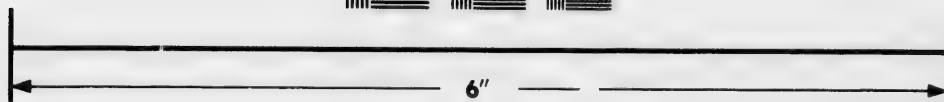
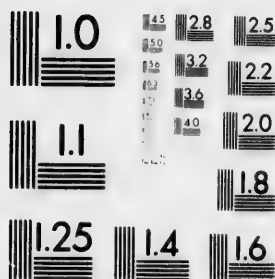


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Or idly list the shrilling lay
 With which the milkmaid cheers her way,
 Marking its cadence rise and fall, 240
 As from the field beneath her pail,
 She trips it down the uneven dale;
 Meeter for me, by yonder cairn,
 The ancient shepherd's tale to learn,
 Though oft he stop in rustic fear, 245
 Lest his old legends tire the ear
 Of one, who, in his simple mind,
 May boast of book-learned taste refined.

But thou, my friend, canst fitly tell,
 (For few have read romance so well), 250
 How still the legendary lay
 O'er poet's bosom holds its sway;
 How on the ancient minstrel strain
 Time lays his palsied hand in vain;
 And how our hearts at doughty deeds, 255
 By warriors wrought in steely weeds,
 Still throb for fear and pity's sake:
 As when the Champion of the Lake
 Enters Morgana's fated house,
 Or in the Chapel Perilous, 260
 Despising spells and demon's force,
 Holds converse with the unburied corse;
 Or when, Dame Ganore's grace to move
 (Alas, that lawless was their love!)
 He sought proud Tarquin in his den, 265
 And freed full sixty knights; or when,
 A sinful man, and unconfessed,
 He took the Sangreal's holy quest,
 And, slumbering, saw the vision high,
 He might not view with waking eye. 270

The mightiest chiefs of British song
 Scorned not such legends to prolong:
 They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,

240 And mix in Milton's heavenly theme
 And Dryden, in immortal strain, 275
 Had raised the Table Round again,
 But that a ribald King and Court
 Bade him toil on, to make them sport;
 Demanded for their niggard pay,
 Fit for their souls, a looser lay, 280
 241 Licentious satire, song, and play;
 The world defrauded of the high design,
 Profaned the God-given strength, and marred the lofty
 line.

250 Warmed by such names, well may we then,
 Though dwindled sons of little men, 285
 Essay to break a feeble lance
 In the fair fields of old romance;
 Or seek the moated castle's cell,
 Where long through talisman and spell,
 255 While tryants ruled, and damsels wept,
 Thy Genius, Chivalry, hath slept: 290
 There sound the harpings of the North,
 Till he awake and sally forth,
 On venturous quest to prick again,
 260 In all his arms, with all his train, 295
 Shield, lance, and brand, and plume, and scarf,
 Fay, giant, dragon, squire, and dwarf,
 And wizard with his wand of might,
 And errant maid on palfrey white.
 265 Around the Genius weave their spells, 300
 Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells;
 Mystery, half veiled and half revealed;
 And Honour with his spotless shield;
 Attention, with fixed eye; and Fear,
 270 That loves the tale she shrinks to hear; 305
 And gentle Courtesy; and Faith,
 Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death;
 And Valour, lion-mettled lord,
 Leaning upon his own good sword.

Well has thy fair achievement shown,
A worthy meed may thus be won ;
Ytene's oaks—beneath whose shade
Their theme the merry minstrels made,
Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold,
And that Red King, who, while of old
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,
By his loved huntsman's arrow bled—
Ytene's oaks have heard again
Renewed such legendary strain ;
For thou hast sung, how He of Gaul,
That Amadis so famed in hall,
For Oriana, foiled in fight
The Necromancer's felon might ;
And well in modern verse hast wove
Partenopex's mystic love ;
Hear then, attentive to my lay,
A knightly tale of Albion's elder day.

310

315

320

325



M A R M I O N .

CANTO I.

THE CASTLE.

DAY set on Norham's castled steep, 1
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the Donjon keep,
The loophole grates where captives weep, 5
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height : 10
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.
SAINT GEORGE'S banner, broad and gay, 11
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung ;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the Donjon tower, 5
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The Castle gates were barred :

Above the gloomy portal arch, Timing his footsteps to a march, The warder kept his guard ;	10
Low humming, as he paced along, Some ancient Border gathering-song. A DISTANT trampling sound he hears—	iii
He looks abroad, and soon appears O'er Horncliff Hill a plump of spears, Beneath a pennon gay ;	
A horseman, darting from the crowd, Like lightning from a summer cloud, Spurs on his mettled courser proud, Before the dark array.	5
Beneath the sable palisade, That closed the Castle barricade, His bugle-horn he blew ;	10
The warder hasted from the wall, And warned the Captain in the hall, For well the blast he knew ;	
And joyfully that Knight did call, To sewer, squire, and seneschal :—	15
“ Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie, Bring pasties of the doe, And quickly make the entrance free, And bid my heralds ready be, And every minstrel sound his glee,	iv
And all our trumpets blow ; And, from the platform, spare ye not To fire a noble salvo-shot :	5
Lord Marmion waits below.”— Then to the Castle's lower ward Sped forty yeomen tall,	10
The iron-studded gates unbarred, Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard, The lofty palisade unsparred, And let the drawbridge fall.	15

CANTO I.

3

10 ALONG the bridge Lord Marmion rode, v
 Proudly his red-roan charger trod,
 iii His helm hung at the saddlebow;
 Well, by his visage, you might know
 He was a stalworth knight, and keen, 5
 And had in many a battle been;
 The scar on his brown cheek revealed
 A token true of Bosworth field;
 His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire,
 5 Shewed spirit proud, and prompt to ire; 10
 Yet lines of thought upon his cheek,
 Did deep design and counsel speak.
 His forehead, by his casque worn bare,
 His thick moustache, and curly hair,
 10 Coal-black, and grizzled here and there, 15
 But more through toil than age;
 His square-turned joints, and strength of limb,
 Shewed him no carpet knight so trim,
 But, in close fight, a champion grim;
 15 In camps, a leader sage. 20
 WELL armed was he from head to heel, vi
 iv In mail and plate of Milan steel;
 But his strong helm, of mighty cost,
 Was all with burnished gold embossed:
 Amid the plumage of the crest, 5
 5 A falcon hovered on her nest,
 With wings outspread, and forward breast;
 E'en such a falcon, on his shield,
 Soared sable in an azure field:
 10 The golden legend bore aright, 10
 "Who checks at me, to death is dight."
 Blue was the charger's broided rein;
 Blue ribbons decked his arching mane;
 The knightly housing's ample fold
 Was velvet blue, and trapped with gold. 15

The soldiers of the guard,
With musket, pike, and morion,
To welcome noble Marmion,
Stood in the Castle-yard ;

5

Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
The gunner held his linstock yare,

For welcome-shot prepared :

Entered the train, and such a clang,
As then through all his turrets rang,
Old Norham never heard.

10

THE guards their morrice-pikes advanced.

x

The trumpets flourished brave,
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
And thundering welcome gave.

A blythe salute, in martial sort,

5

The minstrels well might sound,

For, as Lord Marmion crossed the court,
He scattered angels round.

"Welcome to Norham, Marmion !

Stout heart, and open hand !

10

Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,
Thou flower of English land !"

Two pursuivants, whom tabarts deck,
With silver scutcheon round their neck,

xi

Stood on the steps of stone,

By which you reach the Donjon gate,
And there, with herald pomp and state,

5

They hailed Lord Marmion :

They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,

Of Tamworth tower and town ;

And he, their courtesy to requite,

10

Gave them a chain of twelve marks weight,

All as he lighted down.

"Now largesse, largesse, Lord Marmion,

Knight of the crest of gold !

A blazoned shield, in battle won,	15
Ne'er guarded heart so bold."—	
THEY marshalled him to the Castle-hall,	xii
Where the guests stood all aside,	
And loudly flourished the trumpet-call,	
And the heralds loudly cried :—	
"Room, lordings, room for Lord Marmion,	5
With the crest and helm of gold !	
Full well we know the trophies won	
In the lists at Cottiswold :	
There, vainly, Ralph de Wilton strove	
'Gainst Marmion's force to stand ;	10
To him he lost his lady-love,	
And to the King his land.	
Ourselves beheld the listed field,	
A sight both sad and fair ;	
We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield,	15
And saw his saddle bare ;	
We saw the victor win the crest,	
He wears with worthy pride ;	
And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,	
His foeman's scutcheon tied.	20
Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight !	
Room, room, ye gentles gay,	
For him who conquered in the right,	
Marmion of Fontenaye ! "	
THEN stepped to meet that noble lord	xiii
Sir Hugh the Heron bold,	
Baron of Twisell and of Ford,	
And Captain of the Hold.	
He led Lord Marmion to the deas,	5
Raised o'er the pavement high,	
And placed him in the upper place—	
They feasted full and high :	
The whiles a northern harper rude	
Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud,—	10

- 15 *"How the fierce Thirlwalls, and Ridleys all,*
 Stout Willimondswick,
 xii *And Hard-riding Dick,*
 And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o' the Wall,
 Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh, 15
 And taken his life at the Deadman's-shaw."
- 5 Scantly Lord Marmion's ear could brook
 The harper's barbarous lay;
 Yet much he praised the pains he took,
 And well those pains did pay; 20
 For lady's suit, and minstrel's strain,
 10 By knight should ne'er be heard in vain.
 "Now, good Lord Marmion," Heron says, xiv
 "Of your fair courtesies,
 I pray you bide some little space,
 In this poor tower with me.
 15 Here may you keep your arms from rust, 5
 May breathe your war-horse well;
 Seldom hath passed a week but giust
 Or feat of arms befell:
 The Scots can rein a mettled steed,
 20 And love to couch a spear;— 10
 Saint George! a stirring life they lead,
 That have such neighbours near.
 Then stay with us a little space,
 Our northern wars to learn;
 xiii I pray you for your lady's grace."— 15
 Lord Marmion's brow grew stern.
 THE Captain marked his altered look, xv
 And gave a squire the sign;
 5 A mighty wassail-bowl he took,
 And crowned it high with wine.
 "Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion: 5
 But first I pray thee fair,
 Where hast thou left that page of thine,
 10 That used to serve thy cup of wine,

Whose beauty was so rare ?
 When last in Raby towers we met, 10
 The boy I closely eyed,
 And often marked his cheeks were wet
 With tears he fain would hide :
 His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,
 To burnish shield, or sharpen brand, 15
 Or saddle battle-steed ;
 But meeter seemed for lady fair,
 To fan her cheek, or curl her hair,
 Or through embroidery, rich and rare,
 The slender silk to lead : 20
 His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,
 His bosom—when he sighed,
 The russet doublet's rugged fold
 Could scarce repel its pride !
 Say, hast thou given that lovely youth 25
 To serve in lady's bower ?
 Or was the gentle page, in sooth,
 A gentle paramour ?"—
 LORD MARMION ill could brook such jest ; xvi
 He rolled his kindling eye,
 With pain his rising wrath suppressed,
 Yet made a calm reply :
 "That boy thou thought'st so goodly fair, 5
 He might not brook the northern air.
 More of his fate if thou wouldst learn,
 I left him sick in Lindisfarne :
 Enough of him.—But, Heron, say,
 Why does thy lovely lady gay 10
 Disdain to grace the hall to-day ?
 Or has that dame, so fair and sage,
 Gone on some pious pilgrimage ?"—
 He spoke in covert scorn, for fame
 Whispered light tales of Heron's dame. 15

- UNMARKED, at least unrecked, the taunt, xvii
 Careless the Knight replied :
 " No bird, whose feathers gaily flaunt,
 Delights in cage to bide :
 Norham is grim, and grated close, 5
 Hemmed in by battlement and fosse,
 And many a darksome tower ;
 And better loves my lady bright,
 To sit in liberty and light,
 In fair Queen Margaret's bower. 10
 We hold our greyhound in our hand,
 Our falcon on our glove ;
 But where shall we find leash or band,
 For dame that loves to rove ?
 Let the wild falcon soar her swing, 15
 She'll stoop when she has tired her wing."—
 " NAY, if with Royal James's bride, xviii
 The lovely Lady Heron bide,
 Behold me here a messenger,
 Your tender greetings prompt to bear ;
 For, to the Scottish Court addressed, 5
 I journey at our King's behest,
 And pray you, of your grace, provide
 For me and mine a trusty guide.
 I have not ridden in Scotland since
 James backed the cause of that mock prince, 10
 Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,
 Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.
 Then did I march with Surrey's power,
 What time we razed old Ayton Tower."—
 " FOR suchlike need, my Lord, I trow, xix
 Norham can find you guides enow ;
 For here be some have pricked as far
 On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar ;
 Have drunk the monks of Saint Bothan's ale, 5
 And driven the beeves of Lauderdale ;

Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,
 And given them light to set their hoods."
 "Now, in good sooth," Lord Marmion cried, xx
 "Were I in warlike wise to ride,
 A better guard I would not lack,
 Than your stout forayers at my back:
 But, as in form of peace I go, 5
 A friendly messenger, to know
 Why through all Scotland, near and far,
 Their King is mustering troops for war,
 The sight of plundering Border spears
 Might justify suspicious fears; 10
 And deadly feud, or thirst of spoil,
 Break out in some unseemly broil:
 A herald were my fitting guide;
 Or friar, sworn in peace to bide;
 Or pardoner, or travelling priest, 15
 Or strolling pilgrim, at the least."—
 THE Captain mused a little space, xxi
 And passed his hand across his face:
 "Fain would I find the guide you want,
 But ill may spare a pursuivant,
 The only men that safe can ride 5
 Mine errands on the Scottish side:
 And, though a bishop built this fort,
 Few holy brethren here resort;
 Even our good chaplain, as I ween,
 Since our last siege, we have not seen: 10
 The mass he might not sing or say,
 Upon one stinted meal a day;
 So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,
 And prayed for our success the while.
 Our Norham vicar, woe betide, 15
 Is all too well in case to ride.
 The priest of Shoreswood— he could rein
 The wildest war-horse in your train;

But then, no spearman in the hall
Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl.

20

Friar John of Tillmouth were the man,
A blythesome brother at the can,
A welcome guest in hall and bower,
He knows each castle, town, and tower,
In which the wine and ale is good,
'Twixt Newcastle and Holy-Rood.

25

But that good man, as ill befalls,
Hath seldom left our Castle walls,
Since, on the vigil of Saint Bede,
In evil hour, he crossed the Tweed,
To teach Dame Alison her creed.

30

Old Bughtrig found him with his wite;
And John, an enemy to strife,
Sans frock and hood fled for his life.

The jealous churl hath deeply swore,
That, if again he ventures o'er,
He shall shrive penitent no more.

35

Little he loves such risks, I know;
Yet, in your guard, perchance will go."—

YOUNG SELBY, at the fair hall-board
Carved to his uncle, and that lord,
And reverently took up the word:

xxii

"Kind uncle, woe were we each one,
If harm should hap to brother John.

5

He is a man of mirthful speech,
Can many a game and gambol teach;
Full well at tables can he play,
And sweep at bowls the stake away.

10

None can a lustier carol bawl,
The needfullest among us all,
When time hangs heavy in the hall,
And snow comes thick at Christmas-tide,
And we can neither hunt, nor ride
A foray on the Scottish side.

15

The vowed revenge of Bughtrig rude,
 May end in worse than loss of hood.
 Let Friar John, in safety, still
 In chimney-corner snore his fill,
 Roast hissing crabs, or flagons swill: 20
 Last night to Norham there came one,
 Will better guide Lord Marmion."—
 "Nephew," quoth Heron, "by my fay,
 Well hast thou spoke; say forth thy say."—
 "HERE is a holy Palmer come, xxiii
 From Salem first, and last from Rome;
 One, that hath kissed the blessed tomb,
 And visited each holy shrine,
 In Araby and Palestine; 5
 On hills of Armenie hath been,
 Where Noah's ark may yet be seen;
 By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,
 Which parted at the prophet's rod;
 In Sinai's wilderness he saw 10
 The Mount, where Israel heard the law,
 Mid thunder-dint, and flashing levin,
 And shadows, mists, and darkness, given.
 He shews Saint James's cockle-shell,
 Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell; 15
 And of that Grot where Olives nod,
 Where, darling of each heart and eye,
 From all the youth of Sicily,
 Saint Rosalie retired to God.
 To stout Saint George of Norwich merry, xxiv
 Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,
 Cuthbert of Durham and Saint Bede,
 For his sins' pardon hath he prayed.
 He knows the passes of the North, 5
 And seeks far shrines beyond the Forth;
 Little he eats, and long will wake,
 And drinks but of the stream or lake.

This were a guide o'er moor and dale;
 But, when our John hath quaffed his ale,
 As little as the wind that blows,
 And warms itself against his nose,
 Kens he, or cares, which way he goes."—
 "GRAMERCY!" quoth Lord Marmion, xxv

"Full loth were I that Friar John,
 That venerable man, for me,
 Were placed in fear or jeopardy.
 If this same Palmer will me lead 5

From hence to Holy-Rood,
 Like his good saint, I'll pay his meed,
 Instead of cockle-shell, or bead,
 With angels fair and good.

I love such holy rambles; still 10
 They know to charm a weary hill,
 With song, romance, or lay:

Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,
 Some lying legend at the least,
 They bring to cheer the way."— 15

"Ah! noble sir," young Selby said, xxvi
 And finger on his lip he laid,
 "This man knows much, perchance e'en more
 Than he could learn by holy lore.

Still to himself he's muttering, 5
 And shrinks as at some unseen thing.

Last night we listened at his cell;
 Strange sounds we heard, and sooth to tell,
 He murmured on till morn, howe'er
 No living mortal could be near. 10

Sometimes I thought I heard it plain,
 As other voices spoke again.
 I cannot tell—I like it not—
 Friar John hath told us it is wrote,
 No conscience clear, and void of wrong, 15
 Can rest awake, and pray so long.

Himself still sleeps before his beads,
 Have marked ten aves, and two creeds."—
 "LET pass," quoth Marmion; "by my fay, xxvii
 This man shall guide me on my way,
 Although the great archfiend and he
 Had sworn themselves of company;
 So please you, gentle youth, to call 5
 This Palmer to the Castle-hall."—
 The summoned Palmer came in place;
 His sable cowl o'erhung his face;
 In his black mantle was he clad,
 With Peter's keys, in cloth of red, 10
 On his broad shoulders wrought;
 The scallop-shell his cap did deck;
 The crucifix around his neck
 Was from Loretto brought; 15
 His sandals were with travel tore,
 Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore.
 The faded palm-branch in his hand,
 Shewed pilgrim from the Holy Land.
 WHENAS the Palmer came in hall, xxviii
 Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,
 Or had a statelier step withal,
 Or looked more high and keen;
 For no saluting did he wait, 5
 But strode across the hall of state,
 And fronted Marmion where he sate,
 As he his peer had been.
 But his gaunt frame was worn with toil;
 His cheek was sunk, alas the while! 10
 And when he struggled at a smile,
 His eye looked haggard wild:
 Poor wretch! the mother that him bare,
 If she had been in presence there,
 In his wan face and sunburnt hair, 15
 She had not known her child.

Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
 Soon change the form that best we know—
 For deadly fear can time outgo,
 And blanch at once the hair;
 Hard toil can roughen form and face,
 And want can quench the eye's bright grace,
 Nor does old age a wrinkle trace,
 More deeply than despair.
 Happy whom none of these befall,
 But this poor Palmer knew them all.
 LORD MARMION then his boon did ask;
 The Palmer took on him the task,
 So he would march with morning tide,
 To Scottish Court to be his guide.
 —“But I have solemn vows to pay,
 And may not linger by the way,
 To fair Saint Andrews bound,
 Within the ocean-cave to pray,
 Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
 From midnight to the dawn of day,
 Sung to the billow's sound;
 Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,
 Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,
 And the crazed brain restore :
 Saint Mary grant that cave or spring
 Could back to peace my bosom bring,
 Or bid it throb no more !”—
 AND now the midnight draught of sleep,
 Where wine and spices richly steep,
 In massive bowl of silver deep,
 The page presents on knee.
 Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,
 The Captain pledged his noble guest,
 The cup went through among the rest,
 Who drained it merrily ;
 Alone the Palmer passed it by,

20

25

xxix

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xxvii

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15

Though Selby pressed him courteously.	10
This was the sign the feast was o'er;	
It hushed the merry wassail roar,	
The minstrels ceased to sound.	
Soon in the Castle nought was heard,	
But the slow footstep of the guard,	15
Pacing his sober round.	
WITH early dawn Lord Marmion rose:	xxxi
And first the chapel doors unclosed;	
Then, after morning rites were done,	
(A hasty mass from Friar John,)	
And knight and squire had broke their fast,	5
On rich substantial repast,	
Lord Marmion's bugles blew to horse:	
Then came the stirrup-cup in course;	
Between the Baron and his host,	
No point of courtesy was lost;	10
High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid,	
Solemn excuse the Captain made,	
Till, fling from the gate, had past	
That noble train, their Lord the last.	
Then loudly rang the trumpet-call;	15
Thundered the cannon from the wall,	
And shook the Scottish shore;	
Around the Castle eddied slow,	
Volumes of smoke as white as snow,	
And hid its turrets hoar;	20
Till they rolled forth upon the air,	
And met the river breezes there,	
Which gave again the prospect fair.	

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INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND.

TO THE REV. JOHN MARRIOT, M.A.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

The scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourished once a forest fair,
When these waste glens with copse were lined,
And peopled with the hart and hind.
Yon thorn—perchance whose prickly spears
Have fenced him for three hundred years,
While fell around his green compeers—
Yon lonely thorn, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell,
Since he, so gray and stubborn now,
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough ;
Would he could tell how deep the shade,
A thousand mingled branches made ;
How broad the shadows of the oak,
How clung the rowan to the rock,
And through the foliage showed his head,
With narrow leaves, and berries red ;
What pines on every mountain sprung,
O'er every dell what birches hung,
In every breeze what aspens shook,
What alders shaded every brook !

“ Here, in my shade,” methinks he'd say,
“ The mighty stag at noontide lay ;
The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game,

(The neighbouring dingle bears his name,) 25
 With lurching step around me prowl,
 And stop, against the moon to howl ;
 The mountain-boar, on battle set,
 His tusks upon my stem would whet ;
 While doe and roe, and red-deer good, 30
 Have bounded by through gay green-wood.
 Then oft, from Newark's riven tower,
 Sallied a Scottish monarch's power ;
 A thousand vassals mustered round,
 With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound ; 35
 And I might see the youth intent,
 Guard every pass with crossbow bent ;
 And through the brake the rangers stalk,
 And falc'ners hold the ready hawk ;
 And foresters, in green-wood trim, 40
 Lead in the leash the gaze-hounds grim,
 Attentive, as the bratchet's bay
 From the dark covert drove the prey,
 To slip them as he broke away.
 The startled quarry bounds amain. 45
 As fast the gallant greyhounds strain ;
 Whistles the arrow from the bow,
 Answers the harquebuss below ;
 While all the rocking hills reply,
 To hoof-clang, hound, and hunter's cry, 50
 And bugles ringing lightsomely,"—

Of such proud huntings, many tales
 Yet linger in our lonely dales,
 Up pathless Ettrick, and on Yarrow
 Where'erst the outlaw drew his arrow. 55
 But not more blithe that silvan court,
 Than we have been at humbler sport ;
 Though small our pomp, and mean our game,
 Our mirth, dear Marriott, was the same.
 Remember'st thou my greyhounds true ? 60
 O'er holt, or hill, there never flew,

25	From slip, or leash, there never sprang, More fleet of foot, or sure of fang. Nor dull, between each merry chase, Passed by the intermitted space ;	65
30	For we had fair resource in store, In Classic, and in Gothic lore : We marked each memorable scene, And held poetic talk between ;	70
35	Nor hill, nor brook, we paced along, But had its legend, or its song. All silent now—for now are still Thy bowers, untenanted Bowhill !	75
40	No longer, from thy mountains dun, The yeoman hears the well-known gun, And, while his honest heart glows warm, At thought of his paternal farm,	80
45	Round to his mates a brimmer fills, And drinks, "The Chieftain of the Hills !" No fairy forms, in Yarrow's bowers, Trip o'er the walks, or tend the flowers,	85
50	Fair as the elves whom Janet saw, By moonlight, dance on Carterhaugh : No youthful Baron's left to grace The Forest-Sheriff's lonely chase,	90
55	And ape, in manly step and tone, The majesty of Oberon : And she is gone, whose lovely face Is but her least and lowest grace ;	95
60	Though if to Sylphid Queen 'twere given, To show our earth the charms of Heaven, She could not glide along the air, With form more light, or face more fair.	
	No more the widow's deafened ear Grows quick that lady's step to hear : At noontide she expects her not, Nor busies her to trim the cot ;	
	Pensive she turns her humming wheel,	

Or pensive cooks her orphans' meal;
 Yet blesses, ere she deals their bread,
 The gentle hand by which they're fed. 100

From Yair,—which hills so closely bind,
 Scarce can the Tweed his passage find,
 Though much he fret, and chafe, and toil.
 Till all his eddying currents boil.— 105

Her long-descended lord is gone,
 And left us by the stream alone.
 And much I miss those sportive boys,
 Companions of my mountain joys,
 Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth, 110
 When thought is speech, and speech is truth.

Close to my side, with what delight,
 They pressed to hear of Wallace wight,
 When, pointing to his airy mound,
 I called his ramparts holy ground! 115

Kindled their brows to hear me speak;
 And I have smiled, to feel my cheek,
 Despite the difference of our years,
 Return again the glow of theirs.

Ah, happy boys! such feelings pure, 120
 They will not, cannot long endure;
 Condemned to stem the world's rude tide,
 You may not linger by the side;

For Fate shall thrust you from the shore,
 And Passion ply the sail and oar. 125

Yet cherish the remembrance still,
 Of the lone mountain, and the rill;
 For trust, dear boys, the time will come,
 When fiercer transport shall be dumb,

And you will think right frequently, 130
 But, well I hope, without a sigh,
 On the free hours that we have spent
 Together, on the brown hill's bent.

When, musing on companions gone,
 We doubly feel ourselves alone, 135

100	Something, my friend, we yet may gain, There is a pleasure in this pain : It soothes the love of lonely rest, Deep in each gentler heart impressed. 'Tis silent amid worldly toils,	140
105	And stifled soon by mental broils; But, in a bosom thus prepared, Its still small voice is often heard Whispering a mingled sentiment, 'Twixt resignation and content.	145
110	Oft in my mind such thoughts awake, By lone St. Mary's silent lake ; Thou know'st it well,—nor fen, nor sedge, Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge ; Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink	150
115	At once upon the level brink ; And just a trace of silver sand Marks where the water meets the land. Far in the mirror, bright and blue, Each hill's huge outline you may view ;	155
120	Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare, Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there, Save where, of land, yon slender line Bears thwart the lake the scattered pine. Yet even this nakedness has power,	160
125	And aids the feeling of the hour : Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy, Where living thing concealed might lie ; Nor point, retiring, hides a dell, Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell ;	165
130	There's nothing left to fancy's guess, You see that all is loneliness : And silence aids—though the steep hills Send to the lake a thousand rills ; In summer tide, so soft they weep,	170
135	The sound but lulls the ear asleep ; Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude, So stilly is the solitude.	

Nought living meets the eye or ear,
 But well I ween the dead are near ; 175
 For though, in feudal strife, a foe
 Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low,
 Yet still, beneath the hallowed soil,
 The peasant rests him from his toil,
 And, dying, bids his bones be laid, 180
 Where erst his simple fathers prayed.

If age had tamed the passions' strife,
 And fate had cut my ties to life,
 Here, have I thought, 'twere sweet to dwell,
 And rear again the chaplain's cell, 185
 Like that same peaceful hermitage,
 Where Milton longed to spend his age.
 'Twere sweet to mark the setting day,
 On Bourhope's lonely top decay ;
 And, as it faint and feeble died 190
 On the broad lake, and mountain's side,
 To say, "Thus pleasures fade away ;
 Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,
 And leave us dark, forlorn, and grey ;"—
 Then gaze on Dryhope's ruined tower, 195
 And think on Yarrow's faded Flower :
 And when that mountain-sound I heard,
 Which bids us be for storm prepared,
 The distant rustling of his wings,
 As up his force the Tempest brings, 200
 'Twere sweet, ere yet his terrors rave,
 To sit upon the Wizard's grave ;
 That Wizard Priest's whose bones are thrust
 From company of holy dust ;
 On which no sunbeam ever shines— 205
 (No superstition's creed divines,)
 Thence view the lake, with sullen roar,
 Heave her broad billows to the shore ;
 And mark the wild-swans mount the gale,
 Spread wide through mist their snowy sail, 210

And ever stoop again, to lave
 Their bosoms on the surging wave;
 Then, when against the driving hail
 No longer might my plaid avail,
 Back to my lonely home retire, 215
 And light my lamp, and trim my fire;
 There ponder o'er some mystic lay,
 Till the wild tale had all its sway,
 And, in the bittern's distant shriek
 I heard unearthly voices speak, 220
 And thought the Wizard Priest was come,
 To claim again his ancient home!
 And bade my busy fancy range,
 To frame him fitting shape and strange,
 Till from the task my brow I cleared, 225
 And smiled to think that I had feared.

But chief, 'twere sweet to think such life,
 (Though but escape from fortune's strife,)
 Something most matchless good and wise,
 A great and grateful sacrifice; 230
 And deem each hour to musing given,
 A step upon the road to heaven.

Yet him, whose heart is ill at ease,
 Such peaceful solitudes displease:
 He loves to drown his bosom's jar 235
 Amid the elemental war;
 And my black Palmer's choice had been
 Some ruder and more savage scene,
 Like that which frowns round dark Loch-skene.
 There eagles scream from isle to shore: 240
 Down all the rocks the torrents roar;
 O'er the black waves incessant driven,
 Dark mists infect the summer heaven;
 Through the rude barriers of the lake,
 Away its hurrying waters break, 245
 Faster and whiter dash and curl,

Till down yon dark abyss they hurl.
Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
Thunders the viewless stream below,
Diving, as if condemned to lave 250
Some demon's subterranean cave,
Who, prisoned by enchanter's spell,
Shakes the dark rock with groan and yell.
And well that Palmer's form and mien
Had suited with the stormy scene, 255
Just on the edge, straining his ken
To view the bottom of the den,
Where, deep deep down, and far within,
Toils with the rocks the roaring linn ;
Then, issuing forth one foamy wave, 260
And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,
White as the snowy charger's tail,
Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.

Marriott thy harp, on Isis strung,
To many a Border theme has rung : 265
Then list to me, and thou shalt know
Of this mysterious Mar. of Woe.



CANTO II.

THE CONVENT.

THE breeze, which swept away the smoke, i
 Round Norham Castle rolled,
 When all the loud artillery spoke,
 With lightning-flash and thunder-stroke,
 As Marmion left the Hold. 5
 It curled not Tweed alone, that breeze,
 For, far upon Northumbrian seas,
 It freshly blew, and strong,
 Where, from high Whitby's cloistered pile,
 Bound to Saint Cuthbert's Holy Isle, 10
 It bore a bark along.
 Upon the gale she stooped her side,
 And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
 As she were dancing home;
 The merry seamen laughed, to see 15
 Their gallant ship so lustily
 Furrow the green sea-foam.
 Much joyed they in their honoured freight;
 For, on the deck, in chair of state,
 The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed, 20
 With five fair nuns, the galley graced.
 'Twas sweet to see these holy maids, ii
 LIKE birds escaped to greenwood shades,
 Their first flight from the cage,
 How timid, and how curious too,
 For all to them was strange and new, 5
 And all the common sights they view;
 Their wonderment engage.

One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,
 With many a benedicite;
 One at the rippling surge grew pale, 10
 And would for terror pray;
 Then shrieked, because the sea-dog, nigh,
 His round black head and sparkling eye,
 Reared o'er the foaming spray:
 And one would still adjust her veil, 15
 Disordered by the summer gale,
 Perchance lest some more worldly eye
 Her dedicated charms might spy;
 Perchance, because such action graced
 Her fair-turned arm and slender waist. 20
 Light was each simple bosom there,
 Save two, who ill might pleasure share,—
 The Abbess, and the Novice Clare.
 THE ABBESS was of noble blood, iii
 But early took the veil and hood,
 Ere upon life she cast a look,
 Or knew the world that she forsook.
 Fair too she was, and kind had been 5
 As she was fair, but ne'er had seen
 For her a timid lover sigh,
 Nor knew the influence of her eye;
 Love, to her ear, was but a name,
 Combined with vanity and shame; 10
 Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all
 Bounded within the cloister wall:
 The deadliest sin her mind could reach
 Was of monastic rule the breach;
 And her ambition's highest aim, 15
 To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.
 For this she gave her ample dower,
 To raise the Convent's eastern tower;
 For this, with carving rare and quaint,
 She decked the chapel of the Saint. 20

And gave the relic-shrine of cost,
 With ivory and gems embossed.
 The poor her Convent's bounty blest,
 Thé pilgrim in its halls found rest.
 BLACK was her garb, her rigid rule iv
 Reformed on Benedictine school;
 Her cheek was pale, her form was spare;
 Vigils, and penitence austere, 5
 Had early quenched the light of youth,
 But gentle was the dame in sooth;
 Though vain of her religious sway,
 She loved to see her maids obey;
 Yet nothing stern was she in cell,
 And the nuns loved their Abbess well. 10
 Sad was this voyage to the dame;
 Summoned to Lindisfarne, she came,
 There, with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old,
 And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold
 A chapter of Saint Benedict, 15
 For inquisition stern and strict,
 On two apostates from the faith,
 And, if need were, to doom to death.
 NOUGHT say I here of Sister Clare, v
 Save this, that she was young and fair;
 As yet a novice unprofessed,
 Lovely and gentle, but distressed.
 She was betrothed to one now dead, 5
 Or worse, who had dishonoured fled.
 Her kinsmen bade her give her hand
 To one who loved her for her land:
 Herself, almost heart-broken now, 10
 Was bent to take the vestal vow,
 And shroud, within Saint Hilda's gloom,
 Her blasted hopes and withered bloom.
 SHE sate upon the galley's prow, vi
 And seemed to mark the waves below;

Nay seemed, so fixed her look and eye,
 To count them as they glided by.
 She saw them not—'twas seeming all— 5
 Far other scene her thoughts recal—
 A sun-scorched desert, waste and bare,
 Nor wave, nor breezes, murmured there;
 There saw she, where some careless hand
 O'er a dead corpse had heaped the sand, 10
 To hide it till the jackals come,
 To tear it from the scanty tomb.—
 See what a woful look was given,
 As she raised up her eyes to heaven!
 LOVELY, and gentle, and distressed— vii
 These charms might tame the fiercest breast:
 Harpers have sung, and poets told,
 That he, in fury uncontrolled,
 The shaggy monarch of the wood, 5
 Before a virgin, fair and good,
 Hath pacified his savage mood.
 But passions in the human frame
 Oft put the lion's rage to shame:
 And jealousy, by dark intrigue, 10
 With sordid avarice in league,
 Had practised with their bowl and knife
 Against the mourner's harmless life.
 This crime was charged 'gainst those who lay 15
 Prisoned in Cuthbert's islet grey.
 AND now the vessel skirts the strand viii
 Of mountainous Northumberland;
 Towns, towers, and halls successive rise,
 And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
 Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay, 5
 And Tynemouth's priory and bay;
 They marked, amid her trees, the hall
 Of lofty Seaton-Delaval;
 They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
 Rush to the sea through sounding woods; 10

They passed the tower of Widderington,
 Mother of many a valiant son;
 At Coquet Isle their beads they tell
 To the good Saint who owned the cell;
 Then did the Alne attention claim, 15
 And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name;
 And next, they crossed themselves, to hear
 The whitening breakers sound so near,
 Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar,
 On Dunstanborough's caverned shore; 20
 Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they there,
 King Ida's castle, huge and square,
 From its tall rock look grimly down,
 And on the swelling ocean frown;
 Then from the coast they bore away, 25
 And reached the Holy Island's bay.
 THE tide did now its flood-mark gain, ix
 And girdled in the Saint's domain:
 For, with the flow and ebb, its style
 Varies from continent to isle;
 Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day, 5
 The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
 Twice every day, the waves efface
 Of staves and sandaled feet the trace.
 As to the port the galley flew,
 Higher and higher rose to view 10
 The Castle with its battled walls,
 The ancient Monastery's halls,
 A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,
 Placed on the margin of the isle.
 IN Saxon strength that Abbey frowned, x
 With massive arches broad and round,
 That rose alternate, row and row,
 On ponderous columns, short and low,
 Built ere the art was known, 5

By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alley'd walk

To emulate in stone.

On the deep walls the heathen Dane
Had poured his impious rage in vain ; 10

And needful was such strength to these,

Exposed to the tempestuous seas,

Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,

Open to rovers fierce as they,

Which could twelve hundred years withstand 15

Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.

Not but that portions of the pile,

Rebuilt in a later style,

Shewed where the spoiler's hand had been ;

Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen 20

Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,

And mouldered in his niche the Saint,

And rounded, with consuming power,

The pointed angles of each tower :

Yet still entire the Abbey stood, 25

Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

Soon as they neared his turrets strong, xi

The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,

And with the sea-wave and the wind,

Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,

And made harmonious close ; 5

Then, answering from the sandy shore,

Half-drowned amid the breakers' roar,

According chorus rose :

Down to the haven of the Isle,

The monks and nuns in order file, 10

From Cuthbert's cloisters grim ;

Banner, and cross, and relics there,

To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare ;

And, as they caught the sounds on air,

They echoed back the hymn. 15

The islanders, in joyous mood,
 Rushed emulously through the flood,
 To hale the bark to land ;
 Conspicuous by her veil and hood,
 Signing the cross, the Abbess stood, 20
 And blessed them with her hand.
 SUPPOSE we now the welcome said, xii
 Suppose the Convent banquet made :
 All through the holy dome,
 Through cloister, aisle, and gallery,
 Wherever vestal maid might pry, 5
 Nor risk to meet unhallowed eye,
 The stranger sisters roam :
 Till fell the evening damp with dew,
 And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew,
 For there e'en summer night is chill. 10
 Then, having strayed and gazed their fill,
 They closed around the fire ;
 And all, in turn, essayed to paint
 The rival merits of their Saint,
 A theme that ne'er can tire 15
 A holy maid ; for, be it known,
 That their Saint's honour is their own.
 THEN Whitby's nuns exulting told, xiii
 How to their house three barons bold
 Must menial service do ;
 While horns blow out a note of shame,
 And monks cry, " Fye upon your name ! 5
 In wrath, for loss of sylvan game,
 Saint Hilda's priest ye slew."—
 " This, on Ascension Day, each year,
 While labouring on our harbour-pier,
 Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear." 10
 They told, how in their convent-cell
 A Saxon princess once did dwell,
 The lovely Edelfled ;

And how, of thousand snakes, each one
 Was changed into a coil of stone, 15
 When holy Hilda prayed ;
 Themselves, within their holy bound,
 Their stony folds had often found.
 They told, how sea-fowls' pinions fail,
 As over Whitby's towers they sail, 20
 And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,
 They do their homage to the Saint.
 Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters fail, xiv
 To vie with these in holy tale ;
 His body's restingplace of old,
 How oft their patron changed, they told ;
 How, when the rude Dane burned their pile, 5
 The monks fled forth from Holy Isle ;
 O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
 Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore.
 They rested them in fair Melrose ; 10
 But though, alive, he loved it well,
 Not there his relics might repose ;
 For, wondrous tale to tell !
 In his stone-coffin forth he rides,
 A ponderous bark for river-tides, 15
 Yet light as gossamer it glides,
 Downward to Tilmouth cell.
 Nor long was his abiding there,
 For southward did the Saint repair ;
 Chester-le-Street and Rippon saw 20
 His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw
 Hailed him with joy and fear ;
 And, after many wanderings past,
 He chose his lordly seat at last,
 Where his cathedral, huge and vast, 25
 Looks down upon the Wear :

There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
His relics are in secret laid ;

But none may know the place,
Save of his holiest servants three, 30
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,

Who share that yondrous grace.
Who may his miracles declare ! xv

Even Scotland's dauntless king, and heir,

(Although with them they led
Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,
And Lodon's knights, all sheathed in mail, 5
And the bold men of Teviotdale,)

Before his standard fled.

'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,
Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,
And turned the Conqueror back again, 10
When, with his Norman bowyer band,

He came to waste Northumberland.
But fain Saint Hilda's nuns would learn, xvi

If, on a rock, by Lindisfarne,
Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame

The sea-born beads that bear his name :
Such tales bad Whitby's fishers told, 5

And said they might his shape behold,
And hear his anvil sound ;

A deadened clang,—a huge dim form,
Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm,

And night were closing round. 10

But this, as tale of idle fame,
The nuns of Lindisfarne disclaim.

While round the fire such legends go, xvii
Far different was the scene of woe,

Where, in a secret aisle beneath,
Council was held of life and death.

It was more dark and lone that vault, 5
Than the worst dungeon-cell ;

Old Colwulf built it, for his fault
 In penitence to dwell,
 When he, for cowl and beads, laid down
 The Saxon battle-axe and crown. 10
 This den, which, chilling every sense
 Of feeling, hearing, sight,
 Was called the Vault of Penitence,
 Excluding air and light,
 Was, by the prelate Sexhelm, made 15
 A place of burial, for such dead,
 As, having died in mortal sin,
 Might not be laid the church within.
 'Twas now a place of punishment ;
 Whence if so loud a shriek were sent, 20
 As reached the upper air,
 The hearers blessed themselves, and said,
 The spirits of the sinful dead
 Bemoaned their torments there.
 BUT though, in the monastic pile, xviii
 Did of this penitential aisle
 Some vague tradition go,
 Few only, save the Abbot, knew
 Where the place lay ; and still more few 5
 Were those, who had from him the clue
 To that dread vault to go.
 Victim and executioner
 Were blindfold when transported there.
 In low dark rounds the arches hung, 10
 From the rude rock the side-walls sprung :
 The gravestones, rudely sculptured o'er,
 Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,
 Were all the pavement of the floor ;
 The mildew-drops fell one by one, 15
 With tinkling plash, upon the stone.
 A cresset, in an iron chain,
 Which served to light this drear domain.

With damp and darkness seemed to strive,
 As if it scarce might keep alive;
 And yet it dimly served to shew
 The awful conclave met below.

20

THERE, met to doom in secrecy,
 Were placed the heads of convents three :
 All servants of Saint Benedict,
 The statutes of whose order strict

xix

On iron table lay ;

5

In long black dress, on seats of stone,
 Behind were these three judges shewn,

By the pale cresset's ray :

The Abbess of Saint Hilda, there,
 Sate for a space with visage bare,
 Until, to hide her bosom's swell,
 And tear-drops that for pity fell,

10

She closely drew her veil :

Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,
 By her proud mien and flowing dress,
 Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,

15

And she with awe looks pale :

And he, that Ancient Man, whose sight
 Has long been quenched by age's night,
 Upon whose wrinkled brow alone
 Nor ruth nor mercy's trace is shewn,

20

Whose look is hard and stern,—

Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his style ;
 For sanctity called, through the isle,

The Saint of Lindisfarne.

25

BEFORE them stood a guilty pair ;

xx

But, though an equal fate they share,
 Yet one alone deserves our care.

Her sex a page's dress belied ;

The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,

5

Obscured her charms, but could not hide.

Her cap down o'er her face she drew;
 And, on her doublet breast,
 She tried to hide the badge of blue,
 Lord Marmion's falcon crest. 10
 But, at the Prioress' command,
 A monk undid the silken band,
 That tied her tresses fair,
 And raised the bonnet from her head,
 And down her slender form they spread, 15
 In ringlets rich and rare.
 Constance de Beverley they know,
 Sister professed of Fontevraud,
 Whom the Church numbered with the dead,
 For broken vows, and convent fled. 20
 WHEN thus her face was given to view, xxi
 (Although so pallid was her hue,
 It did a ghastly contrast bear
 To those bright ringlets glistening fair,)
 Her look composed, and steady eye, 5
 Bespoke a matchless constancy;
 And there she stood so calm and pale,
 That, but her breathing did not fail,
 And motion slight of eye and head,
 And of her bosom, warranted 10
 That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
 You might have thought a form of wax,
 Wrought to the very life, was there;
 So still she was, so pale, so fair.
 HER comrade was a sordid soul, xxii
 Such as does murder for a meed;
 Who, but of fear, knows no control,
 Because his conscience, seared and foul,
 Feels not the import of his deed; 5
 One, whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires
 Beyond his own more brute desires.

Such tools the Tempter ever needs,
 To do the savagest of deeds;
 For them no visioned terrors daunt, 10
 Their nights no fancied spectres haunt;
 One fear with them, of all most base,
 The fear of death,—alone finds place.
 This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,
 And shamed not loud to moan and howl, 15
 His body on the floor to dash,
 And crouch, like hound beneath the lash,
 While his mute partner, standing near,
 Waited her doom without a tear.
 YET well the luckless wretch might shriek, xxiii
 Well might her paleness terror speak!
 For there were seen, in that dark wall,
 Two niches, narrow, deep, and tall;—
 Who enters at such grisly door, 5
 Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.
 In each a slender meal was laid,
 Of roots, of water, and of bread :
 By each, in Benedictine dress,
 Two haggard monks stood motionless; 10
 Who, holding high a blazing torch,
 Shewed the grim entrance of the porch :
 Reflecting back the smoky beam,
 The dark-red walls and arches gleam.
 Hewn stones and cement were displayed, 15
 And building tools in order laid.
 THESE executioners were chose, xxiv
 As men who were with mankind foes,
 And, with despite and envy fired,
 Into the cloister had retired;
 Or who, in desperate doubt of grace, 5
 Strove, by deep penance, to efface
 Of some foul crime the stain ;

For, as the vassals of her will,
 Such men the Church selected still,
 As either joyed in doing ill, 10
 Or thought more grace to gain,
 If, in her cause, they wrestled down
 Feelings their nature strove to own.
 By strange device were they brought there,
 They knew not how, and knew not where. 15
 AND now that blind old Abbot rose, xxv
 To speak the Chapter's doom,
 On those the wall was to inclose,
 Alive, within the tomb ;
 But stopped, because that woful maid, 5
 Gathering her powers, to speak essayed.
 Twice she essayed, and twice in vain ;
 Her accents might no utterance gain ;
 Nought but imperfect murmurs slip
 From her convulsed and quivering lip : 10
 'Twixt each attempt all was so still,
 You seemed to hear a distant rill—
 'Twas ocean's swells and falls ;
 For though this vault of sin and fear
 Was to the sounding surge so near, 15
 A tempest there you scarce could hear,
 So massive were the walls.
 At length, an effort sent apart xxvi
 The blood that curdled to her heart,
 And light came to her eye,
 And colour dawned upon her cheek,
 A hectic and a fluttered streak, 5
 Like that left on the Cheviot peak
 By Autumn's stormy sky ;
 And when her silence broke at length,
 Still as she spoke, she gathered strength,
 And armed herself to bear. 10

It was a fearful sight to see
Such high resolve and constancy,
In form so soft and fair.

“ I SPEAK not to implore your grace ;
Well know I, for one minute's space
Successless might I sue :

Nor do I speak your prayers to gain ;
For if a death of lingering pain,
To cleanse my sins, be penance vain,

Vain are your masses too.—

I listened to a traitor's tale,

I left the convent and the veil ;

For three long years I bowed my pride,
A horse-boy in his train to ride ;

And well my folly's meed he gave,
Who forfeited, to be his slave,

All here, and all beyond the grave.—

He saw young Clara's face more fair,

He knew her of broad lands the heir,

Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,

And Constance was beloved no more.—

'Tis an old tale, and often told ;

But, did my fate and wish agree,

Ne'er had been read, in story old,

Of maiden true betrayed for gold,

That loved, or was avenged, like me !

THE KING approved his favourite's aim ;

In vain a rival barred his claim,

Whose faith with Clare's was plight,

For he attaints that rival's fame

With treason's charge—and on they came,

In mortal lists to fight.

Their oaths are said,

Their prayers are prayed,

Their lances in the rest are laid,

They meet in mortal shock ;

xxvii

5

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And hark! the throng, with thundering cry,
Shout 'Marmion! Marmion!' to the sky,

'De Wilton to the block!'

Say ye, who preach Heaven shall decide,
When in the lists two champions ride, 15

Say, was Heaven's justice here?

When, loyal in his love and faith,
Wilton found overthrow or death,

Beneath a traitor's spear?

How false the charge, how true he fell, 20
This guilty packet best can tell."—

Then drew a packet from her breast,

Paused, gathered voice, and spoke the rest:

"STILL was false Marmion's bridal staid; xxix
To Whitby's convent fled the maid,

The hated match to shun.

'Ho! shifts she thus?' King Henry cried.

'Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride, 5

If she were sworn a nun.'

One way remained—the King's command
Sent Marmion to the Scottish land:

I lingered here, and rescue planned

For Clara and for me: 10

This caitiff monk, for gold did swear,

He would to Whitby's shrine repair,

And, by his drugs, my rival fair

A saint in heaven should be.

But ill the dastard kept his oath, 15

Whose cowardice hath undone us both.

AND NOW my tongue the secret tells, xxx

Not that remorse my bosom swells,

But to assure my soul, that none

Shall ever wed with Marmion.

Had fortune my last hope betrayed, 5

This packet, to the King conveyed,

Had given him to the headsman's stroke,

Although my heart that instant broke.—

Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer, and be still;

10

And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last.

15 YET dread me, from my living tomb,
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!

xxxi

If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
Full soon such vengeance will he take,

That you shall wish the fiery Dane

5

20 Had rather been your guest again.

Behind, a darker hour ascends!

The altars quake, the crosier bends,

The ire of a despotic King

xxix Rides forth upon destruction's wing.

10

Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep,

Burst open to the sea-wind's sweep;

Some traveller then shall find my bones,

5 Whitening amid disjointed stones,

And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,

15

Marvel such relics here should be."

FIXED was her look, and stern her air;

xxxii

Back from her shoulders streamed her hair;

10 The locks, that went her brow to shade,

Stared up erectly from her head;

Her figure seemed to rise more high;

5

Her voice, despair's wild energy

Had given a tone of prophecy.

15 Appalled the astonished conclave sate;

With stupid eyes, the men of fate

xxx Gazed on the light inspired form,

10

And listened for the avenging storm;

The judges felt the victim's dread;

No hand was moved, no word was said,

5 Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,

Raising his sightless balls to heaven:—

15

"Sister, let thy sorrows cease ;
Sinful brother, part in peace !"

From that dire dungeon, place of doom,
Of execution too, and tomb,

Paced forth the judges three ; 20
Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell
The butcher-work that there befell,
When they had glided from the cell
Of sin and misery.

AN HUNDRED winding steps convey xxxiii
That conclave to the upper day ;

But, ere they breathed the fresher air,
They heard the shriekings of despair,

And many a stifled groan : 5
With speed their upward way they take,
(Such speed as age and fear can make,)

And crossed themselves for terror's sake,
As hurrying, tottering on :

Even in the vesper's heavenly tone, 10
They seemed to hear a dying groan,
And bade the passing knell to toll
For welfare of a parting soul.

Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung ; 15
To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled,
His beads the wakeful hermit told ;

The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said ;
So far was heard the mighty knell, 20
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,

Then couched him down beside the hind ;
And quaked among the mountain fern, 25
To hear that sound, so dull and stern.

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INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD.

xxiii

TO WILLIAM ERSKINE, ESQ.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

Like April morning clouds, that pass,
With varying shadow, o'er the grass,
And imitate, on field and furrow,
Life's chequered scene of joy and sorrow ;
Like streamlet of the mountain north,
Now in a torrent racing forth,
Now winding slow its silver train,
And almost slumbering on the plain ;
Like breezes of the autumn day,
Whose voice inconstant dies away,
And ever swells again as fast,
When the ear deems its murmur past ;
Thus various, my romantic theme
Flits, winds, or sinks, a morning dream.
Yet pleased, our eye pursues the trace
Of Light and Shade's inconstant race ;
Pleased, views the rivulet afar,
Weaving its maze irregular ;
And pleased, we listen as the breeze
Heaves its wild sigh through Autumn trees ;
Then, wild as cloud, or stream, or gale,
Flow on, flow unconfined, my tale !

Need I to thee, dear Erskine, tell
I love the license all too well,

In sounds now lowly, and now strong, 25
 To raise the desultory song?—
 Oft, when 'mid such capricious chime,
 Some transient fit of lofty rhyme
 To thy kind judgment seemed excuse
 For many an error of the muse, 30
 Oft hast thou said, "If, still mis-spent,
 Thine hours to poetry are lent,
 Go, and to tame thy wandering course,
 Quaff from the fountain at the source ;
 Approach those masters, o'er whose tomb 35
 Immortal laurels ever bloom ;
 Instructive of the feebler bard,
 Still from the grave their voice is heard ;
 From them, and from the paths they showed,
 Choose honoured guide and practised road ; 40
 Nor ramble on through brake and maze,
 With harpers rude of barbarous days.

" Or deem'st thou not our later time
 Yields topic meet for classic rhyme ?
 Hast thou no elegiac verse 45
 For Brunswick's venerable hearse ?
 What ! not a line, a tear, a sigh,
 When valour bleeds for liberty?—
 Oh, hero of that glorious time,
 When, with unrivalled light sublime,— 50
 Though martial Austria, and though all
 The might of Russia, and the Gaul,
 Though banded Europe stood her foes—
 The star of Brandenburg arose !
 Thou couldst not live to see her beam 55
 For ever quenched in Jena's stream.
 Lamented chief!—it was not given
 To thee to change the doom of Heaven,
 And crush that dragon in its birth,
 Predestined scourge of guilty earth. 60
 Lamented chief !—not thine the power,

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To save in that presumptuous hour,
 When Prussia hurried to the field,
 And snatched the spear, but left the shield!
 Valour and skill 'twas thine to try, 65
 And, tried in vain, 'twas thine to die.
 Ill had it seemed thy silver hair
 The last, the bitterest pang to share,
 For princedoms reft, and scutcheons riven,
 And birthrights to usurpers given; 70
 Thy land's, thy children's wrongs to feel,
 And witness woes thou couldst not heal!
 On thee relenting Heaven bestows
 For honoured life an honoured close;
 And when revolves, in time's sure change, 75
 The hour of Germany's revenge,
 When, breathing fury for her sake,
 Some new Arminius shall awake,
 Her champion, ere he strike, shall come
 To whet his sword on BRUNSWICK's tomb. 80

"Or of the Red-Cross hero teach,
 Dauntless in dungeon as on breach:
 Alike to him the sea, the shore,
 The brand, the bridle, or the oar;
 Alike to him the war that calls 85
 Its votaries to the shattered walls,
 Which the grim Turk, besmeared with blood,
 Against the Invincible made good;
 Or that, whose thundering voice could wake
 The silence of the polar lake, 90
 When stubborn Russ, and metall'd Swede,
 On the warped wave their death-game played;
 Or that, where Vengeance and Affright
 Howled round the father of the fight,
 Who snatched on Alexandria's sand, 95
 The conqueror's wreath with dying hand.

"Or, if to touch such chord be thine,
 Restore the ancient tragic line,

And emulate the notes that rung .
 From the wild harp, which silent hung 100
 By silver Avon's holy shore,
 Till twice an hundred years rolled o'er;
 When she, the bold Enchantress, came,
 With fearless hand and heart on flame?
 From the pale willow snatched the treasure, 105
 And swept it with a kindred measure,
 Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
 With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
 Awakening at the inspired strain,
 Deemed their own Shakespeare lived again." 110

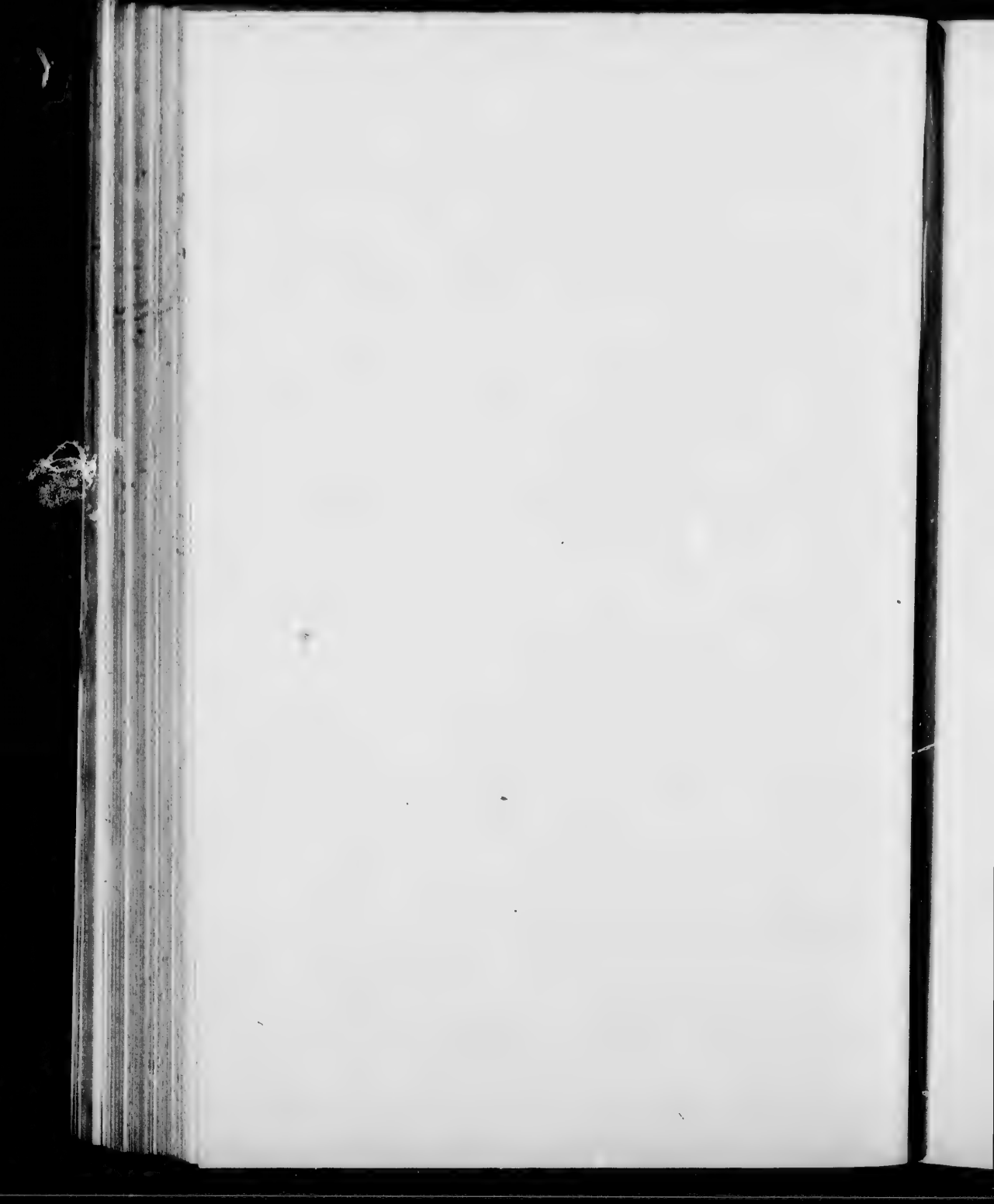
Thy friendship thus thy judgment wronging,
 With praises not to me belonging,
 In task more meet for mightiest powers,
 Wouldst thou engage my thriftless hours.
 But say, my Erskine, hast thou weighed 115
 That secret power by all obeyed,
 Which warps not less the passive mind,
 Its source concealed or undefined;
 Whether an impulse, that has birth
 Soon as the infant wakes on earth, 120
 One with our feelings and our powers,
 And rather part of us than ours;
 Or whether fitlier termed the sway
 Of habit, formed in early day?
 Howe'er derived, its force confessed 125
 Rules with despotic sway the breast,
 And drags us on by viewless chain,
 While taste and reason plead in vain.
 Look east, and ask the Belgian why,
 Beneath Batavia's sultry sky, 130
 He seeks not eager to inhale
 The freshness of the mountain gale,
 Content to rear his whitened wall
 Beside the dank and dull canal?
 He'll say, from youth he loved to see 135

- The white sail gliding by the tree.
 Or see yon weather-beaten hind,
 Whose sluggish herds before him wind,
 Whose tattered plaid and rugged cheek
 His northern clime and kindred speak ; 140
 Through England's laughing meads he goes,
 And England's wealth around him flows :
 Ask, if it would content him well,
 At ease in these gay plains to dwell,
 Where hedge-rows spread a verdant screen, 145
 And spires and forests intervene,
 And the neat cottage peeps between ?
 No ! not for these will he exchange
 His dark Lochaber's boundless range,
 Nor for fair Devon's meads forsake 150
 Bennevis gray, and Garry's lake.
- Thus, while I ape the measure wild
 Of tales that charmed me yet a child,
 Rude though they be, still with the chime
 Return the thoughts of early time : 155
 And feelings, roused in life's first day,
 Glow in the line, and prompt the lay.
 Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
 Which charmed my fancy's wakening hour.
 Though no broad river swept along, 160
 To claim, perchance, heroic song ;
 Though sighed no groves in summer gale,
 To prompt of love a softer tale ;
 Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed
 Claimed homage from a shepherd's reed ; 165
 Yet was poetic impulse given,
 By the green hill and clear blue heaven.
 It was a barren scene, and wild,
 Where naked cliffs were rudely piled :
 But ever and anon between 170
 Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green ;
 And well the lonely infant knew

Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
 And honeysuckle loved to crawl
 Up the low crag and ruined wall. 175
 I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade
 The sun in all its round surveyed ;
 And still I thought that shattered tower
 The mightiest work of human power ;
 And marvelled as the aged hind 180
 With some strange tale bewitched my mind,
 Of forayers, who, with headlong force,
 Down from that strength had spurred their horse,
 Their southern rapine to renew,
 Far in the distant Cheviots blue, 185
 And, home returning, filled the hall
 With revel, wassel-rout, and brawl, —
 Methought that still with tramp and clang,
 The gateway's broken arches rang ;
 Methought grim features, seamed with scars, 190
 Glared through the window's rusty bars,
 And ever, by the winter hearth,
 Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
 Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
 Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms ; 195
 Of patriot battles, won of old
 By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold ;
 Of later fields of feud and fight,
 When, pouring from their Highland height,
 The Scottish clans, in headlong sway, 200
 Had swept the scarlet ranks away.
 While stretched at length upon the floor,
 Again I fought each combat o'er,
 Pebbles and shells, in order laid,
 The mimic ranks of war displayed ; 205
 And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,
 And still the scattered Southron fled before

Still, with vain fondness, could I trace,
 Anew, each kind familiar face,

175	That brightened at our evening fire ; From the thatched mansion's gray-haired Sire, Wise without learning, plain and good, And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood, Whose eye, in age, quick, clear, and keen, Showed what in youth its glance had been ; Whose doom discording neighbours sought, Content with equity unbought ;	210 215
180	To him the venerable Priest, Our frequent and familiar guest, Whose life and manners well could paint]	220
185	Alike the student and the saint ; Alas ! whose speech too oft I broke With gambol rude and timeless joke : For I was wayward, bold, and wild, A self-willed imp, a grandame's child :	225
190	But half a plague, and half a jest, Was still endured, beloved, caressed.	
195	For me, thus nurtured, dost thou ask The classic poet's well-conned task ? Nay, Erskine, nay—on the wild hill Let the wild heath-bell flourish still ; Cherish the tulip, prune the vine, But freely let the woodbine twine, And leave untrimmed the eglantine :	230
200	Nay, my friend, nay—since oft thy praise Hath given fresh vigour to my lays, Since oft thy judgment could refine My flattened thought, or cumbrous line; Still kind, as is thy wont, attend, And in the minstrel spare the friend.	235
205	Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale, Flow forth, flow unrestrained, my Tale !	240



CANTO III.

THE HOSTEL, OR INN.

THE livelong day Lord Marmion rode :	i
The mountain path the Palmer shewed ;	
By glen and streamlet winded still,	
Where stunted birches hid the rill.	
They might not choose the lowland road,	5
For the Merse forayers were abroad,	
Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,	
scarcely failed to bar their way.	
A the trampling band, from crown	
Of some tall cliff, the deer looked down ;	10
On wing of jet, from his repose	
In the deep heath, the black-cock rose ;	
Sprung from the gorse the timid roe,	
Nor waited for the bending bow ;	
And when the stony path began,	15
By which the naked peak they wan,	
Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.	
The noon had long been passed, before	
They gained the height of Lammermoor ;	
Thence winding down the northern way,	20
Before them, at the close of day,	
Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.	
No SUMMONS calls them to the tower,	ii
To spend the hospitable hour.	
To Scotland's camp the Lord was gone ;	
His cautious dame in bower alone,	

Dreaded her castle to uncloze, 5
 So late, to unknown friends or foes.
 On through the hamlet as they paced,
 Before a porch, whose front was graced
 With bush and flagon trimly placed,
 Lord Marmion drew his rein : 10
 The village inn seemed large, though rude ;
 Its cheerful fire and hearty food
 Might well relieve his train.
 Down from their seats the horsemen sprung,
 With jingling spurs the courtyard rung ; 15
 They bind their horses to the stall,
 For forage, food, and firing call,
 And various clamour fills the hall ;
 Weighing the labour with the cost,
 Toils everywhere the bustling host. 20
 Soon, by the chimney's merry blaze, iii
 Through the rude hostel might you gaze ;
 Might see, where, in dark nook aloof,
 The rafters of the sooty roof.
 Bore wealth of winter cheer ; 5
 Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,
 And gammons of the tusky boar,
 And savoury haunch of deer.
 The chimney arch projected wide ;
 Above, around it, and beside, 10
 Were tools for housewives' hand :
 Nor wanted, in that martial day,
 The implements of Scottish fray,
 The buckler, lance, and brand.
 Beneath its shade, the place of state, 15
 On oaken settle Marmion sate,
 And viewed, around the blazing hearth,
 His followers mix in noisy mirth ;
 Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide,
 From ancient vessels ranged aside, 20
 Full actively their host supplied.

THEIRS was the glee of martial breast, iv
 And laughter theirs at little jest ;
 And oft Lord Marmion deigned to aid,
 And mingle in the mirth they made :
 For though, with men of high degree, 5
 The proudest of the proud was he,
 Yet, trained in camps, he knew the art
 To win the soldier's hardy heart.
 They love a captain to obey,
 Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May ; 10
 With open hand, and brow as free,
 Lover of wine and minstrelsy ;
 Ever the first to scale a tower,
 As venturous in a lady's bower :
 Such buxom chief shall lead his host 15
 From India's fires to Zembla's frost.
 RESTING upon his pilgrim staff, v
 Right opposite the Palmer stood ;
 His thin dark visage seen but half,
 Half hidden by his hood.
 Still fixed on Marmion was his look, 5
 Which he, who ill such gaze could brook,
 Strove by a frown to quell ;
 But not for that, though more than once
 Full met their stern encountering glance
 The Palmer's visage fell. 10
 By fits less frequent from the crowd vi
 Was heard the burst of laughter loud ;
 For still, as squire and archer stared
 On that dark face and matted beard,
 Their glee and game declined. 5
 All gazed at length in silence drear,
 Unbroke, save when in comrade's ear
 Some yeoman, wondering in his fear,
 Thus whispered forth his mind :—
 " Saint Mary ! saw'st thou e'er such sight ? 10

How pale his cheek, his eye how bright,
 Whene'er the firebrand's fickle light
 Glances beneath his cowl!
 Full on our Lord he sets his eye;
 For his best palfrey would not I 15
 Endure that sullen scowl."—
 BUT Marmion, as to chase the awe vii
 Which thus had quelled their hearts, who saw
 The ever-varying firelight shew
 That figure stern and face of woe,
 Now called upon a squire:— 5
 "Fitz-Eustace, know'st thou not some lay,
 To speed the lingering night away?
 We slumber by the fire."—
 "SO PLEASE YOU," thus the youth rejoined, viii
 "Our choicest minstrel's left behind.
 Ill may we hope to please your ear,
 Accustomed Constant's strains to hear.
 The harp full deftly can he strike, 5
 And wake the lover's lute alike;
 To dear Saint Valentine no thrush
 Sings livelier from a springtide bush;
 No nightingale her love-lorn tune
 More sweetly warbles to the moon. 10
 Woe to the cause, whate'er it be,
 Detains from us his melody,
 Lavished on rocks, and billows stern,
 Or duller monks of Lindisfarne!
 Now must I venture, as I may, 15
 To sing his favorite roundelay."—
 A MELLOW VOICE Fitz-Eustace had, ix
 The air he chose was wild and sad;
 Such have I heard, in Scottish land,
 Rise from the busy harvest band,
 When falls before the mountaineer, 5
 On lowland plains, the ripened ear.

CANTO III.

39

Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,
 Now a wild chorus swells the song:
 Oft have I listened, and stood still,
 As it came softened up the hill,
 And deemed it the lament of men
 Who languished for their native glen;
 And thought how sad would be such sound,
 On Susquehana's swampy ground,
 Kentucky's wood-encumbered brake,
 Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
 Where heartsick exiles, in the strain,
 Recalled fair Scotland's hills again!

10

15

SONG.

WHERE shall the lover rest,
 Whom the Fates sever
 From his true maiden's breast,
 Parted for ever?
 Where, through groves deep and high,
 Sounds the far billow,
 Where early violets die,
 Under the willow.

x

5

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
 Cool streams are laving;
 There, while the tempests away,
 Scarce are boughs waving;
 There, thy rest shalt thou take,
 Parted for ever,
 Never again to wake,
 Never, O never!

10

15

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never!

WHERE shall the traitor rest,	xi
He, the deceiver,	
Who could win maiden's breast,	
Ruin, and leave her?	
In the lost battle,	5
Borne down by the flying,	
Where mingles war's rattle	
With groans of the dying.	

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap	10
O'er the false-hearted;	
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,	
Ere life be parted.	
Shame and dishonour sit	
By his grave ever;	15
Blessing shall hallow it,	
Never, O never!	

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never!

IT CEASED, the melancholy sound;	xii
And silence sunk on all around.	
The air was sad; but sadder still	
It fell on Marmion's ear,	
And plained as if disgrace and ill,	5
And shameful death were near.	

He drew his mantle past his face,
Between it and the band,
And rested with his head a space,
Reclining on his hand.

10

His thoughts I scan not ; but I ween,
That, could their import have been seen,
The meanest groom in all the hall,
That e'er tied courser to a stall,
Would scarce have wished to be their prey,
For Lutterward and Fontenaye.

15

HIGH MINDS, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse !
Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have,
Thou art the torturer of the brave !
Yet fatal strength they boast to steel
Their minds to bear the wounds they feel ;
Even while they writhe beneath the smart
Of civil conflict in the heart.

xiii

5

For soon Lord Marmion raised his head,
And, smiling, to Fitz-Eustace said :—
“ Is it not strange, that, as ye sung,
Seemed in mine ear a death-peal rung,
Such as in nunneries they toll
For some departing sister's soul ?

10

Say, what may this portend ? ”—
Then first the Palmer silence broke,
The livelong day he had not spoke,)
“ The death of a dear friend.”

15

MARMION, whose steady heart and eye
Ne'er changed in worst extremity ;
Marmion, whose soul could scantily brook,
Even from his King, a haughty look ;
Whose accent of command controlled,
In camps, the boldest of the bold :
Thought, look, and utterance failed him now,
Fallen was his glance, and flushed his brow :

xiv

5

For either in the tone,
 Or something in the Palmer's look, 10
 So full upon his conscience strook,
 That answer he found none.
 Thus oft it haps, that when within
 They shrink at sense of secret sin,
 A feather daunts the brave ; 15
 A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,
 And proudest princes veil their eyes
 Before their meanest slave.
 WELL might he falter !—by his aid xv
 Was Constance Beverley betrayed ;
 Not that he augured of the doom,
 Which on the living closed the tomb :
 But, tired to hear the desperate maid 5
 Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid ;
 And wroth, because, in wild despair,
 She practised on the life of Clare ;
 Its fugitive the Church he gave,
 Though not a victim, but a slave ; 10
 And deemed restraint in convent strange
 Would hide her wrongs, and her revenge.
 Himself, proud Henry's favourite peer,
 Held Romish thunders idle fear,
 Secure his pardon he might hold, 15
 For some slight mulct of penance-gold.
 Thus judging, he gave secret way,
 When the stern priests surprised their prey :
 His train but deemed the favourite page
 Was left behind, to spare his age ; 20
 Or other if they deemed, none dared
 To mutter what he thought and heard :
 Woe to the vassal, who durst pry
 Into Lord Marmion's privacy !
 Hrs conscience slept—he deemed her well, xvi
 And safe secured in distant cell ;

But, wakened by her favourite lay,
And that strange Palmer's boding say,
That fell so ominous and drear,
Full on the object of his fear,
To aid remorse's venom'd throes,
Dark tales of convent vengeance rose ;
And Constance, late betrayed and scorned,
All lovely on his soul returned :
Lovely as when, at treacherous call,
She left her convent's peaceful wall,
Crimsoned with shame, with terror mute,
Dreading alike escape, pursuit,
Till love, victorious o'er alarms,
Hid fears and blushes in his arms.
"ALAS!" he thought, "how changed that mien!
How changed these timid looks have been,
Since years of guilt, and of disguise,
Have steeled her brow and armed her eyes!
No more of virgin terror speaks
The blood that mantles in her cheeks ;
Fierce, and unfeminine, are there,
Frenzy for joy, for grief despair ;
And I the cause—for whom were given
Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven !—
Would," thought he, as the picture grows,
"I on its stalk had left the rose !
Oh, why should man's success remove
The very charms that wake his love !—
Her convent's peaceful solitude
Is now a prison harsh and rude ;
And, pent within the narrow cell,
How will her spirit chafe and swell !
How brook the stern monastic laws !
The penance how—and I the cause !—
Vigil and scourge—perchance e'en worse !"
And twice he rose to cry, "To horse !"

And twice his Sovereign's mandate came,
 Like damp upon a kindling flame :
 And twice he thought, " Gave I not charge 25
 She should be safe, though not at large ?
 They durst not, for their island, shred
 One golden ringlet from her head."—
 WHILE thus in Marmion's bosom strove xviii
 Repentance and reviving love,
 Like whirlwinds, whose contending sway
 I've seen Loch Vennachar obey,
 Their Host the Palmer's speech had heard, 5
 And, talkative, took up the word :—
 " Aye, reverend Pilgrim, you, who stray
 From Scotland's simple land away,
 To visit realms afar,
 Full often learn the art to know, 10
 Of future weal, or future woe,
 By word, or sign, or star ;
 Yet might a knight his fortune hear,
 If, knight-like, he despises fear,
 Not far from hence ;—if fathers old 15
 Aright our hamlet legend told."—
 These broken words the menials move,
 (For marvels still the vulgar love,)
 And, Marmion giving license cold,
 His tale the Host thus gladly told :— 20

THE HOST'S TALE.

A CLERK could tell what years have flown xix
 Since Alexander filled our throne,
 (Third monarch of that warlike name,)
 And eke the time when here he came
 To seek Sir Hugo, then our lord : 5
 A braver never drew a sword ;
 A wiser never, at the hour
 Of midnight, spoke the word of power :

CANTO III.

	The same, whom ancient records call	45
	The founder of the Goblin Hall.	50
	I would, Sir Knight, your longer stay	
	Gave you that cavern to survey.	
	Of lofty roof, and ample size,	
	Beneath the castle deep it lies:	15
	To hew the living rock profound,	
	The floor to pave, the arch to round,	
	There never toiled a mortal arm,	
	It all was wrought by word and charm;	
	And I have heard my grandsire say,	20
	That the wild clamour and affray	
	Of those dread artisans of hell,	
	Who laboured under Hugo's spell,	
	Sounded as loud as ocean's war,	
	Among the caverns of Dunbar.	
	THE KING Lord Gifford's castle sought,	xx
	Deep-labouring with uncertain thought:	
	Even then he mustered all his host,	
	To meet upon the western coast;	
	For Norse and Danish galleys plied	5
	Their oars within the frith of Clyde.	
	There floated Haco's banner trim,	
	Above Norwegian warriors grim,	
	Savage of heart, and large of limb;	
	Threatening both continent and isle,	10
	Bute, Arran, Cunninghame, and Kyle.	
	Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground,	
	Heard Alexander's bugle sound,	
	And tarried not his garb to change,	15
	But, in his wizard habit strange,	
	Came forth,—a quaint and fearful sight	
	His mantle lined with fox-skins white	
	His high and wrinkled forehead bore	
	A pointed cap, such as of yore	
	Clerks say that Pharaoh's Magi wore	20

His shoes were marked with cross and spell ;
 Upon his breast a pentacle ;
 His zone, of virgin parchment thin,
 Or, as some tell, of dead man's skin,
 Bore many a planetary sign, 25
 Combust, and retrograde, and trine ;
 And in his hand he held prepared,
 A naked sword without a guard.
 DIRE dealings with the fiendish race 26
 Had marked strange lines upon his face ;
 Vigil and fast had worn him grim,
 His eyesight dazzled seemed, and dim,
 As one unused to upper day ; 5
 Even his own menials with dismay
 Beheld, Sir Knight, the grisly Sire,
 In this unwonted wild attire ;—
 Unwonted, for traditions run,
 He seldom thus beheld the sun. 10
 "I know," he said,—his voice was hoarse,
 And broken seemed its hollow force,—
 "I know the cause, although untold,
 Why the King seeks his vassal's hold :
 Vainly from me my liege would know 15
 His kingdom's future weal or woe ;
 But yet, if strong his arm and heart,
 His courage may do more than art.
 Of middle air the demons proud, 20
 Who ride upon the racking cloud,
 Can read, in fixed or wandering star,
 The issue of events afar ;
 But still their sullen aid withhold, 5
 Save when by mightier force controlled.
 Such late I summoned to my hall ;
 And though so potent was the call,
 That scarce the deepest nook of hell
 I deemed a refuge from the spell, 10

Yet, obstinate in silence still,
 The haughty demon mocks my skill.
 But thou,—who little know'st thy might
 As born upon that blessed night,
 When yawning graves, and dying groan,
 Proclaimed hell's empire overthrown,—
 With untaught valour shalt compel
 Response denied to magic spell.”—
 “Gramercy ! ” quoth our Monarch free,
 “Place him but front to front with me,
 And, by this good and honoured brand,
 The gift of Cœur-de-Lion's hand,
 Soothly I swear, that, tide what tide,
 The demon shall a buffet bide ! ”—
 His bearing bold the wizard viewed,
 And thus, well pleased, his speech renewed :—
 “There spoke the blood of Malcolm !—mark :
 Forth pacing hence, at midnight dark,
 The rampart seek, whose circling crown
 Crests the ascent of yonder down :
 A southern entrance shalt thou find ;
 There halt, and there thy bugle wind,
 And trust thine elfin foe to see,
 In guise of thy worst enemy :
 Couch then thy lance, and spur thy steed—
 Upon him ! and Saint George to speed !
 If he go down, thou soon shalt know
 Whate'er these airy sprites can shew ;—
 If thy heart fail thee in the strife,
 I am no warrant for thy life.”—
 Soon as the midnight bell did ring,
 Alone, and armed, rode forth the King
 To that old camp's deserted round :—
 Sir Knight, you well might mark the mound,
 Left-hand the town,—the Pictish race
 The trench, long since, in blood did trace ;

25

xxi

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The moor around is brown and bare,
 The space within is green and fair :
 The spot our village children know,
 For there the earliest wild flowers grow ; 10
 But woe betide the wandering wight,
 That treads its circle in the night !
 The breadth across, a bowshot clear,
 Gives ample space for full career ;
 Opposed to the four points of heaven, 15
 By four deep gaps are entrance given.
 The southernmost our Monarch past,
 Halted, and blew a gallant blast ;
 And on the north, within the ring,
 Appeared the form of England's king ; 20
 Who then, a thousand leagues afar,
 In Palestine waged holy war :
 Yet arms like England's did he wield,
 Alike the leopards in the shield,
 Alike his Syrian courser's frame, 25
 The rider's length of limb the same :
 Long afterwards did Scotland know,
 Fell Edward was her deadliest foe.
 THE vision made our Monarch start, xxiv
 But soon he manned his noble heart,
 And in the first career they ran,
 The elfin knight fell, horse and man ;
 Yet did a splinter of his lance 5
 Through Alexander's visor glance,
 And razed the skin—a puny wound.
 The King, light leaping to the ground,
 With naked blade his phantom foe
 Compelled the future war to show. 10
 Of Largs he saw the glorious plain,
 Where still gigantic bones remain,
 Memorial of the Danish war :

Himself he saw, amid the field,
 On high his brandished war-axe wield, 15
 And strike proud Haco from his car,
 While, all around the shadowy kings,
 Denmark's grim ravens cowered their wings.
 'Tis said, that, in that awful night,
 Remoter visions met his sight, 20
 Foreshewing future conquests far,
 When our son's sons wage northern war;
 A royal city, tower and spire,
 Reddened the midnight sky with fire;
 And shouting crews her navy bore, 25
 Triumphant, to the victor shore.
 Such signs may learned clerks explain,
 They pass the wit of simple swain.
 The joyful King turned home again, xxv
 Headed his host, and quelled the Dane;
 But yearly, when returned the night
 Of his strange combat with the sprite,
 His wound must bleed and smart; 5
 Lord Gifford then would gibing say,
 "Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay
 The penance of your start."
 Long since, beneath Dunfermline's nave,
 King Alexander fills his grave, 10
 Our Lady give him rest!
 Yet still the nightly spear and shield
 The elfin warrior doth wield,
 Upon the brown hill's breast;
 And many a knight hath proved his chance, 15
 In the charmed ring to break a lance,
 But all have foully sped;
 Save two, as legends tell, and they
 Were Wallace wight, and Gilbert Hay.—
 Gentles, my tale is said. 20

THE quaighs were deep, the liquors strong, xxvi
 And on the tale the yeoman throng
 Had made a comment sage and long,
 But Marmion gave a sign ;
 And, with their lord, the squires retire ; 5
 The rest, around the hostel fire,
 Their drowsy limbs recline ;
 For pillow, underneath each head,
 The quiver and the targe were laid :
 Deep slumbering on the hostel floor, 10
 Oppressed with toil and ale, they snore :
 The dying flame, in fitful change,
 Threw on the group its shadows strange.
 APART, and nestling in the hay xxvii
 Of a waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay ;
 Scarce, by the pale moonlight, were seen
 The foldings of his mantle green ;
 Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream, 5
 Of sport by thicket, or by stream,
 Of hawk or hound, of ring or glove,
 Or, lighter yet, of lady's love.
 A cautious tread his slumber broke,
 And, close beside him, when he woke, 10
 In moonbeam half, and half in gloom,
 Stood a tall form, with nodding plume ;
 But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,
 His master Marmion's voice he knew.
 —“ FITZ-EUSTACE ! rise,—I cannot rest ; xxviii
 Yon churl's wild legend haunts my breast,
 And graver thoughts have chafed my mood ;
 The air must cool my feverish blood ;
 And fain would I ride forth, to see 5
 The scene of elfin chivalry.
 Arise, and saddle me my steed ;
 And, gentle Eustace, take good heed

- xxvi Thou dost not rouse these drowsy slaves ;
 I would not that the prating knives 10
 Had cause for saying, o'er their ale,
 That I could credit such a tale."—
- 5 Then softly down the steps they slid,
 Eustace the stable-door undid,
 And, darkling, Marmion's steed arrayed, 15
 While, whispering, thus the Baron said :—
 " Did'st never, good my youth, hear tell, xxix
 That on the hour when I was born,
 Saint George, who graced my sire's chapelle,
 Down from his steed of marble fell,
 A weary wight forlorn ? 5
 The flattering chaplains all agree,
 The champion left his steed to me.
 I would, the omen's truth to show,
 That I could meet this elfin foe !
 5 Blithe would I battle for the right 10
 To ask one question at the sprite :—
 Vain thought ! for elves, if elves there be,
 An empty race, by fount or sea,
 To dashing waters dance and sing,
 10 Or round the green oak wheel their ring."— 15
 Thus speaking, he his steed bestrode,
 And from the hostel slowly rode.
 FITZ-EUSTACE followed him abroad, xxx
 And marked him pace the village road,
 And listened to his horse's tramp,
- xxviii Till, by the lessening sound,
 He judged that of the Pictish camp 5
 Lord Marmion sought the round.
 Wonder it seemed, in the squire's eyes,
 That one, so wary held, and wise,—
 Of whom 'twas said, he scarce received
 5 For gospel, what the Church believed,— 10

Should, stirred by idle tale,
 Ride forth in silence of the night,
 As hoping half to meet a sprite,
 Arrayed in plate and mail.

For little did Fitz-Eustace know, 15
 That passions, in contending flow,
 Unfix the strongest mind ;

Wearied from doubt to doubt to flee,
 We welcome fond credulity,

Guide confident, though blind. 20

LITTLE for this Fitz-Eustace cared, xxxi
 But, patient, waited till he heard,
 At distance, pricked to utmost speed,
 The foot-tramp of a flying steed,

Come town-ward rushing on : 5

First, dead, as if on earth it trode,
 Then, clattering on the village road,--
 In other pace than forth he yode,

Returned Lord Marmion.

Down hastily he sprung from selle, 10

And, in his haste, wellnigh he fell ;
 To the squire's hand the rein he threw,
 And spoke no word as he withdrew :

But yet the moonlight did betray, 15
 The falcon crest was soiled with clay ;
 And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see

By stains upon the charger's knee,
 And his left side, that on the moor
 He had not kept his footing sure.

Long musing on these wondrous signs, 20

At length to rest the squire reclines,
 Broken and short ; for still, between,
 Would dreams of terror intervene :

Eustace did ne'er so blithely mark 25
 The first notes of the morning lark.



INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH.

To JAMES SKENE, Esq.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

An ancient Minstrel sagely said,
"Where is the life which late we led?"
That motley clown, in Arden wood,
Whom humorous Jacques with envy viewed,
Not even that clown could amplify,
On this trite text, so long as I. 5
Eleven years we now may tell,
Since we have known each other well ;
Since, riding side by side, our hand
First drew the voluntary brand ; 10
And sure, through many a varied scene,
Unkindness never came between.
Away these winged years have flown,
To join the mass of ages gone ;
And though deep marked, like all below, 15
With chequered shades of joy and woe ;
Though thou o'er realms and seas hast ranged,
Marked cities lost, and empires changed,
While here, at home, my narrower ken
Somewhat of manners saw, and men ; 20
Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears,
Fevered the progress of these years,
Yet now, days, weeks, and months, but seem
The recollection of a dream,

So still we glide down to the sea 25
Of fathomless eternity.

Even now, it scarcely seems a day,
Since first I tuned this idle lay ;
A task so often thrown aside,
When leisure graver cares denied, 30
That now, November's dreary gale,
Whose voice inspired my opening tale,
That same November gale once more
Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow shore ;
There vexed boughs streaming to the sky, 35
Once more our naked birches sigh ;
The Blackhouse heights, and Ettrick, Pen,
Have donned their wintry shrouds again ;
And mountain dark, and flooded mead,
Bid us forsake the banks of Tweed. 40
Earlier than wont along the sky,
Mixed with the rack, the snow-mists fly :
The shepherd, who, in summersun,
Had something of our envy won,
As thou with pencil, I with pen, 45
The features traced of hill and glen ;
He who, outstretched, the livelong day,
At ease among the heath-flowers lay,
Viewed the light clouds with vacant look,
Or slumbered o'er his tattered book, 50
Or idly busied him to guide
His angle o'er the lessened tide ;—
At midnight now, the snowy plain
Finds sterner labour for the swain.

When red hath set the beamless sun, 55
Through heavy vapours dank and dun ;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,
Against the casement's tinkling pane ; 60

25	The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox To shelter in the brake and rocks, Are warnings which the shepherd ask To dismal and to dangerous task.	
	Of he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,	65
30	The blast may sink in mellowing rain ; Till, dark above, and white below, Decided drives the flaky snow, And forth the hardy swain must go.	
	Long, with dejected look and whine,	70
35	To leave the hearth his dogs repine ; Whistling, and cheering them to aid, Around his back he wreathes the plaid :	
	His flock he gathers, and he guides To open downs, and mountain-sides,	75
40	Where, fiercest though the tempest blow, Least deeply lies the drift below. The blast, that whistles o'er the fells, Stiffens his locks to icicles ;	
	Of he looks back, while, streaming far	80
45	His cottage window seems a star,— Loses its feeble gleam,—and then Turns patient to the blast again, And, facing to the tempest's sweep,	
	Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep.	85
50	If fails his heart, if his limbs fail, Benumbing death is in the gale ; His paths, his landmarks,— all unknown, Close to the hut, no more his own,	
	Close to the aid he sought in vain,	90
	The morn may find the stiffen'd swain :	
55	The widow sees, at dawning pale, His orphans raise their feeble wail ; And close beside him, in the snow, Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,	
	Couches upon his master's breast,	95
60	And licks his cheek to break his rest.	

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot,
His summer couch by greenwood tree, 100
His rustic kirk's loud revelry,
His native hill-notes, tuned on high,
To Marion of the blithesome eye;
His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed,
And all Arcadia's golden creed ? 105

Changes not so with us, my Skene,
Of human life the varying scene ?
Our youthful summer oft we see
Dance by on wings of game and glee,
While the dark storm reserves its rage 110
Against the winter of our age ;
As he, the ancient Chief of Troy,
His manhood spent in peace and joy ;
But Grecian fires, and loud alarms,
Called ancient Priam forth to arms, 115
Then happy those, since each must drain
His share of pleasure, share of pain,—
Then happy those, beloved of Heaven,
To whom the mingled cup is given ;
Whose lenient sorrows find relief, 120
Whose joys are chastened by their grief.
And such a lot, my Skene, was thine,
When thou of late wert doomed to twine,—
Just when thy bridal hour was by,—
The cypress with the myrtle tie. 125
Just on thy bride her Sire had smiled,
And blessed the union of his child,
When love must change its joyous cheer,
And wipe affection's filial tear.
Nor did the actions next his end, 130
Speak more the father than the friend ;
Scarce had lamented Forbes paid
The tribute to his Minstrel's shade
The tale of friendship scarce was told,

	Ere the narrator's heart was cold;	135
	Far may we search before we find	
100	A heart so manly and so kind !	
	But not around his honoured urn,	
	Shall friends alone and kindred mourn ;	
	The thousand eyes his care had dried,	140
	Pour at his name a bitter tide ;	
105	And frequent falls the grateful dew,	
	For benefits the world ne'er knew.	
	If mortal charity dare claim	
	The Almighty's attributed name,	145
	Inscribe above his mouldering clay,	
110	"The widow's shield, the orphan's stay."	
	Nor, though it wake thy sorrow, deem	
	My verse intrudes on this sad theme ;	
	For sacred was the pen that wrote,	150
	"Thy father's friend forget thou not :"	
115	And grateful title may I plead,	
	For many a kindly word and deed,	
	To bring my tribute to his grave :—	
	'Tis little—but 'tis all I have.	155
120	To thee, perchance, this rambling strain	
	Recalls our summer walks again ;	
	When, doing nought,—and, to speak true,	
	Not anxious to find aught to do,—	
	The wild unbounded hills we ranged,	160
	While oft our talk its topic changed,	
125	And, desultory as our way,	
	Ranged, unconfined, from grave to gay.	
	Even when it flagged, as oft will chance,	
	No effort made to break its trance,	165
	We could right pleasantly pursue	
130	Our sports in social silence too ;	
	Thou gravely labouring to portray .	
	The blighted oak's fantastic spray ;	
	I spelling o'er with much delight,	170
	The legend of that antique knight,	

Tirante by name, yeloped the White.
 At either's feet a trusty squire,
 Pandour and Camp, with eyes of fire,
 Jealous, each other's motions viewed, 175
 And scarce suppressed their ancient feud.
 The laverock whistled from the cloud ;
 The stream was lively, but not loud ;
 From the white-thorn the May-flower shed
 Its dewy fragrance round our head ; 180
 Not Ariel lived more merrily
 Under the blossomed bough, than we.

And blithesome nights, too, have been ours,
 When Winter stript the summer's bowers.
 Careless we heard what now I hear, 185
 The wild blast sighing deep and drear,
 When fires were bright, and lamps beamed gay,
 And ladies tuned the lovely lay ;
 And he was held a laggard soul,
 Who shunned to quaff the sparkling bowl. 190
 Then he, whose absence we deplore,
 Who breathes the gales of Devon's shore,
 The longer missed, bewailed the more ;
 And thou, and I, and dear-loved R——
 And one whose name I may not say, 195
 For not Mimosa's tender tree
 Shrinks sooner from the touch than he—
 In merry chorus well combined,
 With laughter drowned the whistling wind.
 Mirth was within ; and Care without 200
 Might gnaw her nails to hear our shout.
 Not but amid the buxom scene
 Some grave discourse might intervene—
 Of the good horse that bore him best,
 His shoulder, hoof and arching crest ; 205
 For, like mad Tom's ; our chiefest care,
 Was horse to ride, and weapon wear.
 Such nights we've had, and, though the game

Of manhood be more sober tame,
And though the field-day, or the drill,
Seem less important now—yet still
Such may we hope to share again.
The sprightly thought inspires my strain ;
And mark, how like a horseman true,
Lord Marmion's march I thus renew.

210

215



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CANTO IV.

THE CAMP.

EUSTACE, I said, did blithely mark
 The first notes of the merry lark.
 The lark sung shrill, the cock he crew,
 And loudly Marmion's bugles blew,
 And, with their light and lively call, 5
 Brought groom and yeoman to the stall.
 Whistling they came, and free of heart;
 But soon their mood was changed:
 Complaint was heard on every part,
 Of something disarranged. 10
 Some clamoured loud for armour lost;
 Some brawled and wrangled with the host;
 "By Becket's bones," cried one, "I fear,
 That some false Scot has stol'n my spear!"—
 Young Blount, Lord Marmion's second squire, 15
 Found his steed wet with sweat and mire;
 Although the rated horse-boy sware,
 Last night he dressed him sleek and fair.
 While chafed the impatient squire like thunder,
 Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder,— 20
 "Help, gentle Blount! help, comrades all!
 Bevis lies dying in his stall:
 To Marmion who the plight dare tell,
 Of the good steed he loves so well?"
 Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw 25
 The charger panting on his straw;

Till one, who would seem wisest, cried,—

“What else but evil could betide,

With that curst Palmer for our guide?

Better we had through mire and bush

30

Been lantern-led by Friar Rush.”

FITZ-EUSTACE, who the cause but guessed,

ii

Nor wholly understood,

His comrades' clamorous complaints suppressed;

He knew Lord Marmion's mood.

Him, ere he issued forth, he sought,

5

And found deep plunged in gloomy thought,

And did his tale display

Simply, as if he knew of nought

To cause such disarray.

Lord Marmion gave attention cold,

10

Nor marvelled at the wonders told,—

Passed them as accidents of course,

And bade his clarions sound, “To horse!”

YOUNG Henry Blount, meanwhile, the cost

iii

Had reckoned with their Scottish host;

And, as the charge he cast and paid,

“Ill thou deserv'st thy hire,” he said;

“Dost see, thou knave, my horse's plight?

5

Fairies have ridden him all the night,

And left him in a foam!

I trust that soon a conjuring band,

With English cross and blazing brand,

Shall drive the devils from this land,

10

To their infernal home:

For in this haunted den, I trow,

All night they trampled to and fro.”

The laughing host looked on the hire,—

“Gramercy, gentle southern squire,

15

And if thou com'st among the rest,

With Scottish broadsword to be blest,

Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,
And short the pang to undergo."—

Here stayed their talk,—for Marmion
Gave now the signal to set on.

20

The Palmer shewing forth the way,
They journeyed all the morning day.

The greensward way was smooth and good, iv
Through Humble's and through Saltoun's wood ;

A forest glade, which, varying still,
Here gave a view of dale and hill ;

There narrower closed, till overhead
A vaulted screen the branches made.

6

"A pleasant path," Fitz-Eustace said ;

"Such as where errant-knights might see
Adventures of high chivalry ;

Might meet some damsel flying fast,
With hair unbound, and looks aghast ;
And smooth and level course were here,
In her defence to break a spear.

10

Here, too, are twilight nooks and dells ;

And oft, in such, the story tells,

15

The damsel kind, from danger freed,

Did grateful pay her champion's meed."—

He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion's mind ;
Perchance to shew his lore designed ;

For Eustace much had pored

20

Upon a huge romantic tome,

In the hall-window of his home,

Imprinted at the antique dome

Of Caxton or De Worde.

Therefore he spoke,—but spoke in vain,

25

For Marmion answered nought again.

Now sudden, distant trumpets shrill,

v

In notes prolonged by wood and hill,

Were heard to echo far ;

Each ready archer grasped his bow,
 But by the flourish soon they know, 5
 They breathed no point of war.
 Yet cautious, as in foeman's land,
 Lord Marmion's order speeds the band,
 Some opener ground to gain ;
 And scarce a furlong had they rode, 10
 When thinner trees, receding, shewed
 A little woodland plain.
 Just in that advantageous glade,
 The halting troop a line had made,
 As forth from the opposing shade 15
 Issued a gallant train.
 FIRST came the trumpets, at whose clang vi
 So late the forest echoes rang ;
 On prancing steeds they forward pressed,
 With scarlet mantle, azure vest ;
 Each at his trump a banner wore, 5
 Which Scotland's royal scutcheon bore :
 Herald and pursuivants, by name
 Bute, Islay, Marchmont, Rothesay, came,
 In painted tabards, proudly showing
 Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing, 10
 Attendant on a King-at-arms,
 Whose hand the armorial truncheon held,
 That feudal strife had often quelled.
 When wildest its alarms.
 HE was a man of middle age ; vii
 In aspect manly, grave, and sage,
 As on king's errand come ;
 But in the glances of his eye,
 A penetrating, keen, and sly 5
 Expression found its home ;
 The flash of that satiric rage,
 Which, bursting on the early stage,
 Branded the vices of the age,
 And broke the keys of Rome. 10

5

On milk-white palfrey forth he paced ;
His cap of maintenance was graced
With the proud heron-plume.

10

From his steed's shoulder, loin, and breast,
Silk housings swept the ground,
With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,
Embroidered round and round.

15

15

The double tressure might you see,
First by Achaius borne,
The thistle and the fleur-de-lis,
And gallant unicorn.

20

vi

So bright the king's armorial coat,
That scarce the dazzled eye could note,
In living colours blazoned brave,
The Lion, which his title gave.

25

5

A train, which well beseeemed his state,
But all unarmed, around him wait.
Still is thy name in high account,

And still thy verse has charms—

Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,

30

Lord Lion King-at-arms!

10

Down from his horse did Marmion spring,

viii

Soon as he saw the Lion-King,

For well the stately Baron knew,

To him such courtesy was due,

Whom Royal James himself had crowned,

5

vii

And on his temples placed the round

Of Scotland's ancient diadem ;

And wet his brow with hallowed wine,

And on his finger given to shine

The emblematic gem.

10

5

Their mutual greetings duly made,

The Lion thus his message said :—

"Though Scotland's King hath deeply swore,

Ne'er to knit faith with Henry more,

And strictly hath forbid resort

15

10

From England to his royal court ;

Yet, for he knows Lord Marmion's name,
 And honours much his warlike fame,
 My liege hath deemed it shame, and lack
 Of courtesy, to turn him back ; 20
 And, by his order, I, your guide,
 Must lodging fit and fair provide,
 Till finds King James meet time to see
 The flower of English chivalry."
 THOUGH inly chafed at this delay, ix
 Lord Marmion bears it as he may.
 The Palmer, his mysterious guide,
 Beholding thus his place supplied,
 Sought to take leave in vain : 5
 Strict was the Lion-King's command,
 That none who rode in Marmion's band,
 Should sever from the train :
 "England has here enow of spies
 In Lady Heron's witching eyes ;" 10
 To Marchmount thus, apart, he said,
 But fair pretext to Marmion made.
 The right-hand path they now decline,
 And trace against the stream the Tyne.
 At length up that wild dale they wind, x
 Where Crichtoun Castle crowns the bank ;
 For there the Lion's care assigned
 A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.
 That castle rises on the steep 5
 Of the green vale of Tyne ;
 And far beneath, where slow they creep
 From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
 Where alders moist, and willows weep,
 You hear her streams repine. 10
 The towers in different ages rose ;
 Their various architecture shows
 The builders' various hands ;

A mighty mass, that could oppose,
 When deadliest hatred fired its foes, 15
 The vengeful Douglas bands.

CRICHTOUN ! though now thy miry court xi
 But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
 Thy turrets rude, and tottered keep
 Have been the minstrel's loved resort.

Oft have I traced, within thy fort, 5
 Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,
 Scutcheons of honour, or pretence,

Quartered in old armorial sort,
 Remains of rude magnificence :
 Nor wholly yet hath time defaced 10
 Thy lordly gallery fair ;

Nor yet the stony cord unbraced,
 Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,
 Adorn thy ruined stair.

Still rises unimpaired, below, 15
 The courtyard's graceful portico ;
 Above its cornice, row and row
 Of fair hewn facets richly shew
 Their pointed diamond form,

Though there but houseless cattle go, 20
 To shield them from the storm.

And, shuddering, still may we explore,
 Where oft whilom were captives pent,
 The darkness of thy Massy More ;

Or, from thy grass-grown battlement, 25
 May trace, in undulating line,
 The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

ANOTHER aspect Crichtoun shewed, xli
 As through its portal Marmion rode ;
 But yet 'twas melancholy state

Received him at the outer gate ;
 For none were in the castle then, 5
 But women, boys, or aged men.

With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing dame,
 To welcome noble Marmion came ;
 Her son, a stripling twelve years old,
 Proffered the Baron's rein to hold ; 10
 For each man, that could draw a sword,
 Had marched that morning with their lord,
 Earl Adam Hepburn,—he who died
 On Flodden, by his sovereign's side.
 Long may his Lady look in vain ! 15
 She ne'er shall see his gallant train
 Come sweeping back through Crichtoun-Dean.
 'Twas a brave race, before the name
 Of hated Bothwell stained their fame.
 And here two days did Marmion rest, xiii
 With every rite that honour claims,
 Attended as the King's own guest,—
 Such the command of Royal James,
 Who marshalled then his land's array, 5
 Upon the Borough Moor that lay.
 Perchance he would not foeman's eye
 Upon his gathering host should pry,
 Till full prepared was every band
 To march against the English land. 10
 Here while they dwelt, did Lindesay's wit
 Oft cheer the Baron's moodier fit ;
 And, in his turn, he knew to prize
 Lord Marmion's powerful mind, and wise,—
 Trained in the lore of Rome and Greece, 15
 And policies of war and peace.
 It chanced, as fell the second night, xiv
 That on the battlements they walked,
 And, by the slowly-fading light,
 Of varying topics talked ;
 And, unaware, the Herald-bard 5
 Said, Marmion might his toil have spared,
 In travelling so far ;

For that a messenger from heaven
 In vain to James had counsel given
 Against the English war :
 And, closer questioned, thus he told
 A tale, which chronicles of old
 In Scottish story have enrolled :—

10

SIR DAVID LINDESAY'S TALE.

Of all the palaces so fair,
 Built for the royal dwelling,
 In Scotland, far beyond compare

xv

Linlithgow is excelling ;
 And in its park, in jovial June,
 How sweet the merry linnet's tune,

5

How blithe the blackbird's lay !
 The wild-buck bells from ferny brake,
 The coot dives merry on the lake,
 The saddest heart might pleasure take
 To see all nature gay.

10

But June is, to our Sovereign dear,
 The heaviest month in all the year :
 Too well his cause of grief you know,—
 June saw his father's overthrow.

15

Woe to the traitors, who could bring
 The princely boy against his King !
 Still in his conscience burns the sting.
 In offices as strict as Lent,

King Jame's June is ever spent.
 WHEN last this ruthless month was come,
 And in Linlithgow's holy dome

20

xvi

The King, as wont, was praying ;
 While, for his royal father's soul,
 The chaunters sung, the bells did tell,
 The Bishop mass was saying,—

5

For now the year brought round again
The day the luckless King was slain.
In Katharine's aisle the Monarch knelt,
With sackcloth-shirt, and iron belt, 10
 And eyes with sorrow streaming ;
Around him, in their stalls of state,
The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,
 Their banners o'er them beaming.
I too was there, and, sooth to tell, 15
Bedeafened with the jangling knell,
Was watching where the sunbeams fell,
 Through the stained casement gleaming ;
But, while I marked what next befel,
 It seemed as I were dreaming. 20
Stepped from the crowd a ghostly wight,
In azure gown, with cincture white ;
His forehead bald, his head was bare,
Down hung at length his yellow hair.—
Now mock me not, when, good my Lord, 25
I pledge to you my knightly word,
That, when I saw his placid grace,
His simple majesty of face,
His solemn bearing, and his pace
 So stately gliding on,— 30
Seemed to me ne'er did limner paint
So just an image of the Saint,
Who propped the Virgin in her faint,—
 The loved Apostle John !
He stepped before the Monarch's chair, xvii
And stood with rustic plainness there,
 And little reverence made ,
Nor head, nor body, bowed nor bent,
But on the desk his arm he leant, 5
 And words like these he said,
In a low voice,—but never tone
So thrilled through vein, and nerve, and bone :—

“My mother sent me from afar,
Sir King, to warn thee not to war,— 10

Woe waits on thine array;
If war thou wilt, of woman fair,
Her witching wiles and wanton snare,
James Stuart, doubly warned, beware :
God keep thee as he may !”— 15

The wondering Monarch seemed to seek
For answer, and found none ;
And when he raised his head to speak,
The monitor was gone.

The Marshal and myself had cast 20
To stop him as he outward past ;
But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,
He vanished from our eyes,
Like sunbeam on the billow cast,
That glances but, and dies.— 25

WHILE Lindesay told this marvel strange, xviii
The twilight was so pale,
He marked not Marmion's colour change,
While listening to the tale :

But, after a suspended pause, 5
The Baron spoke :—“Of Nature's laws
So strong I held the force,
That never superhuman cause

Could e'er control their course ;
And, three days since, had judged your aim 10
Was but to make your guest your game.

But I have seen, since past the Tweed,
What much has changed my sceptic creed,
And made me credit aught.”—He staid,
And seemed to wish his words unsaid : 15

But, by that strong emotion pressed,
Which prompts us to unload our breast,
Even when discovery's pain

To Lindesay did at length unfold
 The tale his village host had told, 20
 At Gifford, to his train.
 Nought of the Palmer says he there,
 And nought of Constance, or of Clare :
 The thoughts, which broke his sleep, he seems
 To mention but as feverish dreams. 25
 "IN VAIN," said he, "to rest I spread
 My burning limbs, and couched my head :
 Fantastic thoughts returned ;
 And, by their wild dominion led,
 My heart within me burned. 5
 So sore was the delirious goad,
 I took my steed, and forth I rode,
 And, as the moon shone bright and cold,
 Soon reached the camp upon the wold.
 The southern entrance I passed through, 10
 And halted, and my bugle blew.
 Methought an answer met my ear,—
 Yet was the blast so low and drear,
 So hollow, and so faintly blown,
 It might be echo of my own. 15
 THUS judging, for a little space
 I listened, ere I left the place ;
 But scarce could trust my eyes,
 Nor yet can think they served me true,
 When sudden in the ring I view, 5
 In form distinct of shape and hue,
 A mounted champion rise.—
 I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day,
 In single fight, and mixed affray,
 And ever I myself may say, 10
 Have borne me as a knight ;
 But when this unexpected foe
 Seemed starting from the gulf below,—
 I care not though the truth I show,—
 I trembled with affright ; 15

And as I placed in rest my spear,
 My hand so shook for very fear,
 I scarce could couch it right.
 WHY need my tongue the issue tell? xxi
 We ran our course,—my charger fell;—
 What could he 'gainst the shock of hell?—
 I rolled upon the plain.
 High o'er my head, with threatening hand, 5
 The spectre shook his naked brand,—
 Yet did the worst remain;
 My dazzled eyes I upward cast,—
 Not opening hell itself could blast
 Their sight, like what I saw! 10
 Full on his face the moonbeams strook,—
 A face could never be mistook!
 I knew the stern vindictive look,
 And held my breath for awe.
 I saw the face of one who, fled 15
 To foreign climes, has long been dead,—
 I well believe the last;
 For ne'er, from visor raised, did stare
 A human warrior, with a glare
 So grimly and so ghast. 20
 Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade;
 But when to good Saint George I prayed,
 (The first time e'er I asked his aid,)
 He plunged it in the sheath;
 And, on his courser mounting light, 25
 He seemed to vanish from my sight:
 The moonbeam drooped, and deepest night
 Sunk down upon the heath.—
 'Twere long to tell what cause I have
 To know his face, that met me there, 30
 Called by his hatred from the grave
 To cumber upper air:

Dead or alive, good cause had he
To be my mortal enemy."—

MARVELLED Sir David of the Mount;

xxii

Then, learned in story, 'gan recount

Such chance had happ'd of old,

When once, near Norham, there did fight

A spectre fell of fiendish might,

5

In likeness of a Scottish knight,

With Brian Bulmer bold,

And trained him nigh to disallow

The aid of his baptismal vow.

"And such a phantom, too, 'tis said,

10

With Highland broadsword, targe, and plaid,

And fingers red with gore,

Is seen in Rothiemurcus glade,

Or where the sable pine-trees shade

Dark Tomantoul, and Auchnaslaid

15

Dromouchty, or Glenmore.

And yet, whate'er such legends say,

Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,

On mountain, moor, or plain,

Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,

20

True son of chivalry should hold

These midnight terrors vain;

For seldom have such spirits power

To harm, save in the evil hour

When guilt we meditate within,

25

Or harbour unrepented sin."—

Lord Marmion turned him half aside,

And twice to clear his voice he tried,

Then pressed Sir David's hand,—

But nought, at length, in answer said;

30

And here their farther converse staid,

Each ordering that his band

Should bowne them with the rising day,

To Scotland's camp to take their way,—

Such was the King's command.

xxii

EARLY they took Dun-Edin's road,
And I could trace each step they trode;
Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock, nor stone,
Lies on the path to me unknown.

xxiii

5

Much might it boast of storied lore;
But, passing such digression o'er,
Suffice it that their route was laid
Across the furzy hills of Braid.

5

10

They passed the glen and scanty rill,
And climbed the opposing bank, until
They gained the top of Blackford Hill.

10

BLACKFORD! on whose uncultured breast,
Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,
A truant-boy, I sought the nest,
Or listed, as I lay at rest,

xxiv

15

While rose, on breezes thin,
The murmur of the city crowd,
And, from his steeple jangling loud,
Saint Giles's mingling din.

5

20

Now from the summit to the plain,
Waves all the hill with yellow grain;

10

And o'er the landscape as I look,
Nought do I see unchanged remain,
Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.

25

To me they make a heavy moan
Of early friendships past and gone.
BUT different far the change has been,

15

xxv

Since Marmion, from the crown
Of Blackford, saw that martial scene

30

Upon the bent so brown:
Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
Spread all the Borough Moor below,

5

Upland, and dale, and down:
A thousand did I say? I ween,
Thousands on thousands there were seen,
That chequered all the heath between

10

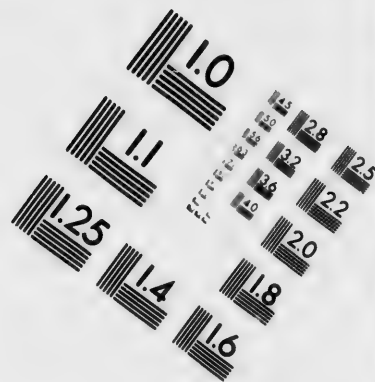
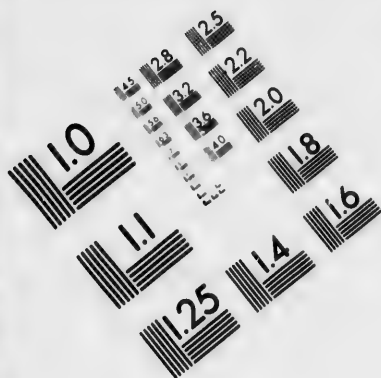
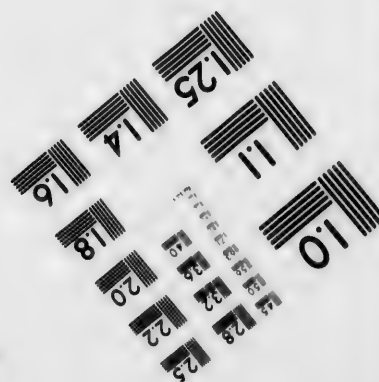
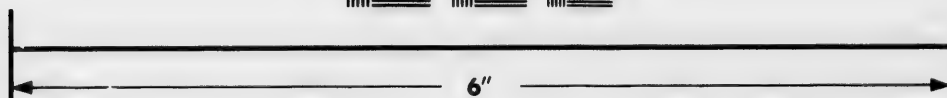
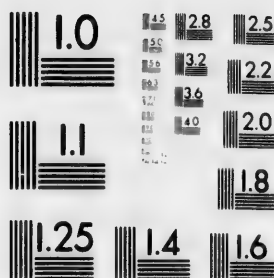


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10

The streamlet and the town ;
In crossing ranks extending far,
Forming a camp irregular ;
Oft giving way, where still there stood
Some relics of the old oak-wood, 15
That darkly huge did intervene,
And tamed the glaring white with green :
In these extended lines there lay
A martial kingdom's vast array.
For from Hebudes, dark with rain, xxvi
To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
And from the southern Redswire edge,
To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge ;
From west to east, from south to north, 5
Scotland sent all her warriors forth.
Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myriads up the mountain come ;
The horses' tramp, and tingling clank,
Where chiefs reviewed their vassal rank, 10
And charger's shrilling neigh ;
And see the shifting lines advance,
While frequent flashed, from shield and lance,
The sun's reflected ray.
Thin curling in the morning air, xxvii
The wreaths of failing smoke declare,
To embers now the brands decayed,
Where the night-watch their fires had made.
They saw, slow rolling on the plain, 5
Full many a baggage-cart and wain,
And dire artillery's clumsy car,
By sluggish oxen tugged to war ;
And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,
And culverins which France had given. 10
Ill-omened gift ! the guns remain
The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain.

NOR marked they less, where in the air xxviii
A thousand streamers flaunted fair ;

Various in shape, device, and hue,
Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,
Broad, narrow, swallow-tailed, and square, 5
Scroll, pennon, pensil, bandrol, there
O'er the pavilions flew.

Highest, and midmost, was descried
The royal banner floating wide :
The staff, a pine-tree strong and straight, 10

Pitched deeply in a massive stone,
Which still in memory is shown,
Yet bent beneath the standard's weight,
Whene'er the western wind unrolled,
With toil, the huge and cumbrous fold, 15
And gave to view the dazzling field,
Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,
The ruddy Lion ramped in gold.

LORD MARMION view'd the landscape bright,— xxix

He viewed it with a chief's delight,—
Until within him burned his heart,
And lightning from his eye did part,
As on the battle-day ; 5

Such glance did falcon never dart,
When stooping on his prey.—

" Oh ! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,
Thy King from warfare to dissuade
Were but a vain essay ; 10

For, by Saint George, were that host mine,
Not power infernal, nor divine,
Should once to peace my soul incline,
Till I had dimmed their armour's shine,
In glorious battle-fray ! "— 15

Answered the bard, of milder mood :
" Fair is the sight,—and yet 'twere good,
That kings would think withal,

When peace and wealth their land has blessed,
'Tis better to sit still at rest, 20
Than rise, perchance to fall."—
STILL on the spot Lord Marmion stayed, xxx
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed,
When, sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go, 5
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendour red ;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed, 10
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down, 15
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town !
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays, 20
And as each heathy top they kissed,
It gleamed a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;
Here Preston-Bay, and Berwick-Law ;
And, broad between them rolled, 25
The gallant Firth the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.
Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent ;
As if to give his rapture vent, 30
The spur he to his charger lent,
And raised his bridle-hand,

And, making demi-volte in air,
 Cried, "Where's the coward that would not dare
 To fight for such a land!" 35

The Lindesay smiled his joy to see;
 Nor Marmion's frown repressed his glee,
 Thus while they looked, a flourish proud, xxxi
 Where mingled trump, and clarion loud,

And fife, and kettle-drum,
 And sackbut deep, and psaltery,
 And war-pipe with discordant cry, 5
 And cymbal clattering to the sky,
 Making wild music bold and high,

Did up the mountain come;
 The whilst the bells, with distant chime,
 Merrily tolled the hour of prime, 10

And thus the Lindesay spoke:—
 "Thus clamour still the war-notes when
 The King to mass his way has ta'en,
 Or to Saint Catherine's of Sienne,
 Or Chapel of Saint Rocque. 15

To you they speak of martial fame;
 But me remind of peaceful game,
 When blither was their cheer,
 Thrilling in Falkland-woods the air,
 In signal none his steed should spare, 20
 But strive which foremost might repair

To the downfall of the deer.
 "Nor less," he said,—“when looking forth, xxxii
 I view yon Empress of the North

Sit on her hilly throne;
 Her palace's imperial bowers,
 Her castle proof to hostile powers, 5
 Her stately halls and holy towers—
 Nor less," he said, "I moan,



INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH.

TO GEORGE ELLIS, ESQ.

Edinburgh.

When dark December glooms the day,
And takes our autumn joys away ;
When short and scant the sunbeam throws,
Upon the weary waste of snows,
A cold and profitless regard, 5
Like patron on a needy bard ;
When silvan occupation's done,
And o'er the chimney rests the gun,
And hang, in idle trophy, near,
The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and spear ; 10
When wiry terrier, rough and grim,
And greyhound, with his length of limb,
And pointer, now employed no more,
Cumber our parlour's narrow floor ;
When in his stall the impatient steed 15
Is long condemned to rest and feed ;
When from our snow-encircled home,
Scarce cares the hardiest step to roam,
Since path is none, save that to bring
The needful water from the spring ; 20
When wrinkled news-page, thrice conned o'er,
Beguiles the dreary hour no more,
And darkling politician, crossed,
Inveighs against the lingering post,

And answering housewife sore complains 25
 Of carriers' snow-impeded wains :
 When such the country cheer, I come,
 Well pleased to seek our city home ;
 For converse, and for books, to change
 The Forest's melancholy range, 30
 And welcome, with renewed delight,
 The busy day, and social night.

Not here need my desponding rhyme
 Lament the ravages of time,
 As erst by Newark's riven towers, 35
 And Ettrick stripped of forest bowers.
 True,—Caledonia's Queen is changed,
 Since on her dusky summit ranged,
 Within its steepy limits pent,
 By bulwark, line, and battlement, 40
 And flanking towers, and laky flood,
 Guarded and garrisoned she stood;
 Denying entrance or resort,
 Save at each tall embattled port ;
 Above whose arch, suspended, hung 45
 Portcullis spiked with iron prong.
 That long is gone,—but not so long,
 Since, early closed, and opening late,
 Jealous revolved the studded gate,
 Whose task, from eve to morning tide, 50
 A wicket churlishly supplied.
 Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow,
 Dun-Edin ! O, how altered now,
 When safe amid thy mountain court
 Thou sit'st, like Empress at her sport, 55
 And liberal, unconfined, and free,
 Flinging thy white arms to the sea,
 For thy dark cloud, with umbered lower,
 That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower,
 Thou gleam'st against the western ray 60
 Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

25 Not she, the championers of old,
 In Spenser's magic tale enrolled,—
 She for the charmed spear renowned,
 Which forced each knight to kiss the ground.— 65
 Not she more changed, when, placed at rest,
 What time she was Malbecco's guest,
 30 She gave to flow her maiden vest ;
 When from the corslet's grasp relieved,
 Free to the sight her bosom heaved ; 70
 Sweet was her blue eye's modest smile,
 Erst hidden by the aventayle ;
 35 And down her shoulders graceful rolled
 Her locks profuse, of paly gold.
 They who whilom, in midnight fight, 75
 Had marvelled at her matchless might,
 No less her maiden charms approved,
 40 But looking liked, and liking loved.
 The sight could jealous pangs beguile,
 And charm Malbacco's cares awhile ; 80
 And he the wandering Squire of Dames,
 Forgot his Columbella's claims,
 45 And passion, erst unknown, could gain
 The breast of blunt Sir Satyrane ;
 Nor durst light Paridel advance, 85
 Bold as he was, a looser glance.—
 She charmed, at once, and tamed the heart,
 50 Incomparable Britomarte !

So thou, fair City ! disarrayed
 Of battled wall, and rampart's aid, 90
 As stately seem'st, but lovelier far
 Than in that panoply of war.
 55 Nor deem that from thy fenceless throne
 Strength and security are flown ;
 Still, as of yore, Queen of the North ! 95
 Still canst thou send thy children forth.
 Ne'er readier at alarm-bell's call
 60 Thy burghers rose to man thy wall,

THAN now, in danger, shall be thine,
Thy dauntless vo'untary line ; 100
For fosse and turret proud to stand,
Their breasts the bulwarks of the land.
Thy thousands, trained to martial toil,
Full red would stain their native soil,
Ere from thy mural crown there fell 105
The slightest knosp, or pinnacle.
And if it come,—as come it may,
Dun-Edin ! that eventful day, —
Renowned for hospitable deed,
That virtue much with heaven may plead, 110
In patriarchal times whose care
Descending angels deigned to share ;
That claim may wrestle blessings down
On those who fight for The Good Town,
Destined in every age to be 115
Refuge of injured royalty ;
Since first, when conquering York arose,
To Henry meek she gave repose,
Till late, with wonder, grief and awe,
Great Bourbon's relics sad she saw. 120

Truce to these thoughts !—for, as they rise,
How gladly I avert mine eyes,
Bodings, or true or false, to change,
For Fiction's fair romantic range,
Or for Tradition's dubious light, 125
That hovers 'twixt the day and night :
Dazzling alternately and dim,
Her wavering lamp I'd rather trim,
Knights, squires, and lovely dames to see,
Creation of my fantasy, 130
Than gaze abroad on reeky fen,
And make of mists invading men.—
Who loves not more the night of June
Than dull December's gloomy noon ?
The moonlight than the fog of frost ? 135
And can we say, which cheats the most ?

100

The soldiers of the guard,
With musket, pike, and morion,
To welcome noble Marmion,
Stood in the Castle-yard ;

5

105

Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
The gunner held his linstock yare,
For welcome-shot prepared :

Entered the train, and such a clang,
As then through all his turrets rang,
Old Norham never heard.

10

110

THE guards their morrice-pikes advanced.

x

The trumpets flourished brave,
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
And thundering welcome gave.

A blythe salute, in martial sort,

5

115

The minstrels well might sound,
For, as Lord Marmion crossed the court,
He scattered angels round.

" Welcome to Norham, Marmion !

Stout heart, and open hand !

10

120

Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,
Thou flower of English land ! "

Two pursuivants, whom tabarts deck,
With silver scutcheon round their neck,

xi

Stood on the steps of stone,

125

By which you reach the Donjon gate,
And there, with herald pomp and state,

5

They hailed Lord Marmion :

They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,

130

Of Tamworth tower and town ;

And he, their courtesy to requite,
Gave them a chain of twelve marks weight,
All as he lighted down.

10

135

" Now largesse, largesse, Lord Marmion,
Knight of the crest of gold !

A blazoned shield, in battle won, 15
 Ne'er guarded heart so bold."—
 THEY marshalled him to the Castle-hall, xii
 Where the guests stood all aside,
 And loudly flourished the trumpet-call,
 And the heralds loudly cried :—
 " Room, lordings, room for Lord Marmion, 5
 With the crest and helm of gold !
 Full well we know the trophies won
 In the lists at Cottiswold :
 There, vainly, Ralph de Wilton strove
 'Gainst Marmion's force to stand ; 10
 To him he lost his lady-love,
 And to the King his land.
 Ourselves beheld the listed field,
 A sight both sad and fair ;
 We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield, 15
 And saw his saddle bare ;
 We saw the victor win the crest,
 He wears with worthy pride ;
 And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,
 His foeman's scutcheon tied. 20
 Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight !
 Room, room, ye gentles gay,
 For him who conquers in the right,
 Marmion of Fontenaye ! "
 THEN stepped to meet that noble lord xiii
 Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
 Baron of Twisell and of Ford,
 And Captain of the Hold.
 He led Lord Marmion to the deas, 5
 Raised o'er the pavement high,
 And placed him in the upper place—
 They feasted full and high :
 The whiles a northern harper rude
 Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud,— 10

*"How the fierce Thirlwalls, and Ridleys all,
 Stout Willimondswick,
 And Hard-riding Dick,
 And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o' the Wall,
 Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh,* 15
And taken his life at the Deadman's-shaw."
 Scantly Lord Marmion's ear could brook
 The harper's barbarous lay;
 Yet much he praised the pains he took.
 And well those pains did pay; 20
 For lady's suit, and minstrel's strain,
 By knight should ne'er be heard in vain.
 "Now, good Lord Marmion," Heron says, xiv
 "Of your fair courtesy,
 I pray you bide some little space,
 In this poor tower with me.
 Here may you keep your arms from rust, 5
 May breathe your war-horse well;
 Seldom hath passed a week but giust
 Or feat of arms befell:
 The Scots can rein a mettled steed,
 And love to couch a spear;— 10
 Saint George! a stirring life they lead,
 That have such neighbours near.
 Then stay with us a little space,
 Our northern wars to learn;
 I pray you for your lady's grace."— 15
 Lord Marmion's brow grew stern.
 THE Captain marked his altered look, xv
 And gave a squire the sign;
 A mighty wassail-bowl he took,
 And crowned it high with wine.
 "Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion: 5
 But first I pray thee fair,
 Where hast thou left that page of thine,
 That used to serve thy cup of wine,

Whose beauty was so rare ?
 When last in Raby towers we met, 10
 The boy I closely eyed,
 And often marked his cheeks were wet
 With tears he fain would hide :
 His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,
 To burnish shield, or sharpen brand, 15
 Or saddle battle-steed ;
 But meeter seemed for lady fair,
 To fan her cheek, or curl her hair,
 Or through embroidery, rich and rare,
 The slender silk to lead : 20
 His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,
 His bosom—when he sighed,
 The russet doublet's rugged fold
 Could scarce repel its pride !
 Say, hast thou given that lovely youth 25
 To serve in lady's bower ?
 Or was the gentle page, in sooth,
 A gentle paramour ?"—
 LORD MARMION ill could brook such jest ; xvi
 He rolled his kindling eye,
 With pain his rising wrath suppressed,
 Yet made a calm reply :
 "That boy thou thought'st so goodly fair, 5
 He might not brook the northern air.
 More of his fate if thou wouldst learn,
 I left him sick in Lindisfarne :
 Enough of him.—But, Heron, say,
 Why does thy lovely lady gay 10
 Disdain to grace the hall to-day ?
 Or has that dame, so fair and sage,
 Gone on some pious pilgrimage ?"—
 He spoke in covert scorn, for fame
 Whispered light tales of Heron's dame. 15

CANTO I.

9

UNMARKED, at least unrecked, the taunt, xvii

Careless the Knight replied:

"No bird, whose feathers gaily flaunt,

Delights in cage to bide:

Norham is grim, and grated close,

5

Hemmed in by battlement and fosse,

And many a darksome tower;

And better loves my lady bright,

To sit in liberty and light,

In fair Queen Margaret's bower.

10

We hold our greyhound in our hand,

Our falcon on our glove;

But where shall we find leash or band,

For dame that loves to rove?

Let the wild falcon soar her swing,

15

She'll stoop when she has tired her wing."—

"NAY, if with Royal James's bride,

xviii

The lovely Lady Heron bide,

Behold me here a messenger,

Your tender greetings prompt to bear;

5

For, to the Scottish Court addressed,

I journey at our King's behest,

And pray you, of your grace, provide

For me and mine a trusty guide.

I have not ridden in Scotland since

James backed the cause of that mock prince,

10

Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,

Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.

Then did I march with Surrey's power,

What time we razed old Ayton Tower."—

"For suchlike need, my Lord, I trow,

xix

Norham can find you guides enow;

For here be some have pricked as far

On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar;

Have drunk the monks of Saint Bothan's ale,

5

And driven the beeves of Lauderdale;

Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,
 And given them light to set their hoods."
 "Now, in good sooth," Lord Marmion cried, xx
 "Were I in warlike wise to ride,
 A better guard I would not lack,
 Than your stout forayers at my back:
 But, as in form of peace I go, 5
 A friendly messenger, to know
 Why through all Scotland, near and far,
 Their King is mustering troops for war,
 The sight of plundering Border spears
 Might justify suspicious fears; 10
 And deadly feud, or thirst of spoil,
 Break out in some unseemly broil:
 A herald were my fitting guide;
 Or friar, sworn in peace to bide;
 Or pardoner, or travelling priest, 15
 Or strolling pilgrim, at the least."—
 THE Captain mused a little space, xxi
 And passed his hand across his face:
 "Fain would I find the guide you want,
 But ill may spare a pursuivant,
 The only men that safe can ride 5
 Mine errands on the Scottish side:
 And, though a bishop built this fort,
 Few holy brethren here resort;
 Even our good chaplain, as I ween,
 Since our last siege, we have not seen: 10
 The mass he might not sing or say,
 Upon one stinted meal a day;
 So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,
 And prayed for our success the while.
 Our Norham vicar, woe betide, 15
 Is all too well in case to ride.
 The priest of Shoreswood— he could rein
 The wildest war-horse in your train;

But then, no spearman in the hall
Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl. 20

Friar John of Tillmouth were the man,
A blythesome brother at the can,
A welcome guest in hall and bower,
He knows each castle, town, and tower,
In which the wine and ale is good, 25
'Twixt Newcastle and Holy-Rood.

But that good man, as ill befalls,
Hath seldom left our Castle walls,
Since, on the vigil of Saint Bede,
In evil hour, he crossed the Tweed, 30
To teach Dame Alison her creed.

Old Bughrig found him with his wife;
And John, an enemy to strife,
Sans frock and hood fled for his life.
The jealous churl hath deeply swore, 35

That, if again he ventures o'er,
He shall shrive penitent no more.
Little he loves such risks, I know;
Yet, in your guard, perchance will go."—
YOUNG SELBY, at the fair hall-board 40

Carved to his uncle, and that lord,
And reverently took up the word:

"Kind uncle, woe were we each one,
If harm should hap to brother John. 5

He is a man of mirthful speech,
Can many a game and gambol teach;
Full well at tables can he play,
And sweep at bowls the stake away.

None can a lustier carol bawl, 10
The needfullest among us all,

When time hangs heavy in the hall,
And snow comes thick at Christmas-tide,
And we can neither hunt, nor ride
A foray on the Scottish side. 15

The vowed revenge of Bughtrig rude,
 May end in worse than loss of hood.
 Let Friar John, in safety, still
 In chimney-corner snore his fill,
 Roast hissing crabs, or flagons swill: 20
 Last night to Norham there came one,
 Will better guide Lord Marmion."—
 "Nephew," quoth Heron, "by my fay,
 Well hast thou spoke; say forth thy say."—
 "HERE is a holy Palmer come, xxiii
 From Salem first, and last from Rome;
 One, that hath kissed the blessed tomb,
 And visited each holy shrine,
 In Araby and Palestine; 5
 On hills of Armenie hath been,
 Where Noah's ark may yet be seen;
 By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,
 Which parted at the prophet's rod;
 In Sinai's wilderness he saw 10
 The Mount, where Israel heard the law,
 Mid thunder-dint, and flashing levin,
 And shadows, mists, and darkness, given.
 He shews Saint James's cockle-shell,
 Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell; 15
 And of that Grot where Olives nod,
 Where, darling of each heart and eye,
 From all the youth of Sicily,
 Saint Rosalie retired to God.
 To stout Saint George of Norwich merry, xxiv
 Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,
 Cuthbert of Durham and Saint Bede,
 For his sins' pardon hath he prayed.
 He knows the passes of the North, 5
 And seeks far shrines beyond the Forth;
 Little he eats, and long will wake,
 And drinks but of the stream or lake.

This were a guide o'er moor and dale ;
But, when our John hath quaffed his ale, 10

As little as the wind that blows,
And warms itself against his nose,
Kens he, or cares, which way he goes."—

"GRAMERCY !" quoth Lord Marmion, xxv

" Full loth were I that Friar John,
That venerable man, for me,
Were placed in fear or jeopardy.

If this same Palmer will me lead 5

From hence to Holy-Rood,
Like his good saint, I'll pay his meed,
Instead of cockle-shell, or bead,

With angels fair and good.

I love such holy rambles ; still 10

They know to charm a weary hill,

With song, romance, or lay :

Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,

Some lying legend at the least,

They bring to cheer the way."— 15

" Ah ! noble sir," young Selby said, xxvi

And finger on his lip he laid,

" This man knows much, perchance e'en more
Than he could learn by holy lore.

Still to himself he's muttering, 5

And shrinks as at some unseen thing.

Last night we listened at his cell ;

Strange sounds we heard, and sooth to tell,

He murmured on till morn, howe'er

No living mortal could be near. 10

Sometimes I thought I heard it plain,

As other voices spoke again.

I cannot tell—I like it not—

Friar John hath told us it is wrote,

No conscience clear, and void of wrong, 15

Can rest awake, and pray so long.

Himself still sleeps before his beads,
 Have marked ten aves, and two creeds."—
 "LET pass," quoth Marmion; "by my fay, xxvii
 This man shall guide me on my way,
 Although the great archfiend and he
 Had sworn themselves of company;
 So please you, gentle youth, to call 5
 This Palmer to the Castle-hall."—
 The summoned Palmer came in place;
 His sable cowl o'erhung his face;
 In his black mantle was he clad,
 With Peter's keys, in cloth of red, 10
 On his broad shoulders wrought;
 The scallop-shell his cap did deck;
 The crucifix around his neck
 Was from Loretto brought;
 His sandals were with travel tore, 15
 Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore.
 The faded palm-branch in his hand,
 Shewed pilgrim from the Holy Land.
 WHENAS the Palmer came in hall, xxviii
 Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,
 Or had a statelier step withal,
 Or looked more high and keen;
 For no saluting did he wait, 5
 But strode across the hall of state,
 And fronted Marmion where he sate,
 As he his peer had been.
 But his gaunt frame was worn with toil;
 His cheek was sunk, alas the while! 10
 And when he struggled at a smile,
 His eye looked haggard wild:
 Poor wretch! the mother that him bare,
 If she had been in presence there,
 In his wan face and sunburnt hair, 15
 She had not known her child.

Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
Soon change the form that best we know—

For deadly fear can time outgo,

And blanch at once the hair ;

Hard toil can roughen form and face,

And want can quench the eye's bright grace,

Nor does old age a wrinkle trace,

More deeply than despair.

Happy whom none of these befall,

But this poor Palmer knew them all.

LORD MARMION then his boon did ask ;

The Palmer took on him the task,

So he would march with morning tide,

To Scottish Court to be his guide.

—"But I have solemn vows to pay,

And may not linger by the way,

To fair Saint Andrews bound,

Within the ocean-cave to pray,

Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,

From midnight to the dawn of day,

Sung to the billow's sound ;

Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,

Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,

And the crazed brain restore :

Saint Mary grant that cave or spring

Could back to peace my bosom bring,

Or bid it throb no more !"—

AND now the midnight draught of sleep,

Where wine and spices richly steep,

In massive bowl of silver deep,

The page presents on knee.

Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,

The Captain pledged his noble guest,

The cup went through among the rest,

Who drained it merrily ;

Alone the Palmer passed it by,

Though Selby pressed him courteously. 10
 This was the sign the feast was o'er;
 It hushed the merry wassail roar,
 The minstrels ceased to sound.
 Soon in the Castle nought was heard,
 But the slow footstep of the guard, 15
 Pacing his sober round.
 WITH early dawn Lord Marmion rose: XXXI
 And first the chapel doors unclosed;
 Then, after morning rites were done,
 (A hasty mass from Friar John,
 And knight and squire had broke their fast, 5
 On rich substantial repast,
 Lord Marmion's bugles blew to horse:
 Then came the stirrup-cup in course;
 Between the Baron and his host,
 No point of courtesy was lost; 10
 High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid,
 Solemn excuse the Captain made,
 Till, filing from the gate, had past
 That noble train, their Lord the last.
 Then loudly rang the trumpet-call; 15
 Thundered the cannon from the wall,
 And shook the Scottish shore;
 Around the Castle eddied slow,
 Volumes of smoke as white as snow,
 And hid its turrets hoar; 20
 Till they rolled forth upon the air,
 And met the river breezes there,
 Which gave again the prospect fair.

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INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND.

TO THE REV. JOHN MARRIOT, M.A.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

The scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourished once a forest fair,
When these waste glens with copse were lined,
And peopled with the hart and hind.
Yon thorn—perchance whose prickly spears
Have fenced him for three hundred years,
While fell around his green compeers—
Yon lonely thorn, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell,
Since he, so gray and stubborn now,
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough;
Would he could tell how deep the shade,
A thousand mingled branches made;
How broad the shadows of the oak,
How clung the rowan to the rock,
And through the foliage showed his head,
With narrow leaves, and berries red;
What pines on every mountain sprung,
O'er every dell what birches hung,
In every breeze what aspens shook,
What alders shaded every brook!

“Here, in my shade,” methinks he'd say,
“The mighty stag at noontide lay;
The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game,

(The neighbouring dingle bears his name,) 25
 With lurching step around me prowl,
 And stop, against the moon to howl ;
 The mountain-boar, on battle set,
 His tusks upon my stem would whet ;
 While doe and roe, and red-deer good, 30
 Have bounded by through gay green-wood.
 Then oft, from Newark's riven tower,
 Sallied a Scottish monarch's power ;
 A thousand vassals mustered round,
 With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound ; 35
 And I might see the youth intent,
 Guard every pass with crossbow bent ;
 And through the brake the rangers stalk,
 And falc'ners hold the ready hawk ;
 And foresters, in green-wood trim, 40
 Lead in the leash the gaze-hounds grim,
 Attentive, as the bratchet's bay
 From the dark covert drove the prey,
 To slip them as he broke away.
 The startled quarry bounds amain. 45
 As fast the gallant greyhounds strain ;
 Whistles the arrow from the bow,
 Answers the arquebuss below ;
 While all the rocking hills reply,
 To hoof-clang, hound, and hunter's cry, 50
 And bugles ringing lightsomely, "—

Of such proud huntings, many tales
 Yet linger in our lonely dales,
 Up pathless Ettrick, and on Yarrow
 Where'erst the outlaw drew his arrow. 55
 But not more blithe that silvan court,
 Than we have been at humbler sport ;
 Though small our pomp, and mean our game,
 Our mirth, dear Marriott, was the same.
 Remember'st thou my greyhounds true ? 60
 O'er holt or hill, there never flew,

25 From slip, or leash, there never sprang,
 More fleet of foot, or sure of fang.
 Nor dull, between each merry chase,
 30 Passed by the intermitted space ;
 For we had fair resource in store,
 In Classic, and in Gothic lore :
 We marked each memorable scene,
 And held poetic talk between ;
 Nor hill, nor brook, we paced along,
 35 But had its legend, or its song.
 All silent now—for now are still
 Thy bowers, untenanted Bowhill !
 No longer, from thy mountains dun,
 The yeoman hears the well-known gun,
 40 And, while his honest heart glows warm,
 At thought of his paternal farm,
 Round to his mates a brimmer fills,
 And drinks, "The Chieftain of the Hills !"
 No fairy forms, in Yarrow's bowers,
 45 Trip o'er the walks, or tend the flowers,
 Fair as the elves whom Janet saw,
 By moonlight, dance on Carterhaugh :
 No youthful Baron's left to grace
 The Forest-Sheriff's lonely chase,
 50 And ape, in manly step and tone,
 The majesty of Oberon :
 And she is gone, whose lovely face
 Is but her least and lowest grace ;
 Though if to Sylphid Queen 'twere given,
 55 To show our earth the charms of Heaven,
 She could not glide along the air,
 With form more light, or face more fair.
 No more the widow's deafened ear
 Grows quick that lady's step to hear :
 At noontide she expects her not,
 Nor busies her to trim the cot ;
 60 Pensive she turns her humming wheel,

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Or pensive cooks her orphans' meal ;
 Yet blesses, ere she deals their bread,
 The gentle hand by which they're fed. 100

From Yair,—which hills so closely bind,
 Scarce can the Tweed his passage find,
 Though much he fret, and chafe, and toil.
 Till all his eddying currents boil.— 105

Her long-descended lord is gone,
 And left us by the stream alone.
 And much I miss those sportive boys,
 Companions of my mountain joys,
 Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth, 110
 When thought is speech, and speech is truth.

Close to my side, with what delight,
 They pressed to hear of Wallace wight,
 When, pointing to his airy mound,
 I called his ramparts holy ground ! 115

Kindled their brows to hear me speak ;
 And I have smiled, to feel my cheek,
 Despite the difference of our years,
 Return again the glow of theirs.

Ah, happy boys ! such feelings pure, 120
 They will not, cannot long endure ;
 Condemned to stem the world's rude tide,
 You may not linger by the side ;

For Fate shall thrust you from the shore,
 And Passion ply the sail and oar. 125
 Yet cherish the remembrance still,
 Of the lone mountain, and the rill ;

For trust, dear boys, the time will come,
 When fiercer transport shall be dumb,
 And you will think right frequently, 130
 But, well I hope, without a sigh,

On the free hours that we have spent
 Together, on the brown hill's bent.

When, musing on companions gone,
 We doubly feel ourselves alone, 135

Something, my friend, we yet may gain,
There is a pleasure in this pain :

It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in each gentler heart impressed.

'Tis silent amid worldly toils,
And stifled soon by mental broils ;

But, in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard

Whispering a mingled sentiment,
'Twixt resignation and content.

Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,
By lone St. Mary's silent lake ;

Thou know'st it well,—nor fen, nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge ;

Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink ;

And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.

Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view ;

Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there,

Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scattered pine.

Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour :

Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie ;

Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell ;

There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness :

And silence aids—though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills ;

In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep ;

Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.

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Nought living meets the eye or ear,
 But well I ween the dead are near ; 175
 For though, in feudal strife, a foe
 Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low,
 Yet still, beneath the hallowed soil,
 The peasant rests him from his toil,
 And, dying, bids his bones be laid, 180
 Where erst his simple fathers prayed.

If age had tamed the passions' strife,
 And fate had cut my ties to life,
 Here, have I thought, 'twere sweet to dwell, 185
 And rear again the chaplain's cell,
 Like that same peaceful hermitage,
 Where Milton longed to spend his age.
 'Twere sweet to mark the setting day,
 On Bourhope's lonely top decay ;
 And, as it faint and feeble died 190
 On the broad lake, and mountain's side,
 To say, "Thus pleasures fade away ;
 Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,
 And leave us dark, forlorn, and grey ;"—
 Then gaze on Dryhope's ruined tower, 195
 And think on Yarrow's faded Flower:
 And when that mountain-sound I heard,
 Which bids us be for storm prepared,
 The distant rustling of his wings,
 As up his force the Tempest brings, 200
 'Twere sweet, ere yet his terrors rave,
 To sit upon the Wizard's grave ;
 That Wizard Priest's whose bones are thrust
 From company of holy dust ;
 On which no sunbeam ever shines— 205
 (No superstition's creed divines,)
 Thence view the lake, with sullen roar,
 Heave her broad billows to the shore ;
 And mark the wild-swans mount the gale,
 Spread wide through mist their snowy sail, 210

And ever stoop again, to lave
 Their bosoms on the surging wave;
 Then, when against the driving hail
 No longer might my plaid avail,
 Back to my lonely home retire,
 And light my lamp, and trim my fire;
 There ponder o'er some mystic lay,
 Till the wild tale had all its sway,
 And, in the bittern's distant shriek
 I heard unearthly voices speak,
 And thought the Wizard Priest was come,
 To claim again his ancient home!
 And bade my busy fancy range,
 To frame him fitting shape and strange,
 Till from the task my brow I cleared,
 And smiled to think that I had feared.

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But chief, 'twere sweet to think such life,
 (Though but escape from fortune's strife,)
 Something most matchless good and wise,
 A great and grateful sacrifice;
 And deem each hour to musing given,
 A step upon the road to heaven.

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Yet him, whose heart is ill at ease,
 Such peaceful solitudes displease:
 He loves to drown his bosom's jar
 Amid the elemental war;
 And my black Palmer's choice had been
 Some ruder and more savage scene,
 Like that which frowns round dark Loch-skene.
 There eagles scream from isle to shore:
 Down all the rocks the torrents roar;
 O'er the black waves incessant driven,
 Dark mists infect the summer heaven;
 Through the rude barriers of the lake,
 Away its hurrying waters break,
 Faster and whiter dash and curl,

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Till down yon dark abyss they hurl.
Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
Thunders the viewless stream below,
Diving, as if condemned to lave 250
Some demon's subterranean cave,
Who, prisoned by enchanter's spell,
Shakes the dark rock with groan and yell.
And well that Palmer's form and mien
Had suited with the stormy scene, 255
Just on the edge, straining his ken
To view the bottom of the den,
Where, deep deep down, and far within,
Toils with the rocks the roaring linn ;
Then, issuing forth one foamy wave, 260
And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,
White as the snowy charger's tail,
Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.

Marriott thy harp, on Isis strung,
To many a Border theme has rung : 265
Then list to me, and thou shalt know
• Of this mysterious Man of Woe.



CANTO II.

THE CONVENT.

THE breeze, which swept away the smoke, i
 Round Norham Castle rolled,
 When all the loud artillery spoke,
 With lightning-flash and thunder-stroke,
 As Marmion left the Hold. 5
 It curled not Tweed alone, that breeze,
 For, far upon Northumbrian seas,
 It freshly blew, and strong,
 Where, from high Whitby's cloistered pile,
 Bound to Saint Outhbert's Holy Isle, 10
 It bore a bark along.
 Upon the gale she stooped her side,
 And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
 As she were dancing home;
 The merry seamen laughed, to see 15
 Their gallant ship so lustily
 Furrow the green sea-foam.
 Much joyed they in their honoured freight;
 For, on the deck, in chair of state,
 The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed, 20
 With five fair nuns, the galley graced.
 'Twas sweet to see these holy maids, ii
 LIKE birds escaped to greenwood shades,
 Their first flight from the cage,
 How timid, and how curious too,
 For all to them was strange and new, 5
 And all the common sights they view,
 Their wonderment engage.

One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,
 With many a benedicite ;
 One at the rippling surge grew pale, 10
 And would for terror pray ;
 Then shrieked, because the sea-dog, nigh,
 His round black head and sparkling eye,
 Reared o'er the foaming spray :
 And one would still adjust her veil, 15
 Disordered by the summer gale,
 Perchance lest some more worldly eye
 Her dedicated charms might spy ;
 Perchance, because such action graced
 Her fair-turned arm and slender waist. 20
 Light was each simple bosom there,
 Save two, who ill might pleasure share,—
 The Abbess, and the Novice Clare.
 THE ABBESS was of noble blood, iii
 But early took the veil and hood,
 Ere upon life she cast a look,
 Or knew the world that she forsook.
 Fair too she was, and kind had been 5
 As she was fair, but ne'er had seen
 For her a timid lover sigh,
 Nor knew the influence of her eye ;
 Love, to her ear, was but a name,
 Combined with vanity and shame ; 10
 Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all
 Bounded within the cloister wall :
 The deadliest sin her mind could reach
 Was of monastic rule the breach ;
 And her ambition's highest aim, 15
 To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.
 For this she gave her ample dower,
 To raise the Convent's eastern tower ;
 For this, with carving rare and quaint,
 She decked the chapel of the Saint, 20

And gave the relic-shrine of cost,
 With ivory and gems embossed.
 The poor her Convent's bounty blest,
 The pilgrim in its halls found rest.
 BLACK was her garb, her rigid rule
 Reformed on Benedictine school;
 Her cheek was pale, her form was spare;
 Vigils, and penitence austere,
 Had early quenched the light of youth,
 But gentle was the dame in sooth;
 Though vain of her religious sway,
 She loved to see her maids obey;
 Yet nothing stern was she in cell,
 And the nuns loved their Abbess well.
 Sad was this voyage to the dame;
 Summoned to Lindisfarne, she came,
 There, with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old,
 And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold
 A chapter of Saint Benedict,
 For inquisition stern and strict,
 On two apostates from the faith,
 And, if need were, to doom to death.
 NOUGHT say I here of Sister Clare,
 Save this, that she was young and fair;
 As yet a novice unprofessed,
 Lovely and gentle, but distressed.
 She was betrothed to one now dead,
 Or worse, who had dishonoured fled.
 Her kinsmen bade her give her hand
 To one who loved her for her land:
 Herself, almost heart-broken now,
 Was bent to take the vestal vow,
 And shroud, within Saint Hilda's gloom,
 Her blasted hopes and withered bloom.
 SHE sate upon the galley's prow,
 And seemed to mark the waves below;

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Nay seemed, so fixed her look and eye,
 To count them as they glided by.
 She saw them not—'twas seeming all— 5
 Far other scene her thoughts recal—
 A sun-scorched desert, waste and bare,
 Nor wave, nor breezes, murmured there;
 There saw she, where some careless hand
 O'er a dead corpse had heaped the sand, 10
 To hide it till the jackals come,
 To tear it from the scanty tomb.—
 See what a woful look was given,
 As she raised up her eyes to heaven!
 LOVELY, and gentle, and distressed— vii
 These charms might tame the fiercest breast:
 Harpers have sung, and poets told,
 That he, in fury uncontrolled,
 The shaggy monarch of the wood, 5
 Before a virgin, fair and good,
 Hath pacified his savage mood.
 But passions in the human frame
 Oft put the lion's rage to shame:
 And jealousy, by dark intrigue, 10
 With sordid avarice in league,
 Had practised with their bowl and knife
 Against the mourner's harmless life.
 This crime was charged 'gainst those who lay
 Prisoned in Cuthbert's islet grey. 15
 AND now the vessel skirts the strand
 Of mountainous Northumberland; viii
 Towns, towers, and halls successive rise,
 And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
 Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay, 5
 And Tynemouth's priory and bay;
 They marked, amid her trees, the hall
 Of lofty Seaton-Delaval;
 They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
 Rush to the sea through sounding woods; 10

They passed the tower of Widderington,
 Mother of many a valiant son;
 At Coquet Isle their beads they tell
 To the good Saint who owned the cell;
 Then did the Alne attention claim, 15
 And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name;
 And next, they crossed themselves, to hear
 The whitening breakers sound so near,
 Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar,
 On Dunstanborough's caverned shore; 20
 Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they there,
 King Ida's castle, huge and square,
 From its tall rock look grimly down,
 And on the swelling ocean frown;
 Then from the coast they bore away, 25
 And reached the Holy Island's bay.
 THE tide did now its flood-mark gain, ix
 And girdled in the Saint's domain:
 For, with the flow and ebb, its style
 Varies from continent to isle;
 Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day, 5
 The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
 Twice every day, the waves efface
 Of staves and sandaled feet the trace.
 As to the port the galley flew,
 Higher and higher rose to view 10
 The Castle with its battled walls,
 The ancient Monastery's halls,
 A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,
 Placed on the margin of the isle.
 IN Saxon strength that Abbey frowned, x
 With massive arches broad and round,
 That rose alternate, row and row,
 On ponderous columns, short and low,
 Built ere the art was known, 5

By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
 The arcades of an alley'd walk
 To emulate in tone.
 On the deep walls the heathen Dane
 Had poured his impious rage in vain ; 10
 And needful was such strength to these,
 Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
 Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,
 Open to rovers fierce as they,
 Which could twelve hundred years withstand 15
 Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.
 Not but that portions of the pile,
 Rebuilt in a later style,
 Shewed where the spoiler's hand had been ;
 Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen 20
 Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
 And mouldered in his niche the Saint,
 And rounded, with consuming power,
 The pointed angles of each tower :
 Yet still entire the Abbey stood, 25
 Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.
 Soon as they neared his turrets strong, xi
 The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,
 And with the sea-wave and the wind,
 Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,
 And made harmonious close ; 5
 Then, answering from the sandy shore,
 Half-drowned amid the breakers' roar,
 According chorus rose :
 Down to the haven of the Isle,
 The monks and nuns in order file, 10
 From Cuthbert's cloisters grim ;
 Banner, and cross, and relics there,
 To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare ;
 And, as they caught the sounds on air,
 They echoed back the hymn. 15

The islanders, in joyous mood,
 Rushed emulously through the flood,
 To hale the bark to land ;
 Conspicuous by her veil and hood,
 Signing the cross, the Abbess stood,
 And blessed them with her hand.
 SUPPOSE we now the welcome said,
 Suppose the Convent banquet made :
 All through the holy dome,
 Through cloister, aisle, and gallery,
 Wherever vestal maid might pry,
 Nor risk to meet unhallowed eye,
 The stranger sisters roam :
 Till fell the evening damp with dew,
 And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew,
 For there e'en summer night is chill.
 Then, having strayed and gazed their fill,
 They closed around the fire ;
 And all, in turn, essayed to paint
 The rival merits of their Saint,
 A theme that ne'er can tire
 A holy maid ; for, be it known,
 That their Saint's honour is their own.
 THEN Whitby's nuns exulting told,
 How to their house three barons bold
 Must menial service do ;
 While horns blow out a note of shame,
 And monks cry, " Fye upon your name !
 In wrath, for loss of sylvan game,
 Saint Hilda's priest ye slew."—
 " This, on Ascension Day, each year,
 While labouring on our harbour-pier,
 Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."
 They told, how in their convent-cell
 A Saxon princess once did dwell,
 The lovely Edelfed ;

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And how, of thousand snakes, each one
 Was changed into a coil of stone, 15
 When holy Hilda prayed;
 Themselves, within their holy bound,
 Their stony folds had often found.
 They told, how sea-fowls' pinions fail,
 As over Whitby's towers they sail, 20
 And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,
 They do their homage to the Saint.
 Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters fail, xiv
 To vie with these in holy tale;
 His body's restingplace of old,
 How oft their patron changed, they told;
 How, when the rude Dane burn'd their pile, 5
 The monks fled forth from Holy Isle;
 O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
 Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore. 10
 They rested them in fair Melrose;
 But though, alive, he loved it well,
 Not there his relics might repose;
 For, wondrous tale to tell!
 In his stone-coffin forth he rides,
 A ponderous bark for river-tides, 15
 Yet light as gossamer it glides,
 Downward to Tilmouth cell.
 Nor long was his abiding there,
 For southward did the Saint repair;
 Chester-le-Street and Rippon saw 20
 His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw
 Hailed him with joy and fear;
 And, after many wanderings past,
 He chose his lordly seat at last,
 Where his cathedral, huge and vast, 25
 Looks down upon the Wear:

There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
His relics are in secret laid ;

But none may know the place,
Save of his holiest servants three, 30
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,

Who share that wondrous grace.
Who may his miracles declare ! xv

Even Scotland's dauntless king, and heir,
(Although with them they led
Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,
And Lodon's knights, all sheathed in mail, 5
And the bold men of Teviotdale,)

Before his standard fled.
'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,
Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,
And turned the Conqueror back again, 10
When, with his Norman bowyer band,

He came to waste Northumberland.

BUT fain Saint Hilda's nuns would learn, xvi
If, on a rock, by Lindisfarne,

Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name :

Such tales had Whitby's fishers told, 5
And said they might his shape behold,

And hear his anvil sound ;
A deadened clang,—a huge dim form,

Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm, 10
And night were closing round.

But this, as tale of idle fame,
The nuns of Lindisfarne disclaim.

WHILE round the fire such legends go, xvii
Far different was the scene of woe,

Where, in a secret aisle beneath,
Council was held of life and death.

It was more dark and lone that vault, 5
Than the worst dungeon-cell ;

Old Colwulf built it, for his fault
 In penitence to dwell,
 When he, for cowl and beads, laid down
 The Saxon battle-axe and crown. 10
 This den, which, chilling every sense
 Of feeling, hearing, sight,
 Was called the Vault of Penitence,
 Excluding air and light,
 Was, by the prelate Sexhelm, made 15
 A place of burial, for such dead,
 As, having died in mortal sin,
 Might not be laid the church within.
 'Twas now a place of punishment ;
 Whence if so loud a shriek were sent, 20
 As reached the upper air,
 The hearers blessed themselves, and said,
 The spirits of the sinful dead
 Bemoaned their torments there.
 BUT though, in the monastic pile, xviii
 Did of this penitential aisle
 Some vague tradition go,
 Few only, save the Abbot, knew
 Where the place lay ; and still more few 5
 Were those, who had from him the clue
 To that dread vault to go.
 Victim and executioner
 Were blindfold when transported there.
 In low dark rounds the arches hung, 10
 From the rude rock the side-walls sprung :
 The gravestones, rudely sculptured o'er,
 Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,
 Were all the pavement of the floor ;
 The mildew-drops fell one by one, 15
 With tinkling splash, upon the stone.
 A cresset, in an iron chain,
 Which served to light this drear domain.

Her cap down o'er her face she drew;
 And, on her doublet breast,
 She tried to hide the badge of blue,
 Lord Marmion's falcon crest. 10
 But, at the Prioress' command,
 A monk undid the silken band,
 That tied her tresses fair,
 And raised the bonnet from her head,
 And down her slender form they spread, 15
 In ringlets rich and rare.
 Constance de Beverley they know,
 Sister professed of Fontevraud,
 Whom the Church numbered with the dead,
 For broken vows, and convent fled. 20
 WHEN thus her face was given to view, xxi
 (Although so pallid was her hue,
 It did a ghastly contrast bear
 To those bright ringlets glistening fair,)
 Her look composed, and steady eye, 5
 Bespoke a matchless constancy;
 And there she stood so calm and pale,
 That, but her breathing did not fail,
 And motion, slight of eye and head,
 And of her bosom, warranted 10
 That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
 You might have thought a form of wax,
 Wrought to the very life, was there;
 So still she was, so pale, so fair.
 HER comrade was a sordid soul, xxii
 Such as does murder for a meed;
 Who, but of fear, knows no control,
 Because his conscience, seared and foul,
 Feels not the import of his deed; 5
 One, whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires
 Beyond his own more brute desires.



INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.

TO RICHARD HEBER, ESQ.

Mertoun House, Christmas

Heap on more wood !—the wind is chill ;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer : 5
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain ;
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew ;
Then in his low and pine-built hall, 10
Where shields and axes decked the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer ;
Caroused in seas of sable beer ;
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnawed rib, and marrow-bone : 15
Or listened all, in grim delight,
While scalds yelled out the joys of fight.
Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,
While wildy-loose their red locks fly,
And dancing round the blazing pile, 20
They make such barbarous mirth the while,
As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
 Loved when the year its course had rolled, 25
 And brought blithe Christmas back again,
 With all his hospitable train.
 Domestic and religious rite
 Gave honour to the holy night :
 On Christmas eve the bells were rung ; 30
 On Christmas eve the mass was sung ;
 That only night in all the year,
 Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
 The damsel donned her kirtle sheen ;
 The hall was dressed with holly green ; 35
 Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
 To gather in the misletoe.
 Then opened wide the baron's hall
 To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;
 Power laid his rod of rule aside, 40
 And Ceremony doffed his pride.
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,
 That night might village partner choose ;
 The Lord, underogating, share
 The vulgar game of "post and pair." 45
 All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
 And general voice, the happy night,
 That to the cottage, as the crown,
 Brought tidings of salvation down.
 The fire, with well-dried logs supplied, 50
 Went roaring up the chimney wide ;
 The huge hall-table's oaken face,
 Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
 Bore then upon its massive board
 No mark to part the squire and lord. 55
 Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
 By old blue-coated serving-man ;
 Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
 Crested with bays and rosemary.
 Well can the green-garbed ranger tell, 60

How, when, and where, the monster fell ;
 What dogs before his death he tore,
 And all the baiting of the boar.
 The wassel round, in good brown bowls,
 Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls. 65
 There the huge sirloin reeked ; hard by
 Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie ;
 Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
 At such high tide, her savoury goose.
 Then came the merry maskers in, 70
 And carols roared with blithesome din ;
 If unmelodious was the song,
 It was a hearty note, and strong.
 Who lists may in their mumming see
 Traces of ancient mystery ; 75
 White shirts supplied the masquerade,
 And smutted cheeks the visors made ;
 But, O ! what maskers, richly dight
 Can boast of bosoms half so light !
 England was merry England, when 80
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.
 'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale :
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
 The poor man's heart through half the year. 85

Still linger, in our northern clime,
 Some remnants of the good old time ;
 And still, within our valleys here,
 We hold the kindred title dear,
 Even when, perchance, its far-fetched claim 90
 To Southron ear sounds empty name ;
 For course of blood, our proverbs deem,
 Is warmer than the mountain-stream.
 And thus, my Christmas still I hold
 Where my great-grandsire came of old, 95
 With amber beard, and flaxen hair,
 And reverend apostolic air—

The feast and holy-tide to share,
 And mix sobriety with wine,
 And honest mirth with thoughts divine. 100
 Small thought was his, in after-time
 E'er to be hitched into a rhyme.
 The simple sire could only boast,
 That he was loyal to his cost ;
 The banished race of kings revered, 105
 And lost his land,—but kept his beard.

In these dear halls, where welcome kind
 Is with fair liberty combined ;
 Where cordial friendship gives the hand,
 And flies constraint the magic wand 110
 Of the fair dame that rules the land,
 Little we heed the tempest drear,
 While music, mirth, and social cheer,
 Speed on their wings the passing year.
 And Mertoun's halls are fair e'en now, 115
 When not a leaf is on the bough.
 Tweed loves them well, and turns again,
 As loath to leave the sweet domain,
 And holds his mirror to her face,
 - And clips her with a close embrace :— 120
 Gladly as he, we seek the dome,
 And as reluctant turn us home.

How just that, at this time of glee,
 My thoughts should, Heber, turn to thee !
 For many a merry hour we've known, 125
 And heard the chimes of midnight's tone.
 Cease, then, my friend ! a moment cease,
 And leave these classic tomes in peace !
 Of Roman and of Grecian lore,
 Sure mortal brain can hold no more. 130
 These ancients, as Noll Bluff might say,
 Were "pretty fellows in their day,"
 But time and tide o'er all prevail;—

On Christmas eve a Christmas tale—
 Of wonder and of war—"Profane !
 100 What ! leave the lofty Latian strain,
 Her stately prose, her verse's charms,
 To hear the clash of rusty arms ;
 In Fairy Land or Limbo lost,
 To jostle conjurer and ghost,
 105 Goblin and witch !"—Nay, Heber dear,
 Before you touch my charter, hear ;
 Though Leyden aids, alas ! no more
 My cause with many-languaged lore,
 This may I say :—in realms of death
 110 Ulysses meets Alcides' *wraith* ;
 Æneas, upon Thracia's shore,
 The ghost of murdered Polydore ;
 For omens, we in Livy cross,
 At every turn, *locutus Bos*.
 115 As grave and duly speaks that ox,
 As if he told the price of stocks ;
 Or held, in Rome republican,
 The place of Common-councilman.

All nations have their omens drear,
 120 Their legends wild of woe and fear.
 To Cambria look—the peasant see,
 Bethink him of Glendowerdy,
 And shun "the spirit's Blasted Tree."
 The Highlander, whose red claymore
 125 The battle turned on Maida's shore,
 Will, on a Friday morn, look pale,
 If asked to tell a fairy tale :
 He fears the vengeful Elfin King,
 Who leaves that day his grassy ring ;
 130 Invisible to human ken,
 He walks among the sons of men.

Didst e'er, dear Heber, pass along
 Beneath the towers of Franchémont,

Which, like an eagle's nest in air, 170
 Hang o'er the stream and hamlet fair ?
 Deep in their vaults, the peasants say,
 A mighty treasure buried lay,
 Amassed through rapine and through wrong,
 By the last lord of Franchémont. 175
 The iron chest is bolted hard,
 A Huntsman sits, its constant guard ;
 Around his neck his horn is hung,
 His hanger in his belt is slung ;
 Before his feet his bloodhounds lie : 180
 An 'twere not for his gloomy eye,
 Whose withering glance no heart can brook,
 As true a huntsman doth he look,
 As bugle e'er in brake did sound,
 Or ever holloed to a hound. 185
 To chase the fiend, and win the prize,
 In that same dungeon ever tries
 An aged Necromantic Priest ;
 It is an hundred years at least,
 Since 'twixt them first the strife begun, 190
 And neither yet has lost nor won.
 And oft the Conjuror's words will make
 The stubborn Demon groan and quake ;
 And oft the bands of iron break,
 Or bursts one lock, that still amain, 195
 Fast as 'tis opened, shuts again.
 That magic strife within the tomb
 May last until the day of doom,
 Unless the Adept shall learn to tell
 The very word that clenched the spell, 200
 When Franch'mont locked the treasure cell.
 An hundred years are past and gone,
 And scarce three letters has he won.

Such general superstition may
 Excuse for old Pitscottie say ; 205
 Whose gossip history has given

My song the messenger from Heaven,
 That warned, in Lithgow, Scotland's King,
 Nor less the infernal summoning ;
 May pass the monk of Durham's tale, 210
 Whose Demon fought in Gothic mail :
 May pardon plead for Fordun grave,
 Who told of Gifford's Goblin-Cave.
 But why such instances to you,
 Who, in an instant, can review 215
 Your treasured hoards of various lore,
 And furnish twenty thousand more ?
 Hoards, not like theirs whose volumes rest
 Like treasures in the Franch'mont chest ;
 While gripple owners still refuse 220
 To others what they cannot use ;
 Give them the priest's whole century,
 They shall not spell you letters three ;
 Their pleasure in the books the same
 The magpie takes in pilfered gem. 225
 Thy volumes, open as thy heart,
 Delight, amusement, science, art,
 To every ear and eye impart ;
 Yet who, of all who thus employ them,
 Can, like the owner's self enjoy them ?— 230
 But, hark ! I hear the distant drum !
 The day of Flodden Field is come. —
 Adieu, dear Heber ! life and health,
 And store of literary wealth.



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CANTO VI.

THE BATTLE.

WHILE great events were on the gale, i
 And each hour brought a varying tale,
 And the demeanour, changed and cold,
 Of Douglas fretted Marmion bold,
 And, like the impatient steed of war,
 He snuffed the battle from afar ; 5
 And hopes were none, that back again
 Herald should come from Terouenne,
 Where England's King in leaguer lay,
 Before decisive battle-day ; 10
 While these things were, the mournful Clare
 Did in the Dame's devotions share :
 For the good Countess ceaseless prayed,
 To Heaven and Saints, her sons to aid,
 And, with short interval, did pass 15
 From prayer to book, from book to mass,
 And all in high baronial pride,
 A life both dull and dignified ;
 Yet as Lord Marmion nothing pressed
 Upon her intervals of rest, 20
 Dejected Clara well could bear
 The formal state, the lengthened prayer,
 Though dearest to her wounded heart
 The hours that she might spend apart.
 I SAID, Tantallon's dizzy steep ii
 Hung o'er the margin of the deep

Many a rude tower and rampart there
 Repelled the insult of the air,
 Which, when the tempest vexed the sky, 5
 Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by.
 Above the rest, a turret square
 Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,
 Of sculpture rude, a stony shield ;
 The Bloody Heart was in the field, 10
 And in the chief three mullets stood,
 The cognisance of Douglas blood.
 The turret held a narrow stair
 Which, mounted, gave you access, where
 A parapet's embattled row 15
 Did seaward round the castle go ;
 Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,
 Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,
 Sometimes in platform broad extending,
 Its varying circle did combine 20
 Bulwark, and bartisan, and line,
 And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign ;
 Above the booming ocean leant
 The far-projecting battlement ;
 The billows burst, in ceaseless flow, 25
 Upon the precipice below.
 Where'er Tantallon faced the land,
 Gate-works, and walls, were strongly manned ;
 No need upon the sea-girt side ;
 The steepy rock, and frantic tide, 30
 Approach of human step denied ;
 And thus these lines, and ramparts rude,
 Were left in deepest solitude.
 AND, for they were so lonely, Clare 35
 Would to these battlements repair,
 And muse upon her sorrows there,
 And list the seabird's cry ;
 Or slow, like roontide ghost, would glide 5

Along the dark-grey bulwarks' side,
And ever on the heaving tide

Look down with weary eye.

Oft did the cliff, and swelling main,
Recal the thoughts of Whitby's fane,—
A home she ne'er might see again;

10

For she had laid adown,
So Douglas bade, the hood and veil,
And frontlet of the cloister pale,

And Benedictine gown:

15

It were unseemly sight, he said,
A novice out of convent shade.
Now her bright locks, with sunny glow,
Again adorned her brow of snow;
Her mantle rich, whose borders, round,
A deep and fretted broidery bound,
In golden foldings sought the ground;
Of holy ornament, alone

20

Remained a cross with ruby stone;

And often did she look

25

On that which in her hand she bore,
With velvet bound, and broidered o'er,
Her breviary book.

In such a place, so lone, so grim,
At dawning pale or twilight dim,

30

It fearful would have been,

To meet a form so richly dressed,
With book in hand, and cross on breast,

And such a woeful mien.

Fitz-Eustace, loitering with his bow,
To practise on the gull and crow,
Saw her, at distance, gliding slow.

35

And did by Mary swear,—

Some lovelorn Fay she might have been,
Or, in romance, some spellbound queen;
For ne'er, in workday world, was seen

40

A form so witching fair.

ONCE walking thus, at evening-tide, iv
 It chanced a gliding sail she spied,
 And, sighing, thought—"The Abbess there,
 Perchance, does to her home repair;
 Her peaceful rule, where Duty, free,
 Walks hand in hand with Charity;
 Where oft Devotion's tranced glow
 Can such a glimpse of heaven bestow,
 That the enraptured sisters see
 High vision, and deep mystery; 10
 The very form of Hilda fair,
 Hovering upon the sunny air,
 And smiling on her votaries' prayer.
 Oh! wherefore, to my duller eye,
 Did still the Saint her form deny! 15
 Was it that, seared by sinful scorn,
 My heart could neither melt nor burn?
 Or lie my warm affections low,
 With him, that taught them first to glow?
 Yet, gentle Abbess, well I knew, 20
 To pay thy kindness grateful due,
 And well could brook the mild command,
 That ruled thy simple maiden band.
 How different now!—condemned to bide
 My doom from this dark tyrant's pride. 25
 But Marmion has to learn, ere long,
 That constant mind and hate of wrong
 Descended to a feeble girl,
 From Red De Clare, stout Gloster's Earl:
 Of such a stem, a sapling weak, 30
 He ne'er shall bend, although he break.
 But see!—what makes this armour here?" v
 For in her path there lay
 Targe, corslet, helm;—she viewed them near.—
 "The breastplate pierced!—Aye, much I fear,

Weak fence wert thou 'gainst foeman's spear, 5
That hath made fatal entrance here,

As these dark blood-gouts say.—
Thus Wilton!—Oh! not corslet's ward,
Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,
Could be thy manly bosom's guard, 10
On yon disastrous day!"—

She raised her eyes in mournful mood,—
WILTON himself before her stood!
It might have seemed his passing ghost,
For every youthful grace was lost; 15
And joy unwonted, and surprise,
Gave their strange wildness to his eyes.—

Expect not, noble dames and lords,
That I can tell such scene in words:
What skilful limner ere would choose 20
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?
Far less can my weak line declare

Each changing passion's shade; 25
Brightening to rapture from despair,
Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,
And joy, with her angelic air,
And hope, that paints the future fair,

Their varying hues displayed: 30
Each o'er its rival's ground extending,
Alternate conquering, shifting, blending,
Till all, fatigued, the conflict yield,
And mighty Love retains the field.

Shortly I tell what then he said, 35
By many a tender word delayed,
And modest blush, and bursting sign,
And question kind, and fond reply:—

DE WILTON'S HISTORY.

"FORGET we that disastrous day, When senseless in the lists I lay. Thence dragged,—but how I cannot know, For sense and recollection fled,— I found me on a pallet low,	vi 5
Within my ancient beadsman's shed. Austin,—remember'st thou, my Clare, How thou didst blush, when the old man, When first our infant love began, Said we would make a matchless pair?— Menials, and friends, and kinsmen fled From the degraded traitor's bed,— He only held my burning head, And tended me for many a day, While wounds and fever held their sway.	 10 15
But far more needful was his care, When sense returned to wake despair; For I did tear the closing wound, And dash me frantic on the ground, If e'er I heard the name of Clare. At length, to calmer reason brought, Much by his kind attendance wrought, With him I left my native strand, And, in a Palmer's weeds arrayed, My hated name and form to shade,	 20 25
I journeyed many a land; No more a lord of rank and birth, But mingled with the dregs of earth. Oft Austin for my reason feared, When I would sit, and deeply brood On dark revenge, and deeds of blood, Or wild mad schemes upreared.	 30

My friend at length fell sick, and said,
 God would remove him soon ;
 And, while upon his dying bed, 35
 He begged of me a boon—
 If e'er my deadliest enemy
 Beneath my brand should conquered lie,
 Even then my mercy should awake,
 And spare his life for Austin's sake. 40
 STILL restless as a second Cain, vii
 To Scotland next my route was ta'en.
 Full well the paths I knew ;
 Fame of my fate made various sound,
 That death in pilgrimage I found, 5
 That I had perished of my wound,—
 None cared which tale was true :
 And living eye could never guess
 De Wilton in his Palmer's dress ;
 For now that sable slough is shed, 10
 And trimmed my shaggy beard and head,
 I scarcely know me in the glass.
 A chance most wondrous did provide,
 That I should be that Baron's guide—
 I will not name his name !— 15
 Vengeance to God alone belongs ;
 But, when I think on all my wrongs,
 My blood is liquid flame !
 And ne'er the time shall I forget,
 When, in a Scottish hostel set, 20
 Dark looks we did exchange :
 What were his thoughts I cannot tell ;
 But in my bosom mustered Hell
 Its plans of dark revenge.
 A WORD of vulgar augury, viii
 That broke from me, I scarce knew why,
 Brought on a village tale :

Which wrought upon his moody sprite,
 And sent him armed forth by night. 5
 I borrowed steed and mail,
 And weapons, from his sleeping band ;
 And passing from a postern-door,
 We met, and 'countered, hand to hand,—
 He fell on Gifford Moor. 10
 For the death-stroke my brand I drew,
 (Oh then my helmed head he knew,
 The Palmer's cowl was gone,)
 Then had three inches of my blade
 The heavy debt of vengeance paid,— 15
 My hand the thought of Austin staid,—
 I left him there alone.
 Oh, good old man ! even from the grave,
 Thy spirit could thy master save :
 If I had slain my foeman, ne'er 20
 Had Whitby's Abbess, in her fear,
 Given to my hand this packet dear,
 Of power to clear my injured fame,
 And vindicate De Wilton's name.
 Perchance you heard the Abbess tell 25
 Of the strange pageantry of Hell,
 That broke our secret speech :
 It rose from the infernal shade,
 Or feately was some juggle played,
 A tale of peace to teach. 30
 Appeal to Heaven I judged was best,
 When my name came among the rest.
 Now here, within Tantallon Hold, ix
 To Douglas late my tale I told,
 To whom my house was known of old.
 Won by my proofs, his falchion bright
 This eve anew shall dub me knight. 5
 These were the arms that once did turn
 The tide of fight on Otterburne,

And Harry Hotspur forced to yield,
 When the dead Douglas won the field.
 These Angus gave : his armourer's care, 10
 Ere morn, shall every breach repair ;
 For nought, he said, was in his halls,
 But ancient armour on the walls,
 And aged chargers in the stalls,
 And women, priests, and grey-haired men ; 15
 The rest were all in Twisel Glen.
 And now I watch my armour here,
 By law of arms, till midnight's near ;
 Then, once again a belted knight,
 Seek Surrey's camp with dawn of light. 20
 THERE soon again we meet, my Clare !
 This Baron means to guide thee there :
 Douglas reveres his King's command,
 Else would he take thee from his band. 25
 And there thy kinsman, Surrey, too,
 Will give De Wilton justice due.
 Now meeter far for martial broil,
 Firmer my limbs, and strung by toil,
 Once more "——" O Wilton ! must we then 30
 Risk new-found happiness again,
 Trust fate of arms once more ?
 And is there not a humble glen,
 Where we, content and poor,
 Might build a cottage in the shade, 35
 A shepherd thou, and I to aid .
 Thy task on dale and moor ?—
 That reddening brow !—too well I know,
 Not even thy Clare can peace bestow
 While falsehood stains thy name :
 Go then to fight ! Clare bids thee go ! 40
 Clare can a warrior's feelings know,
 And weep a warrior's shame ;
 Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel,

Buckle the spurs upon thy heel,
And belt thee with thy brand of steel, 25
And send thee forth to fame!"—
THAT night, upon the rocks and bay, xi
The midnight moonbeam slumbering lay,
And poured its silver light, and pure,
Through loophole, and through embrasure,
Upon Tantallon tower and hall; 5
But chief where arched windows wide
Illuminate the chapel's pride,
The sober glances fall.
Much was there need; though, seamed with scars,
Two veterans of the Douglas' wars, 10
Though two grey priests were there,
And each a blazing torch held high,
You could not by their blaze descry
The chapel's carving fair.
Amid that dim and smoky light, 15
Chequering the silvery moonshine bright,
A Bishop by the altar stood,
A noble lord of Douglas blood,
With mitre sheen, and rocquet white.
Yet shewed his meek and thoughtful eye 20
But little pride of prelacy;
More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld. 25
Beside him ancient Angus stood,
Doffed his furred gown, and sable hood:
O'er his huge form, and visage pale,
He wore a cap and shirt of mail;
And leaned his large and wrinkled hand 30
Upon the huge and sweeping brand,
Which wont, of yore, in battle-fray,
His foeman's limbs to shred away,

As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.
 He seemed as, from the tombs around 35
 Rising at judgment-day,
 Some giant Douglas may be found
 In all his old array ;
 So pale his face, so huge his limb,
 So old his arms, his look so grim. 40
 THEN at the altar Wilton kneels, xii
 And Clare the spurs bound on his heels ;
 And think what next he must have felt,
 At buckling of the falchion belt !
 And judge how Clara changed her hue, 5
 While fastening to her lover's side
 A friend, which, though in danger tried,
 He once had found untrue !
 Then Douglas struck him with his blade :
 " Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid, 10
 I dub thee knight.
 Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir !
 For king, for church, for lady fair,
 See that thou fight."—
 And Bishop Gawain, as he rose, 15
 Said,—“ Wilton ! grieve not for thy woes,
 Disgrace, and trouble ;
 For He, who honour best bestows,
 May give thee double.”—
 De Wilton sobbed, for sob he must— 20
 “ Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust
 That Douglas is my brother ! ”—
 “ Nay, nay,” old Angus said, “ not so ;
 To Surrey's camp thou now must go,
 Thy wrongs no longer smother. 25
 I have two sons in yonder field ;
 And if thou meet'st them under shield,
 Upon them bravely—do thy worst ;
 And foul fall him that blenches first ! ”—

NOT far advanced was morning day. xiii
 When Marmion did his troop array
 To Surrey's camp to ride ;
 He had safe-conduct for his band,
 Beneath the royal seal and hand, 5
 And Douglas gave a guide :
 The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
 Would Clara on her palfry place,
 And whispered, in an undertone,
 "Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown." 10
 The train from out the castle drew,
 But Marmion stopped to bid adieu :—
 "Though something I might plain," he said,
 "Of cold respect to stranger guest,
 Sent hither by your King's behest, 15
 While in Tantallon's towers I staid ;
 Part we in friendship from your land,
 And, noble Earl, receive my hand."—
 But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :— 20
 "My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
 Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
 To each one whom he lists, howe'er
 Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
 My castles are my King's alone, 25
 From turret to foundation-stone—
 The hand of Douglas is his own ;
 And never shall in friendly grasp
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp."—
 BURNED Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire, xiv
 And shook his very frame for ire,
 And—"This to me !" he said,—
 "An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared 5
 To cleave the Douglas' head !
 And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,

He, who does England's message here,
 Although the meanest in her state,
 May well, proud Angus, be thy mate: 10
 And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
 Even in thy pitch of pride,
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
 (Nay, never look upon your lord,
 And lay your hands upon your sword,) 15
 I tell thee, thou 'rt defied !
 And if thou saidst I am not peer
 To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied !"— 20
 On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age :
 Fierce he broke forth,—“ And dar'st thou then
 To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglas in his hall ? 25
 And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go ?—
 No, by Saint Bryde of Bothwell, no !—
 Up drawbridge, grooms !—what, Warder, ho !
 Let the portcullis fall.”—
 Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need ! 30
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,
 Like arrow through the archway sprung,
 The ponderous gate behind him rung :
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, razed his plume. 35
 THE steed along the drawbridge flies, xv
 Just as it trembled on the rise ;
 Not lighter does the swallow skim
 Along the smooth lake's level brim :
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band, 5
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
 And shout of loud defiance pours,
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he reined his fury's pace: 10
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.—
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed!
At first in heart it liked me ill, 15
When the King praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line:
So swore I, and I swear it still,
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill. — 20
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him too," he cried;
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride: 25
I warrant him a warrior tried."—
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.
THE day in Marmion's journey wore; xvi
Yet, ere his passion's gust was o'er,
They crossed the heights of Stanrig Moor.
His troop more closely there he scann'd,
And missed the Palmer from the band. — 5
"Palmer or not," young Blount did say,
"He parted at the peep of day;
Good sooth, it was in strange array."—
"In what array?" said Marmion, quick.
"My lord, I ill can spell the trick; 10
But all night long, with clink and bang,
Close to my couch did hammers clang;
At dawn the falling drawbridge rang,
And from a loophole while I peep,
Old Bell-the-Cat came from the keep, 15
Wrapped in a gown of sables fair,

As fearful of the morning air ;
 Beneath, when that was blown aside,
 A rusty shirt of mail I spied,
 By Archibald won in bloody work, 20
 Against the Saracen and Turk :
 Last night it hung not in the hall ;
 I thought some marvel would befall.
 And next I saw them saddled lead
 Old Cheviot forth, the Earl's best steed ; 25
 A matchless horse, though something old,
 Prompt to his paces, cool and bold.
 I heard the Sheriff Sholto say,
 The Earl did much the Master pray
 To use him on the battle-day ; 30
 But he preferred—"Nay, Henry, cease !
 Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace.—
 Eustace, thou bear'st a brain—I pray,
 What did Blount see at break of day ?"—
 "In brief, my lord, we both descried 37
 (For I then stood by Henry's side)
 The Palmer mount, and outwards ride,
 Upon the Earl's own favourite steed ;
 All sheathed he was in armour bright, 5
 And much resembled that same knight,
 Subdued by you in Cotswold fight :
 Lord Angus wished him speed."—
 The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,
 A sudden light on Marmion broke ;— 10
 "Ah ! dastard fool, to reason lost !"
 He muttered ; " 'Twas nor fay nor ghost,
 I met upon the moonlight wold,
 But living man of earthly mould.—
 Oh, dotage blind and gross ! 15
 Had I but fought as wont, one thrust
 Had laid De Wilton in the dust,
 My path no more to cross.—

How stand we now?—he told his tale
 To Douglas: and with some avail; 20
 'Twas therefore gloomed his rugged brow.—
 Will Surrey dare to entertain,
 'Gainst Marmion, charge disproved and vain?
 Small risk of that, I trow.—
 Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun; 25
 Must separate Constance from the Nun—
 Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
 When first we practise to deceive!—
 A Palmer too!—no wonder why
 I felt rebuked beneath his eye: 30
 I might have known there was but one,
 Whose look could quell Lord Marmion."—
 STUNG with these thoughts, he urged to speed xviii
 His troop, and reached, at eve, the Tweed,
 Where Lennel's convent closed their march.
 (There now is left but one frail arch,
 Yet mourn thou not its cells; 5
 Our time a fair exchange has made;
 Hard by, in hospitable shade,
 A reverend pilgrim dwells,
 Well worth the whole Bernardine brood,
 That e'er wore sandal, frock, or hood.) 10
 Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there
 Give Marmion entertainment fair,
 And lodging for his train and Clare.
 Next morn the Baron climbed the tower,
 To view afar the Scottish power, 15
 Encamped on Flodden edge:
 The white pavilions made a show,
 Like remnants of the winter snow,
 Along the dusky ridge.
 Long Marmion looked:—at length his eye 20
 Unusual movement might descry
 Amid the shifting lines:

The Scottish host drawn out appears,
 For, flashing on the hedge of spears,
 The eastern sunbeam shines. 25

Their front now deepening, now extending,
 Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
 Now drawing back, and now descending,
 The skilful Marmion well could know,
 They watched the motions of some foe, 30
 Who traversed on the plain below.

EVEN so it was;—from Flodden ridge xix
 The Scots beheld the English host
 Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
 And heedful watched them as they crossed

The Till by Twisel Bridge. 5
 High sight it is, and haughty, while
 They dive into the deep defile;
 Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,
 Beneath the castle's airy wall.

By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree, 10
 Troop after troop are disappearing;
 Troop after troop their banners rearing,

Upon the eastern bank you see.
 Still pouring down the rocky den,
 Where flows the sullen Till, 15

And rising from the dim wood-glen,
 Standards on standards, men on men,

In slow succession still,
 And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
 And pressing on, in ceaseless march, 20
 To gain the opposing hill.

That morn, to many a trumpet-clang,
 Twisel! thy rock's deep echo rang;
 And many a chief of birth and rank,
 Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank. 25

Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
 In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,

Had then from many an axe its doom,
 To give the marching columns room.
 AND why stands Scotland idly now, xx
 Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
 Since England gains the pass the while,
 And struggles through the deep defile?
 What checks the fiery soul of James? 5
 Why sits that champion of the dames
 Inactive on his steed,
 And sees, between him and his land,
 Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
 His host Lord Surrey lead? 10
 What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand?—
 O Douglas, for thy leading wand!
 Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
 Oh for one hour of Wallace wight,
 Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight, 15
 And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right!"
 Another sight had seen that morn,
 From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
 And Flodden had been Bannockbourne!—
 The precious hour has passed in vain, 20
 And England's host has gained the plain;
 Wheeling their march, and circling still,
 Around the base of Flodden Hill.
 ERE yet the bands met Marmion's eye, xxi
 Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,—
 "Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!
 And see ascending squadrons come
 Between Tweed's river and the hill, 5
 Foot, horse, and cannon:—hap what ha
 My basnet to a prentice cap,
 Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!—
 Yet more! yet more!—how fair arrayed
 They file from out the hawthorn shade, 10

And sweep so gallant by !
 With all their banners bravely spread,
 And all their armour flashing high,
 Saint George might waken from the dead,
 To see fair England's standards fly."— 15
 "Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount ; "thou'dst best,
 And listen to our lord's behest."
 With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,—
 "This instant be our band arrayed ; 20
 The river must be quickly crossed,
 That we may join Lord Surrey's host.
 If fight King James,—as well I trust,
 That fight he will, and fight he must,—
 The Lady Clare behind our lines
 Shall tarry, while the battle joins."— 25
 HIMSELF he swift on horseback threw, xxii
 Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu ;
 Far less would listen to his prayer,
 To leave behind the helpless Clare.
 Down to the Tweed his band he drew, 5
 And muttered as the flood they view,—
 "The pheasant in the falcon's claw,
 He scarce will yield to please a daw :
 Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,
 So Clare shall bide with me." 10
 Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,
 Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,
 He ventured desperately :
 And not a moment will he bide,
 Till squire, or groom, before him ride ; 15
 Headmost of all he stems the tide,
 And stems it gallantly.
 Eustace held Clare upon her horse,
 Old Hubert led her rein,
 10 Stoutly they braved the current's course, 20
 And though far downward driven perforce,

The southern bank they gain ;
 Behind them, straggling, came to shore,
 As best they might, the train :
 Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore, 25
 A caution not in vain ;
 Deep need that day that every string,
 By wet unharmed, should sharply ring.
 A moment then Lord Marmion staid,
 And breathed his steed, his men arrayed, 30
 Then forward moved his band,
 Until, Lord Surrey's rearguard won,
 He halted by a cross of stone,
 That, on a hillock standing lone,
 Did all the field command. 35
 HENCE might they see the full array xxiii
 Of either host for deadly fray ;
 Their marshalled lines stretched east and west,
 And fronted north and south,
 And distant salutation passed 5
 From the loud cannon mouth ;
 Not in the close successive rattle,
 That breathes the voice of modern battle,
 But slow and far between.—
 The hillock gained, Lord Marmion stayed : 10
 " Here, by this cross," he gently said,
 " You well may view the scene ;
 Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare:
 Oh ! think of Marmion in thy prayer !—
 Thou wilt not ?—Well,—no less my care 15
 Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—
 You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
 With ten picked archers of my train ;
 With England if the day go hard,
 To Berwick speed amain.— 20
 But, if we conquer, cruel maid !
 My spoils shall at your feet be laid,

When here we meet again."—
 He waited not for answer there,
 And would not mark the maid's despair, 25
 Nor heed the discontented look
 From either squire; but spurred amain,
 And, dashing through the battle-plain,
 His way to Surrey took.
 "—THE good Lord Marmion, by my life! xxiv
 Welcome to danger's hour!—
 Short greeting serves in time of strife:—
 Thus have I ranged my power:
 Myself will rule this central host, 5
 Stout Stanley fronts their right,
 My sons command the vaward post,
 With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;
 Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
 Shall be in rearward of the fight, 10
 And succour those that need it most.
 Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
 Would gladly to the vanguard go;
 Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstal there,
 With thee their charge will blithely share; 15
 There fight thine own retainers too,
 Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."—
 "Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said,
 Nor further greeting there he paid:
 But, parting like a thunderbolt, 20
 First in the vanguard made a halt,
 Where such a shout there rose
 Of "Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry
 Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,
 Startled the Scottish foes. 25
 BLOUNT and Fitz-Eustace rested still xxv
 With Lady Clare upon the hill;
 On which, (for far the day was spent,)
 The western sunbeams now were bent.

The cry they heard, its meaning knew, 5
Could plain their distant comrades view :
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
“ Unworthy office here to stay !
No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—
But, see ! look up—on Flodden bent, 10
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.”—
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke. 15
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland’s war,
As down the hill they broke ;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march ; their tread alone, 20
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.—
Scarce could they hear or see their foes, 25
Until at weapon-point they close.—
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance’s thrust ;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth, 30
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air ;
O life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair. 35
Long looked the anxious squires ; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.
At length the freshening western blast xxvi
Aside the shroud of battle cast ;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears ;

5 And in the smoke the pennons flew,
 As in the storm the white sea-mew.
 Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
 The broken billows of the war,
 And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
 10 Floating like foam upon the wave;
 But nought distinct they see:
 Wide raged the battle on the plain;
 Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
 15 Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
 Wild and disorderly.
 Amid the scene of tumult, high
 They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
 And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
 20 And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
 Still bear them bravely in the fight;
 Although against them come,
 Of gallant Gordons many a one,
 And many a stubborn Highlandman,
 25 And many a rugged Border clan,
 With Huntley, and with Home.
 FAR on the left, unseen the while,
 Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
 Though there the western mountaineer
 30 Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
 And flung the feeble targe aside,
 And with both hands the broadsword plied:
 'Twas vain:—But Fortune, on the right,
 With fickle smile cheered Scotland's fight.
 35 Then fell that spotless banner white,
 The Howard's lion fell;
 Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
 10 With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
 Around the battle yell.
 The Border slogan rent the sky!

5

10

15

20

25

xxvii

5

10

xxvi

"A Home!" "A Gordon!" was the cry; 15
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As oends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail, 20
It wavered 'mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear:—
"By heaven, and all its saints, I swear,
I will not see it lost!
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare 25
May bid your heads and patter prayer,—
I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge, 30
Made, for a space, an opening large,—
The rescued banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes. 35
Then Eustace mounted too;—yet staid,
As loth to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head, 40
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste, 45
Then plunged into the fight.
Ask me not what the maiden feels, xxviii
Left in that dreadful hour alone:
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.—

The scattered van of England wheels ;—
 She only said, as loud in air
 The tumult roared, " Is Wilton there ? "—
 They fly, or, maddened by despair,
 Fight but to die.—" Is Wilton there ? "— 10
 With that, straight up the hill there rode
 Two horsemen drenched with gore,
 And in their arms, a helpless load,
 A wounded knight they bore.
 His hand still strained the broken brand ; 15
 His arms were smeared with blood and sand :
 Dragged from among the horses' feet,
 With dented shield, and helmet beat,
 The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
 Can that be haughty Marmion ! . . 20
 Young Blount his armour did unlace,
 And, gazing on his ghastly face,
 Said—" By Saint George, he's gone !
 That spear-wound has our master sped,
 And see the deep cut on his head ! 25
 Good night to Marmion."—
 " Unnurtured Blount ! thy brawling cease :
 He opes his eyes," says Eustace ; " peace ! "—
 WHEN, doffed his casque, he felt free air, xxix
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :—
 " Where's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace where ?
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare !
 Redeem my pennon,—charge again ! 5
 Cry—' Marmion to the rescue ! '—vain !
 Last of my race, on battle-plain
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again !—
 Yet my last thought is England's :—fly,
 To Dacre bear my signet ring ; 10
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring :—
 Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie ;
 Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
 His lifeblood stains the spotless shield :

Edmund is down ;—my life is left ;— 15
 The Admiral alone is left.
 Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
 Full upon Scotland's central host,
 Or victory and England's lost. — 20
 Must I bid twice ?—hence, varlets ! fly !
 Leave Marmion here alone—to die."—
 They parted, and alone he lay ;
 Clare drew her from the sight away,
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan, 25
 And half he murmured,—“ Is there none,
 Of all my halls have nursed,
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
 Of blessed water from the spring,
 To slake my dying thirst ! ”— 30
 O WOMAN ! in our hours of ease, xxx
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made ;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow, 5
 A ministering angel thou !—
 Scarce were the pitying accents said,
 When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
 To the nigh streamlet ran :
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ; 10
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.
 She stooped her by the runnel's side,
 But in abhorrence backward drew ;
 For, oozing from the mountain's side, 15
 Where raged the war, a dark red tide
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
 Where shall she turn !—behold her mark
 A little fountain cell,
 Where water, clear as diamond-spark, 20
 In a stone bason fell.

Above, some half-worn letters say,
Drink. weary. pilgrim. Drink. and. pray.
For. the. kind. soul. of. Sybil. Gray.

Who. built. this. cross. and. well.

25

She filled the helm, and back she hied,
 And with surprise and joy espied

A Monk supporting Marmion's head ;

A pious man, whom duty brought
 To dubious verge of battle fought,

30

To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

DEEP drank Lord Marmion of the wave,

xxxi

And, as she stooped his brow to lave—

"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,

"Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"

Then, as remembrance rose,—

5

"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!

I must redress her woes.

Short space, few words, are mine to spare ;

Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"

"Alas!" she said, "the while,—

10

Oh think of your immortal weal!

In vain for Constance is your zeal:

She——died at Holy Isle!"

Lord Marmion started from the ground,

As light as if he felt no wound ;

15

Though in the action burst the tide,

In torrents, from his wounded side.

"Then it was truth!" he said, "I knew

That the dark presage must be true.

I would the Fiend, to whom belongs

20

The vengeance due to all her wrongs,

Would spare me but a day!

For wasting fire, and dying groan,

And priests slain on the altar-stone,

Might bribe him for delay.

25

It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
 Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
 And doubly curst my failing brand!
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand."
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk, 30
 Supported by the trembling Monk.
 WITH fruitless labour, Clara bound, xxxii
 And strove to staunch, the gushing wound:
 The Monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
 Ever, he said, that, close and near, 5
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear,
 For that she ever sung,
 " *In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!" 10
 So the notes rung;—
 " Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
 Oh look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine: 15
 Oh think on faith and bliss!
 By many a deathbed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting seen,
 But never aught like this."
 The war, that for a space did fail, 20
 Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
 And—STANLEY! was the cry;—
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye:
 With dying hand, above his head 25
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted " Victory!—
 " Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!" . . .
 Were the last words of Marmion.
 By this, though deep the evening fell, xxxiii
 Still rose the battle's deadly swell,

For still the Scots, around their King,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor vaward wing, 5

Where Huntley, and where Home?—

Oh for for a blast of that dread horn,

On Fontarabian echoes borne,

That to King Charles did come,

When Rowland brave, and Olivier, 10

And every paladin and peer,

On Roncesvalles died!

Such blast might warn them, not in vain,

To quit the plunder of the slain,

And turn the doubtful day again, 15

While yet on Flodden side,

Afar, the Royal Standard flies,

And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,

Our Caledonian pride!

In vain the wish—for far away, 20

While spoil and havoc mark their way,

Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.—

“O Lady,” cried the Monk, “away!”—

And placed her on her steed;

And led her to the chapel fair, 25

Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.

There all the night they spent in prayer,

And, at the dawn of morning, there

She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

BUT as they left the dark'ning heath, xxxiv

More desperate grew the strife of death.

The English shafts in volleys hailed,

In headlong charge their horse assailed;

Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep, 5

To break the Scottish circle deep,

That fought around their King.

But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,

Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,

Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow, 10
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell. 15
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing 20
O'er their thin host and wounded King.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands, 25
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their King, their lords, their mightiest, low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoll'n and south winds blow, 30
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless splash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land; 35
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong: 40
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield! 45

DAY dawns upon the mountain's side :—

xxxv

There, Scotland ! lay thy bravest pride,
 Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one ;
 The sad survivors all are gone.—

View not that corpse mistrustfully,
 Defaced and mangled though it be ;
 Nor to yon Border castle high

5

Look northward with upbraiding eye ;

Nor cherish hope in vain,

That, journeying far on foreign strand,

10

The Royal Pilgrim to his land

May yet return again.

He saw the wreck his rashness wrought ;

Reckless of life, he desperate fought,

And fell on Flodden plain :

15

And well in death his trusty brand,

Firm clenched within his manly hand,

Beseemed the monarch slain.

But, oh ! how changed since yon blithe night !—

Gladly I turn me from the sight

20

Unto my tale again.

SHORT is my tale :—Fitz-Eustace' care

xxxvi

A pierced and mangled body bare

To moated Lichfield's lofty pile ;

And there, beneath the southern aisle,

A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,

5

Did long Lord Marmion's image bear.

(Now vainly for its sight you look ;

'Twas levelled, when fanatic Brook

The fair cathedral stormed and took ;

But, thanks to heaven, and good Saint Chad,

10

A guerdon meet the spoiler had !)

There erst was martial Marmion found,

His feet upon a couchant hound,

His hands to heaven upraised ;

And all around, on scutcheon rich,

15

And tablet carved, and fretted niche,

10

15

20

25

low, 30

35

40

45

His arms and feats were blazed.
 And yet, though all was carved so fair,
 And priests for Marmion breathed the prayer,
 The last Lord Marmion lay not there. 20
 From Ettrick woods, a peasant swain
 Followed his lord to Flodden plain,—
 One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay
 In Scotland mourns as “wede away;”
 Sore wounded, Sybil’s Cross he spied, 25
 And dragged him to its foot, and died.
 Close by the noble Marmion’s side.
 The spoilers stripped and gashed the slain,
 And thus their corpses were mista’en;
 And thus, in the proud Baron’s tomb, 30
 The lowly woodsman took the room.
 LESS easy task it were, to shew xxxvii
 Lord Marmion’s nameless grave, and low.
 They dug his grave e’en where he lay,
 But every mark is gone;
 Time’s wasting hand has done away 5
 The simple Cross of Sybil Gray,
 And broke her font of stone:
 But yet from out the little hill
 Oozes the slender springlet still.
 Oft halts the stranger there, 10
 For thence may best his curious eye
 The memorable field descry;
 And shepherd boys repair
 To seek the water-flag and rush,
 And rest them by the hazel bush, 15
 And plait their garlands fair;
 Nor dream they sit upon the grave,
 That holds the bones of Marmion brave.—
 When thou shalt find the little hill,
 With thy heart commune, and be still. 20
 If ever, in temptation strong,

Thou left'st the right path for the wrong,
 If every devious step, thus trod,
 Still led thee further from the road;
 Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom,
 On noble Marmion's lowly tomb;
 But say, "He died a gallant knight,
 With sword in hand, for England's right."

I do NOT rhyme to that dull elf,
 Who cannot image to himself,
 That all through Flodden's dismal night,
 Wilton was foremost in the fight;
 That, when brave Surrey's steed was slain,
 'Twas Wilton mounted him again;
 'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest hewed
 Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood:

Unmamed by Hollinshed or Hall,
 He was the living soul of all;
 That, after fight, his faith made plain,
 He won his rank and lands again;
 And charged his old paternal shield
 With bearings won on Flodden Field.

Nor sing I to that simple maid,
 To whom it must in terms be said,
 That king and kinsmen did agree,
 To bless fair Clara's constancy;

Who cannot, unless I relate,
 Paint to her mind the bridal's state;
 That Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,
 More, Sands, and Denny passed the joke:
 That bluff King Hal the curtain drew,
 And Catherine's hand the stocking threw;

And afterwards, for many a day,
 That it was held enough to say,
 In blessing to a wedded pair,
 "Love they like Wilton and like Clare!"—

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L'ENVOY.

TO THE READER.

Why then a final note prolong,
 Or lengthen out a closing song,
 Unless to bid the gentles speed,
 Who long have listed to my rede?
 To Statesmen grave, if such may deign
 To read the Minstrel's idle strain,
 Sound head, clean hand, and piercing wit,
 And patriotic heart—as PITT!
 A garland for the hero's crest,
 And twined by her he loves the best;
 To every lovely lady bright,
 What can I wish but faithful knight?
 To every faithful lover too,
 What can I wish but lady true?
 And knowledge to the studious sage,
 And pillow soft to head of age?
 To thee, dear schoolboy, whom my lay
 Has cheated of thy hour of play,
 Light task, and merry holiday!
 To all, to each, a fair good night,
 And pleasing dreams and slumbers light.

END OF MARMION.



PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

MARMION.

"Alas! that Scottish maid should sing
The combat where her lover fell!
That Scottish bard should wake the string
The triumph of our foes to tell!"—*Leyden.*

"The present story," says Scott, "turns upon the private adventures of a fictitious character; but is called a Tale of Flodden Field, because the hero's fate is connected with that memorable defeat, and the causes which led to it. The design of the Author was, if possible, to apprise his readers, at the outset, of the date of his story, and to prepare them for the manners of the age in which it is laid. Any historical narrative, far more an attempt at Epic composition, exceeded his plan of a Romantic Tale; yet he may be permitted to hope, from the popularity of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, that an attempt to paint the manners of the feudal times, upon a broader scale, and in the course of a more interesting story, will not be unacceptable to the public."

"The Poem opens about the commencement of August, and concludes with the defeat of Flodden, 9th September, 1513."

In his preface of 1830 he remarks, "Particular passages of the poem which was finally called *Marmion*, were laboured with a good deal of care by one by whom much care was seldom bestowed.

* * * * The period of its composition was a very happy one in my life; so much so, that I remember with pleasure, at

this moment, some of the spots in which particular passages were composed. It is probably owing to this that the Introductions to the several cantos assumed the form of familiar epistles to my intimate friends, in which I alluded more than was necessary, or graceful, to my domestic occupations and amusements, a loquacity which may be excused by those who remember that I was still young, light-headed and happy. * * * The Poem was finished in too much haste to allow me an opportunity of softening down, if not removing, some of its most prominent defects. The nature of Marmion's guilt, although similar instances were found, and might be quoted, as existing in feudal times, was nevertheless not sufficiently peculiar to be indicative of the character of the period, forgery being the crime of a commercial rather than a proud and warlike age. This gross defect ought to have been remedied or palliated. Yet I suffered the tree to lie where it had fallen."

Published 1808. *Marmion* was written chiefly at Ashestiel, Scott's residence on the Tweed, upon the outskirts of Ettrick Forest, in Selkirkshire. The Introductions to the first four cantos are dated from that place; but part of the first canto was written at the house of Mr. W. Stewart Rose, in the New Forest, at Hampshire. The poem was published in 1808, by Constable who tendered portions of the copyright to Mr. Miller and Mr. Murray, booksellers. It was printed in splendid quarto, price one guinea and a half. The first edition of 2000 copies was disposed of in less than a month. Then followed a second of 3000; a third and fourth 3000 each; and fresh editions were added until it had passed to the twelfth in 1825 when 31,000 had been sold.

Epitome. Ralph de Wilton who had been charged with treason, claimed to prove his innocence by the ordeal of battle, and being overthrown by lord Marmion was supposed to be dead, but was picked up by a headsman who nursed him carefully; and being restored to health, he went on a pilgrimage to foreign lands. Lord Marmion was betrothed to Constance de Beverley, and De Wilton to Lady Clare, daughter of the Earl of Gloucester. When De Wilton was supposed to be dead, Marmion proved faithless to Constance, and proposed to Clare—having an eye especially to her rich inheritance. Clare rejected his suit and took refuge in the convent of St. Hilda, in Whitby;

Constance on the other hand, took the veil in the convent of St. Cuthbert, in Holy Isle. In time Constance eloped from the convent, but being overtaken was buried alive in the walls of a deep cell. In the meantime Lord Marmion was sent by Henry VIII. with a message to James IV. of Scotland, and stopped at the hall of Hugh de Heron for a night. Sir Hugh, at his request, appointed him a guide to conduct him to the king, and the guide wore the dress of a palmer. On his return, lord Marmion hears that lady Clare is in Holy Isle, and commands the abbess of Hilda to release her that she may be placed under the charge of her kinsman Fitz Clare, of Tantallon Hall. Here she meets De Wilton, the palmer guide of Marmion. Lord Marmion being killed at the battle of Flodden Field, De Wilton married lady Clare.

Compared with The Lay. Ellis, as quoted by Lockhart stated:—"But, with respect to the two rivals, I think the *Lay* is, on the whole the greatest favourite. It is admitted that the fable of *Marmion* is greatly superior, that it inspires more interest, and that it is by no means inferior in point of poetical expression; but it is contended that the incident of Doleraine's journey to Melrose, surpasses any thing in *Marmion*, and that the personal appearance of the minstrel, who, though the last, is by far the most charming of all minstrels, is by no means compensated by the idea of an author shorn of his picturesque beard, deprived of his harp, and writing letters to his intimate friends * * * * What degree of bulk may be essentially necessary to the corporeal part of an epic poem, I know not; but sure I am that the story of *Marmion* might have furnished twelve books as well as six, that the masterly character of Constance would not have been less bewitching had it been much more minutely painted, and that De Wilton might have been dilated with great ease, and even to considerable advantage. In short, had it been your intention merely to exhibit a spirited romantic story, instead of making that story subservient to the manners which prevailed at a certain period of our history, the number and variety of your characters would have suited any scale of painting."

"It is a good deal longer (than the *Lay*), indeed and somewhat more ambitious; and it is rather clearer that it has greater faults than it has greater beauties—though for our own part, we

are inclined to believe in both propositions. It has more flat and tedious passages, and more ostentation of historical and antiquarian lore: but it has more richness and variety, both of character and incident; and if it has less sweetness and pathos in the softer passages, it has certainly more vehemence and force of colouring in the loftier and busier representations of action and emotion. * * * * the ballad pieces and mere episodes which it contains have less finish and poetical beauty; but there is more airiness and spirit in the delineations; and the story if not more skilfully conducted, is at least better complicated, and extended through a wider field of adventure. The characteristics of both, however, are evidently the same—a broken narrative, a redundancy of minute description, bursts of unequal and energetic poetry, and a general turn of spirit and animation unchecked by timidity or affection and unchastened by any great delicacy of taste or elegance of fancy.”—*Jeffrey*

The same critic grants that the poem affords “great indications of poetical genius” but regrets that the author should consume his time and talents in “imitations of obsolete extravagance.” He laments that an attempt should be made to revive a love for tales of knight-errantry and enchantment, and considers writing “modern romance of chivalry” like building a “modern abbey or English pagoda.”

Objections Considered. Morris thus sums up and considers the objections raised by Jeffrey:

“The indictment against this poem has a fourfold count:—1. It is irregular; 2. It is affected; 3. It is inaccurate; 4. The character of the hero is unsuited to the age in which he is placed.

“*Answers to Charges.*—The first of the charges, that he built his poem upon Gothic models, that he has introduced into an epic poem all the irregularities of a ballad, is an accusation which the poet would not have cared to meet, because he offended with his eyes open. Perhaps he did not feel equal to an epic poem—perhaps the age would have been impatient of it. How many readers has the *Excursion*? What has been the success of *Festus*? Tennyson has not produced an *Arthuriad*, but the *Idylls of the King*.

“The affectations are twofold—of allusions, needing notes: of language, needing a glossary. The first are the result of the placing of the scene in days not our own; all the details of the

Middle Ages, the clothes and the castle ceremonies, the kirtles and the whimples, the seneschals and sewers, against which Jeffrey is very angry, are intended to transport the reader more completely to the earlier times. The affectations of language are due partly to the same cause; but in some measure they are caused by the author's carelessness.

"The inaccuracies are chiefly to be found in the host's story in Canto III., and are probably intended to represent the inaccuracy of an uneducated man. There are some also for which he has an excuse in poetic license, as well as in the example of Shakespeare, who in the play of *Henry VIII.* introduces the Earl of Surrey and his father the Duke of Norfolk, although at the same time his father is dead. In this poem of *Marmion* there are at least four such inaccuracies, for each of which the author makes apology in his notes:—

(1.) "The substitution of Lady Ford for her husband as a hostage at the Scottish Court, and the alteration of his name from William to Hugh.

(2.) "Placing nuns at Whitby, Tynemouth, and Holy Island in the reign of Henry VIII.; also at Holy Island placing them in a house dedicated to St. Cuthbert, who hated women.

(3.) "Making Sir David Lindesay Lion-Herald, sixteen years before he attained that office; in this, Scott followed the poem of *Flodden Field*.

(4.) "Introducing Gawain Douglas as Bishop of Dunkeld, before he succeeded to the see."

The author's own admission, as given above, regarding "a gross defect," is a sufficient answer to the further count in the indictment.

Byron's Satire. In the following lines from *English Bards and Scottish Reviewers* the author of *Marmion* came in for a share of Byron's satire.

"Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And think'st thou, Scott! by vain conceit perchance,
On public taste to foist thy stale romance,

Though Murray with his Miller may combine
 To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?
 No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
 Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.
 Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
 Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame:
 Still for stern Mammon may they toil in vain!
 And sadly gaze on gold they cannot gain!
 Such be their meed, such still the just reward
 Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!
 For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
 And bid a long "Good-night to Marmion."

The unfairness of some of these insinuations is quite apparent. On first reading these lines Scott wrote:—

"It is funny enough to see a whelp of a young Lord Byron abusing me, of whose circumstances he knows nothing, for endeavouring to scratch out a living with my pen. God help the bear, if, having little else to eat, he must not even suck his own paws. I can assure the noble imp of fame it is not my fault that I was not born to a park and £5000 a year, as it is not his lordship's merit, although it may be his great good fortune, that he was not born to live by his literary talents or success."

Later Estimates. "The general impression about *Marmion* now is, that while in plan imperfect, in the choice of hero unfortunate, and in composition very unequal, it is in parts and passages superior to his other poems, and shows a power which, had it been systematically exerted on a worthier subject, and had not the age of epics been over, would have achieved a Scottish *Iliad*, or, at least, an *Orlando Furioso*. But Scott, industrious though he was, wanted the true epic patience, 'the long choosing and beginning late,' the calm and cumulative workmanship, and the majestic serenity of the heroic poet."—*Gilfillan*.

"It seeks to combine the chivalrous romance with the metrical chronicle; a union neither impossible nor without old precedent, but here very far from being well-executed. The blot by which the work is most deeply defaced, was pointed out on its appearance, in a famous criticism which gave much offence to the poet. It lies in the degradation of the nominal hero, and in the every-day and prosaic nature of the offences he is made to commit. But the poem abounds in very striking passages: the battle of Flodden is especially grand."—*Spalding*.

"Marmion himself is finely conceived, but the expedient of bringing about the catastrophe by representing such a character, however wicked, as forging documents, is a fatal blemish to the probability of the intrigue in such an age and country. But the defects of *costume* is amply, gloriously redeemed by the splendour, fire, energy, and livingness with which brilliant and varied scenes succeed each other in this magnificent evocation of chivalrous days. The voyage of the nuns is one of the very finest pictures even in Scott's vast gallery; the reader is carried bounding on like the bark; the verses breathe the very freshness of the sea. In the scene describing the immuring of Constance before the grim tribunal in the vaults of Landisfarn Abbey, Scott has ventured into the lofty regions of terror and pity; and how wonderfully is this awful episode contrasted with the exquisite grace of the Scottish court, when the Lady Heron sings the ballad of Lochinvar! is indeed to use the words of Shakespeare,—

'A fearful battle render'd you in music.'

The majestic pomp of preparation, the breathless pause, the roaring onset, the struggle, the carnage,—all is there: the reader feels his teeth setting, his breath held in, his blood rushing backward to the heart; it is as real as anything in the *Iliad*; and the wail of lamentation and defeat, and the death of the conscience-haunted Marmion, form a most admirable and appropriate conclusion to that woful day

'Of Flodden's fatal field,

Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear
And broken was her shield.'"—*Shaw*.

"Judge Scott's poetry by whatever test you will—whether it be a test of that which is peculiar to it, its glow of national feeling, its martial ardour, its swift and rugged simplicity, or whether it be a test of that which is most common to it with other poetry, its attraction for all romantic excitements, its special feeling for the pomp and circumstances of war, its love of light and colour—and tested either way, Marmion will remain his finest poem. The battle of Flodden Field touches his highest point in its expression of stern patriotic feeling, in its passionate love of daring, and in the force and swiftness of its movement, no less than the brilliancy of its romantic interests, the charm of its picturesque detail, and the glow of its scenic colouring."

—*Hutton*.

The Introductions. "As for the 'epistolary dissertations,' it must, I take it, be allowed that they interfered with the flow of the story, when readers were turning the leaves with the first ardour of curiosity; and they were not, in fact, originally intended to be interwoven in any fashion with the romance of *Marmion*. Though the author himself does not allude to, and had perhaps forgotten the circumstances, when writing the Introductory Essay of 1830—they were announced, by an advertisement early in 1807, as 'Six Epistles from Ettrick Forest,' to be published in a separate volume, similar to that of the Ballads and Lyrical Pieces; and perhaps it might have been better that this first plan had been adhered to. But however that may be, are there any pages among all he ever wrote, that one would be more sorry he should not have written? They are among the most delicious portraiture that genius ever painted for itself, —buoyant, virtuous, happy genius—exulting in its own energies, yet possessed and mastered by a clear, calm, modest mind, and happy only in diffusing happiness around it."—*Lockhart*.

"Critics from the beginning onwards have complained of the six introductory epistles, as breaking the unity of the story. But I cannot see that the remark has weight. No poem is written for those who read it as they do a novel—merely to follow the interests of the story; or if any poem be written for such readers, it deserves to die. On such a principle—which treats a poem as a mere novel and nothing else—you might object to Homer that he interrupts the battle so often to dwell on the origin of the heroes who are waging it; or to Byron that he deserts Childe Harold to meditate on the rapture of solitude. To my mind the ease and frankness of these confessions of the author's recollections give a picture of his life and character while writing *Marmion*, which adds greatly to its attraction as a poem." *Hutton*.

Versification. Scott's versification well harmonizes with his subjects. Milton avoided rhyme in his *Paradise Lost* because it seemed, he says, too light for so glorious a topic. "Scott has vindicated the metre of his tales as preferable to Pope's couplet; in the case of a romance which was a development of the ballad, the vindication was needless. Scott's metre is the true English counterpart, if there be one, of Homer. In *The Lady of the Lake* it is the simple eight-syllabled couplet. In the other poems variations are freely introduced with the best effect.

Scott had no ear for music but he had an ear for verse."—*Goldwin Smith*. The *iambic tetrameter* rhyming couplets in which *Marmion* is chiefly written suits a romantic subject. It is a very rapid metre and excellently adapted for rapid narrative. When employed in a long poem it has the fault of *monotony*. Scott recognizing the fault relieves the monotony of this "sort of horseman stanza," as he termed it, by three kinds of modifications. These are (1) variations in the metre; (2) variations in the rhyme; and (3) the introduction of songs.

Metre. The prevailing metre is *iambic tetrameter* but variations are made in (1) the kind; and (2) the number of feet. A *trochee* is sometimes used instead of an iambus, generally at the beginning of a line, (see I. iv. 13., II. iv. 12). Occasionally we have an anapest (two unaccented followed by one accented syllable) instead of an iambus (see I. iv. 1., I. xii. 1).

As regards the number of feet the most remarkable variation is in the employment of two *dimeters* instead of the tetrameter (See II. xxviii.), but the use of *trimeters*, which are generally used to mark a fall in the sense, is quite common (See I. i. 3).

Rhyme. Sometimes we have what seem rhymes of spelling rather than sound as "worth" and "forth," "stone" and "gone;" generally these are the relics of an old pronunciation. "War" is rhymed with "jar" and "tone" with "on." Such words as "tower" and "bower" are taken as words of one syllable, as also "heaven" and "driven." In *Marmion* we find three variations from the regular rhyme:

1. The use of *triplets*. (See I. iii., and notice also that the eighth line rhymes with the fourth, and fourteenth with the eleventh.)

2. The rhyming of alternate lines, most commonly though not exclusively used, with the change to *trimeters*. (See IV., vii., 28.)

3. The introduction of double or feminine rhymes. These have generally a syllable beyond the usual number (*hypermetric*). See IV., i., and xv.

Songs. The frequent introduction of old ballads in Scott's poems is very characteristic of his age. Then the rage for old poetry was at its height. The metre, rhyme, spirit, and quaintness of language and sentiment are used with admirable effect

and the variation thus afforded gives a pleasing break to the monotony of the rhyming couplets. The regular ballad metre is not always followed and the use of obsolete and strange fancy—woven melodious syllables adds a weird tone to the songs. The following may be noticed:

1. In l. xiii. we have the fragment of a ballad of anapestic metre, which consists of *dimeters* or *tetrameters*, each foot being an anapest, a dactyl, or a spondee.

2. In Constance's song in III., x, xi., the prevailing feet are dactyls (one accented and two unaccented syllables) which are varied in three different ways:—

(a) By having the second line in each couplet deficient of the final syllable (*catalectic*).

(b) By the occasional introduction of an extra syllable (*hyper-metric*) preceding the first dactyl (see xi., 10).

(c) By an anticipation of the rhyme in two cases, which in effect throws the final syllable of the first line into the second line of the couplet (see xi., 5).

3. In Lady Heron's song, V. xii., where we have anapestic metre, the first foot being a spondee.



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NOTES TO MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO I.

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, poet and translator, (1775-1849), produced a *Naval History of the Late War*, a translation of *Amadis de Gaul*, *The Crusade of St. Louis*, and other poems, *Letters* to Henry Hallam, a version of the *Orlando Innamorato*, a translation of the *Orlando Furioso*, and other works. Part of *Marmion* was written at Mr. Rose's seat in the New Forest.

Epitome.—Winter is now setting in (1-36). Spring will return, but the patriotic dead cannot be recalled to life (37-68). Nelson, Pitt, and Fox will not be forgotten (69-165). The great statesmen who deservedly soared above the vulgar crowd, rest as brothers in the tomb (166-195). The Bard they once praised, now sings their fame (196-205). Such high themes are not for one who loves to wander on the banks of the Tweed and listen to the ancient shepherd's tale (206-248). You understand the influence of the old romances (249-283). I, also, will venture on romance and chivalry (284-309). Your own achievements encourage me to undertake such themes. Attend then to my tale (310-327).

2. **Sear.** A. S. *searion*. Cf. Shakespeare, "The sear, the yellow leaf."

3. **Linn.** A rocky torrent or waterfall, as Bracklin, near Calander, in Perthshire.

5. **Glen.** A valley, dale, dell, or dingle.

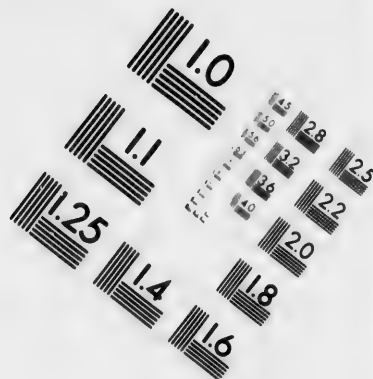
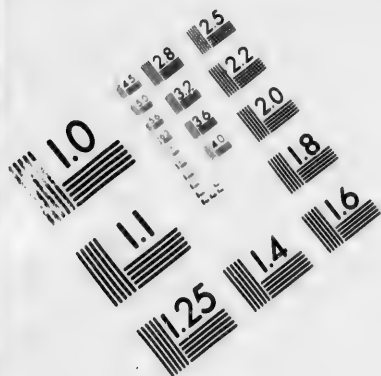
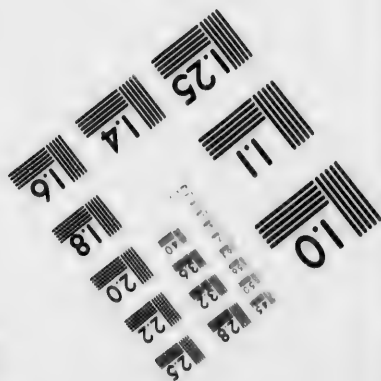
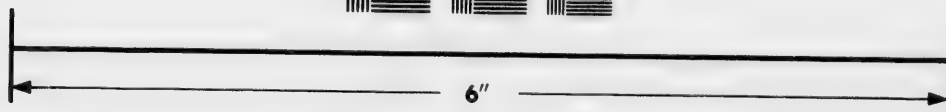
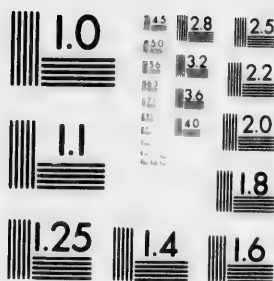


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6. **You, &c.** An adverbial proposition, the correlative of "so."
Scarce. For "scarcely" by *enallage*. See Introduction, 52.
Rivulet. Give a list of suffixes forming diminutives.
Ken. To discern with the eye. Cf. *can*, Mason's Gram., par. 243.
 8. **Trilled.** Ran with a tremulous murmur.
 9. **Now.** Notice the *antithesis* with "late."
 11. **Glade.** Properly an open space in the woods through which the light shines. Cf. "glitter," "glimmer."
 What poetical license in this line?
 14. **Tweed.** This river which rises in Peeblesshire, drains almost the whole of the East portion of the Scottish lowlands. Its course lies for the most part in a N. E. direction. It receives a number of small streams, and after a course of 95 miles, enters the North Sea, at Berwick. Its salmon fisheries are valuable. In this description of Ashestiel, and the brook which runs through it, we have one of the finest specimens of Scott's descriptive poetry.
 19. **Heather-bell.** The flower of the heath or heather.
 20. **Needpath-fell.** On the south bank of the Tweed, near Peebles.
 22. **Yair.** The seat of the Pringles, of Whytbank.
 24. **Down.** A. S. *dun*, a hill.
 28. **Wintry.** The description Scott gives of a Scotch winter is very fine.
 29. **Far.** Modifies "beneath their summer hill."
 30. **Glenkinnon.** The word *glen*, signifying valley, forms the first syllable of the names of many towns, parishes, and valleys, in Scotland and Ireland.
 32. **Him.** The simple pronoun used reflexively.
 35. **Covering.** L. *cubo*, to lie. Ger. *kauern*.
 37. **Imps.** Children or offspring.
 38. **Befits.** Used impersonally.
 39. **Influence.** "Whenever the word *influence* occurs in our English poetry, down to comparatively a modern date, there is always more or less remote allusion to the skyey or planetary influence supposed to be exercised by the heavenly bodies on men."
 —Trench. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, II., 1034:
 "But now at last the sacred *influence* of light appears."
 Cf. Job xxxviii, 31:
 "Canst thou bind the sweet *influence* of the Pleiades."
 Cf. also "disastrous," "ascendency," "jovial," "saturnine," "mercurial," as astrological terms still surviving.
 40. **Vanished.** L. *vanesco*.

41. **Gambols.** Fr. *gambiller*, to frisk about. "'Gambling' may be, as with a fearful irony it is called *play*, but it is nearly as distant from 'gamboling' as hell is from heaven."—*Trench*.

44. **Hawthorn.** A. S. *hæg*, a hedge and *thorn*.

48. **Garland.** It. *ghirlanda*. Lat. *gyrus*, a circle.

53. The *Monthly Review* of May, 1808, remarked: "The 'chance and change' of nature—the vicissitudes which are observable in the moral as well as the physical part of the creation,—have given occasion to more exquisite poetry than any other subject. The author had before made ample use of the sentiments suggested by these topics; yet he is not satisfied, but begins again with the same in his first introduction. The lines are certainly pleasing, but they fall in our estimation, far below that beautiful simile of the Tweed which he has introduced into his former poem." The author very effectively contrasts the prospect of returning spring and summer with the lack of any hope of recalling to life the "warlike and wise."

61. William Pitt, the younger.

62. Nelson.

64. **Even.** Modifies "on the meanest flower."

65. Notice the *epizeuxis*.

66. **Nelson's shrine.** Horatio Nelson (1758—1805) born in Norfolk; son of a rector; at 13 enters royal navy; post-captain at 21; in 1723 having been appointed to the *Agamemnon* he distinguished himself in the sieges of Bastia and Calvi, in Corsica; victory of the Nile, 1796; battle of Copenhagen, 1801; Trafalgar, 1805, where the victory cost him his life. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

68. **Pitt**, William, the second son of the Earl of Chatham; born 1759; attended Cambridge, 1773, where he became distinguished for his knowledge of classics; called to the bar, 1780; enters parliament, 1781; becomes prime minister in 1784; effects a commercial treaty with France, 1786, and the union with Ireland, 1800. "He was," says Macaulay, "a minister of great talents, honest intentions, and liberal opinions..... but unequal to surprising and terrible emergencies, and liable in such emergencies to err grievously, both on the side of weakness and on the side of violence." He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

72. **Gades** (hence Gadite) was the ancient name of Cadiz where Nelson died.

73. **Levin.** Lightning. Cf. Spenser.

"As when the flashing *levin* haps to shine
Upon two stubborn oaks."

What figure?

76. **Thunder's sound.** The cannon's roar.

79. Pitt is meant.

80. **Who.** See Mason's Grammar, par. 142.

81. **Thunderbolt.** A *metaphor*. Cf. Virgil's designation of the Scipios "duo fulmina belli."

82. **Hafnia.** Copenhagen. Pitt was not then in office.

83. **Born to guide.** For use of gerundial infinitive. See Mason's Grammar, par. 200.

Emprise. Undertaking.

84. Pitt was Premier at the age of twenty-three.

86. Died at the age of forty-six.

89. Pitt died £40,000 in debt.

90. **Albion,** a word of Celtic origin, said to mean the White Island.

96. Notice the force of the *Alexandrine*. See Introduction 21.

"During the time of the French Revolution, and the year afterwards, there were riots, seditions, mutinies, and rebellions in England and Ireland; but, at the same time, the popularity and influence of Pitt in favour of the cause of order were immense, and loyal declarations were signed, funds subscribed for carrying on the war, volunteers enrolled to repel invasion, and a thorough determination was evinced on the part of the nation to uphold the freedom of England, both at home and abroad."—*Chambers*.

97. **Watchman.** Predicate nominative.

101. **Beacon-light.** Observe the continuation of the figure in "pilot," "course," &c.

104. **Tottering throne.** Alluding to the lunacy of George III, who was threatened with it in 1788, had a subsequent attack in 1804, and lost his reason in 1810.

107. Pitt was noted for the silvery clearness of his voice.

111. **Palinurus.** The pilot of the ship of Æneas. He fell into the sea and was murdered by the natives of the coast. From his name was derived Palinurum (now Cape Palinuro), a promontory on the western coast of Lucania. See *Æneid* V., 835, 843, and VI., 349, &c.

117. **Then.** Modifies "grace." "While on," &c.; adverbial complement of "grace."

120. **Tocsin,** a bell struck to give a signal of alarm. Old Fr. *toquer*, to touch, and *sein*, *signum*, a signal-bell.

122. **Convoke.** Agrees with "bells."

127. **Rival.** Charles James Fox (1749-1806); educated at Eton and Oxford; entered Parliament at the age of 19, as member for Midhurst; held office under Lord North, with whom he disagreed;

opposed coercive measures during the American war, and favoured separation; a long and determined opponent of Pitt; Burke called him "the greatest debater the world ever saw," and Sir James Mackintosh, "the most Demosthenian speaker since Demosthenes." He was buried in Westminster Abbey so near the tomb of Pitt as to suggest to Sir Walter Scott the well known couplet (186-187):

"Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
"Twill trickle to his rival's bier."

128. *Requiescat* = let him rest.

135. Referring to the great power of examining any question under consideration.

146. *Fretted Aisles*, of Westminster Abbey. *Fretted* means ornamented by frets or small bars intersecting each other at right angles.

149. See Luke, II., 14.

151. "While Scott was correcting a second proof of the passage where Pitt and Fox are mentioned together, at Stanmore Priory, in April, 1807, Lord Abercorn suggested that the compliment to the Whig statesman ought to be still further heightened, and several lines,—

"For talents mourn untimely lost,
When best employed, and wanted most," &c.,

were added accordingly. I have heard, indeed, that they came from the Marquis's own pen. Ballantyne, however, from some inadvertence, had put the sheet to press before the *revise*, as it is called, arrived in Edinburgh, and some few copies got abroad in which the additional couplets were omitted. A London journal (*The Morning Chronicle*) was stupid and malignant enough to insinuate that the author had his presentation copies struck off with or without them, according as they were for Whig or Tory hands. I mention the circumstance now only because I see by a letter of Heber's that Scott had thought it worth his while to contradict the absurd charge in the newspapers of the day."—*Lockhart*.

155. The Austrians and Russians were defeated by the French at Austerlitz, in 1805. An alliance, from which Prussia held aloof, was formed between England, Austria, Russia, and Sweden.

157. *Timorous slave*. "Haugwitz, the minister of the king of Prussia, who waited to see whether the Austrians and Russians would resist the French. This timid policy was punished, as it deserved, by the humiliation of Prussia at the feet of Napoleon, after the battle of Jena, in 1806."—*Chambers*.

159. *Olive-branch*. An emblem of peace. *Metonymy*.

161. Fox could not agree to the unreasonable demands of Napoleon and broke off negotiations.

165. On the lines referring to Nelson, Pitt and Fox, Jeffrey remarked:—"We are unwilling to quarrel with a poet on the score of politics; but the manner in which he has chosen to praise the best of these brave men is more likely, we conceive, to give offence to his admirers than the most direct censure. The only deed for which he is praised is for having broken off the negotiation for peace; and for this act of firmness, it is added, Heaven rewarded him with a share in the honoured grave of Pitt! It is then said that his errors should be forgotten, and that he *died* a Briton; a pretty plain insinuation that, in the author's opinion, he did not live one; and just such an encomium as he himself pronounces over his villain hero, Marmion."

177. Thessaly was famed for the power of its witches.

182. Notice the rhyme.

184. *Taming*, &c., an absolute phrase.

185. Cf. Byron, *Age of Bronze*.

"Reader! remember thou wert a lad,
Then Pitt was all; or, if not all, so much,
His very rival almost deem'd him such,
We, we have seen the intellectual race
Of giants stand, like Titans, face to face;
Athos and Ida, with a dashing sea
Of eloquence between which flow'd all free,
As the dark billows of the Ægean war
Betwixt the Hellenic and the Phrygian shore.
But where are they—the rivals! a few feet
Of sullen earth divide each winding-sheet.
How peaceful and how powerful is the grave
Which hushes all! a calm unstormy wave
Which oversweeps the world. The theme is old
Of 'dust to dust;' but half its tale untold;
Time tempers not its terrors."

188. *Requiem*. L. *requies*, a dirge sung for the dead.

199. *Leaden*. Notice the *hypallage* or change of epithet.

203. In 1801, when the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* was published, Pitt and Fox were alive.

205. Another *Alexandrine*.

214. *Were*. Nominatives are "tears," "ruptures," and "rush."

217. *Ecstasy*. Gr. *ekstasis*.

228. *Farm*. *Ashestiel*.

230. The first foot is a *trochee*. With "tone" is made to rhyme "on."

242. **Trips it.** Cf. the expletive use of "it" in Milton, *L'Allegro*, 83.

"Corn, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastick toe."

243. **Meeter.** It is more suitable.

Cairn. A heap of stones used as a monument.

255. **Doughty.** A. S. *dohtig*, brave, valiant. The word is now chiefly used ironically. Cf. Pope:

"She smiled to see the *doughty* hero slain;
But at her smile the beau revived again."

256. **Weeds.** Clothes (that are *wed* or *woven*). Now generally confined to a widow's dress.

258. Sir Launcelot, chief knight of the Round Table is meant.

259. **Morgana.** Morgan le Fay, daughter of queen Igrayne, and half sister of king Arthur, who revealed to him the intrigues of Sir Launcelot and Guinever. She gave him a cup containing a magic draught, and Arthur had no sooner drunk it than his eyes were opened to the perfidy of his wife and friend.

260. **Chapel Perilous.** The chapel visited by Sir Launcelot.

263. **Ganore.** Guinever, King Arthur's queen.

265. **Tarquin.** For a full account of King Arthur and the "Knights of the Round Table," Turner's *History of the Anglo Saxons*, Warton's *History of English Poetry*, and Ellis's *Metrical Romances* may be consulted.

268. **Sangreal.** "The vessel from which our Saviour drank at the Last Supper, and which (as it is said) was afterwards filled by Joseph of Arimathea with the blood which flowed from his wounds. This blood was reported to have the power of prolonging life and preserving chastity. The quest of this cup forms the most fertile source of adventures to the Knights of the Round Table. The story of the Sangreal or Sangraal was first written in verse by Chiestien de Troyes (end of the tenth century) thence Latinised (thirteenth century), and finally turned into French prose by Gautier Map, by 'order of Lord Henry' (Henry III.). It commences with the genealogy of our Saviour, and details the whole Gospel history; but the prose romance begins with Arimathea. Its quest is continued in 'Percival,' a romance of the fifteenth century, which gives the adventures of a young Welshman, raw and unexperienced, but admitted to knighthood. At his death the Sangreal, the sacred lance, and silver trencher were carried up to heaven in the presence of attendants, and have never since been seen on earth."—*Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*.

See Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, *Quest of the Holy Grail*, and *Legend of Mort d'Arthur*, vol. iii., c. 46.

273. The *Faerie Queene*.

274. *Paradise Lost*.

276. Dryden had the design of writing an epic poem about King Arthur or the Black Prince. He refers to the project in an *Essay on Satire*, addressed to the Earl of Dorset, and prefixed to the translation of Juvenal. He says that age, poverty, and want of countenance on the part of his patrons prevented its accomplishment.

277. **King.** Charles II.

281. See "The Development of English Poetry," page 14.

283. Dryden is compared to Sampson. An *Alexandrine* line.

289. **Talisman** (Gr. *talesma*, consecration). A species of charm engraved on metal or stone.

292. Cf. the opening stanza of *The Lady of the Lake*.

294. Cf. Spenser, "A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine."

299. Cf. *Lady of the Lake* VI., 9.

312. **Ytene.** An old Saxon name for the New Forest.

314. Sir Bevis of Hampton was the hero of one of the old romances. He is said to have been a Christian champion against the Danes in the time of King Edgar. Through the influence of Crusades the scene of his actions is laid chiefly in the Holy Land among the Saracens. The giant, *Ascapart*, was an associate of Sir Bevis.

315. **Red King.** William Rufus, who was shot by Sir Walter Tyrrel.

320. There is an English edition by Southey of *Amadis de Gaule* which was written in Portugal by Vasco Lobeyra before the year 1300.

322. **Oriana.** The beloved of Amadis.

325. **Partenopex.** In 1808 W. S. Rose published a poem, *Partenopex de Blois*, which was an attempt to modernise an old romance of the fourteenth century, entitled *Parthenope de Blois*.



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NOTES TO MARMION.

CANTO I.—THE CASTLE.

Epitome. At sunset Lord Marmion arrives at Norham Castle, on the Tweed, where Sir Hugh Heron, the captain of the fortress, entertains him. The object of his journey is explained. He is going on a message from Henry VIII. to James IV. of Scotland, to learn why the latter is mustering his forces, and whether any hostile intentions are entertained against England. He asks for some trusty guide, herald, or pilgrim to conduct him to Holy-Rood, the royal palace of Scotland. A holy Palmer, who had come to Norham only the night before, is announced by Selby, the nephew of Sir Hugh. Under the guidance of the Palmer, Marmion sets out next morning.

In the opening Canto will be noticed :—

- (a). The bold description of Norham Castle.
- (b). The showy display at Marmion's reception.
- (c). The wild nature of the harper's "rhyme."
- (d). The peculiar guide selected.
- (e). The curiosity around with the opening incidents.

I.—1. Norham. The castle is situated on a steep bank of the Tweed, about six miles above Berwick. It is of red sandstone, and was built originally by Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, in 1121; demolished by David I., 1138; almost rebuilt in 1154, by Pudsey, Bishop of Durham; Edward I. resided there in 1286, when Balliol swore fealty to him; taken and retaken many times during the border wars; in 1603 Bishop Matthew devised it to the

crown, after it had belonged nearly 500 years to the See of Durham. The ruins of the castle are considerable as well as picturesque, consisting of a large shattered tower, with many vaults, and fragments of other edifices surrounded by a wall.

3. **Cheviot.** These mountains separate Roxburgh, in Scotland, from Northumberland, in England.

4. **Donjon.** L. *domino*, or perhaps from the Celtic *dun*, a hill, English *downs*. *Dunkirk* = church of the sandhills. The *donjon* contained the strongest part of the castle, hence *dungeon*.

5. **Loophole.** In the walls of a fortification are made openings, usually wider within than without, through which are discharged small arms and other weapons.

10. **Farms.** Predicate nominative. Notice the peculiarity of rhyme and metre.

II.—1. **Saint George.** See note xiv., 11.

4. **Scarce.** For "scarcely" by *enallage*. See Introduction 52.

6. **So** has the preceding proposition as its correlative.

10. **Timing** and **humming** agree with "warder."

III.—3. **Horneliff-hill.** N. E. of Norham, down the Tweed.

Plump. A cluster. Properly applied to a flight of water-fowl.

4. **Pennon.** L. *penna*, a wing. "A small pointed flag, anciently borne by a squire. When he was knighted the triangular end was cut off, leaving a small square flag. The cognate word *pendant* (may not this, however, be derived from *pendeo*, to hang?) denotes a long narrow flag, ending in one or two points, carried by ships as a sign that they are in active service."—*Morris*.

6. Notice the *simile* and *hyperbole*.

9. **Palisade.** Fr. *palissade*. L. *palus*, a stake or pale, hence a boundary or enclosure. Cf. Milton:

"The studious cloister's *pale*."

And Atterbury:

"A man born within the *pale* of Christianity."

10. **Barricade.** Cf "bar" and "barrier."

14. **For well, &c.** In such constructions "for" though really a preposition with the proposition following as its object, is generally taken as a conjunction, the proposition introduced being regarded as adverbial. See Mason's Grammar, par. 423.

16. **Sewer.** Fr. *asseoir*, to set on. Some derive from *suivre*, to follow, and others from *essuyer*, a towel. This officer's duties were to set on and take off the dishes.

Cf. Barclay: "Slow be the *sewers* in serving in alway,

And swift be they after in taking meat away."

And Milton:

"Then marshalled feast,

Served up in hall with *sewers* and seneschals."

VI.—

Middle

Squire. Old Fr. *écuyer*. L. *scutum*, a shield. Hence the armour-bearer of a knight. Afterwards used to indicate a country gentleman in possession of an estate.

Seneschal. (Fr. *senechal*. Low L. *seniscalcus*) A steward. **IV.—1. Malvoisie**, or Malmsey, a wine so called from Napoli di Malvasia, on the east side of the Morea, where it is produced. In this line the second foot is an anapest.

8. Salvo-shot. L. *salve*, hail!

11. Yeomen. (Perhaps from A. S. *geong*, young). A commoner.

13. Portcullis. Fr. *porte*, a gate, and *coulisse*, a slide; a sliding door of cross timbers pointed with iron, so as to be let down immediately in case of assault.

Notice the trochee in this line.

14. Unspurred. Unbarred.

15. "The defences of an ancient castle were:—1. A moat, or ditch filled with water. 2. A drawbridge over the moat, which could be hoisted or lowered. 3. A palisade guarding the approach to the drawbridge from without. 4. A portcullis in the castle wall at the inner end of the drawbridge."—*Chambers*. Observe the peculiarity of the rhyme.

Notice the animation observed in Scott's descriptions. We have the picture of the castle; the usual events of the evening; the arrival of Marmion; the order for his reception; and the promptness with which the directions were attended to—all mentioned in rapid succession.

V.—2. Red-roan. Fr. *rouan*. L. *rufus*, red.

3. Saddlebow. The front of the saddle.

5. Stalworth. Steel-worthy, or brave.

8. Bosworth field, in Leicestershire. In this battle, which was fought August 22nd, 1485, Richard III. was defeated and killed by Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, who was immediately proclaimed king, under the title of Henry VII. The scar, since this was 1513, would be twenty-eight years old.

13. Casque. Fr. *casque*. L. *cassis*.

18. Carpet-knight. A knight not dubbed on the field of battle, or one too effeminate to fight. Cf. *Lady of the Lake* V., 14, and Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night* III., 4. "He is a knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration," where Johnson remarks: "That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a knight-banneret dubbed on the field of battle, but on some carpet consideration at a festivity, or on some peaceable occasion, when knights receive this dignity kneeling not in war but on a carpet."

VI.—2. Milan steel. "The artists of Milan were famous in the Middle Ages for their skill in armoury, as appears from the fol-

lowing passage, in which Froissart gives an account of the preparations made by Henry Earl of Hereford (afterwards Henry IV.) and Thomas Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marischal, for their proposed combat in the lists at Coventry:—"These two lords made ample provisions of all things necessary for the combat; and the Earl of Derby sent off messengers to Lombardy, to have armour from Sir Galeas, Duke of Milan. The Duke complied with joy, and gave the knight, called Sir Francis, who had brought the message, the choice of all his armour for the Earl of Derby. When he had selected what he wished for in plated and mail armour, the Lord of Milan, out of his abundant love for the Earl, ordered four of the best armourers in Milan to accompany the knight of England, that the Earl of Derby might be more completely armed."—Johnes's 'Froissart,' vol. iv. p. 597."—*Scott*.

6. **Falcon.** *L. falx*, a sickle, applied to a kind of hawk from its hooked talons and beak.

9. **Azure.** "A mistake in heraldry; black on blue, a colour on a colour, is not allowed; the rule being colour on metal; or metal on colour. A similar mistake occurs in *Ivanhoe*, chap xxx.—a padlock painted blue on the black shield"—Mr. Nassau Senior, in reviewing, *Ivanhoe*, pointed out this strange coincidence, which argued the identity of the then anonymous novelist and Sir Walter Scott"—*Chambers*.

11. **Checks at.** Tries to stop.

Dight. Doomed.

14. **Housing.** Fr. *housses*, the ornamental covering for a horse.

VII.—3. **Gilded Spurs.** To be made knights and wear gilt spurs.

6. **Ring.** The reference to the practise of tilting at the ring where the horseman with his lance was to bear off at full gallop, a small ring hung at about the level of the eye.

9. **Ditties.** A. S. *dihtan*, to compose.

VIII.—2. **Halbert.** An ancient military weapon intended for both cutting and thrusting, formerly carried by sergeants of foot and artillery, being a kind of combination of a spear and a battle-axe with a variously formed head and a shaft about six feet long.

Bill. A hatchet with a hooked point.

4. **Sumpter-mules.** Those having pack-saddles (Fr. *soma*, Gr. *sagma*) and carrying loads.

5. **Palfrey.** A riding-horse, from Fr. *palefroi*, low *L. parafredus* *L. paraveredus*, from Gr. *para*, beside, *L. veredus*, a post-horse.

6. **Listed.** It pleased. See Mason's Grammar par. 247.

8. **Forky pennon.** "A swallow's tail" is still the technical name of a nautical pennon forked into that particular shape."—*Morris*.

16. *Behest*. A. S. *behas*, a request.
 20. *Cloth-yard*. Five quarters or an English ell in length.
 24. Notice the *alliteration*.
 IX.—1. *Tell*. Point out the object.
 2. *How fairly &c.* Form predicate complements of "stood".
 4. *Morion*. An open helmet, without a visor.
 5. *To Welcome &c.*, adverbial complement of "stood".
 8. *Linstock*. A wooden fork, to hold a lighted match, for firing cannon.

Yare. Ready.

11. *As then*. In analysing supply the ellipsis thus;—"As the clang was which rang through" &c.. The adverbial prop. is a complement of degree to "such."

X.—1. *Morrice-pikes*. Moorish pikes. Cf. "Morrice-dancers" *Lady of the Lake*, V. 20.

8. *Angels*. "An English coin bearing the stamp of an angel, in allusion, as some say, to Gregory the Great's 'Non Angli sed angeli.' (on which story see Stanley's 'Memorials of Canterbury,' p. 7 *et seq*; he gives it from Bede.) Its value varied at different times, but it was somewhere about ten shillings."—Morris.

11. *Brook*. Bear.

XI.—1. *Pursuivants*. Fr. *poursuivre*, L. *persequor*, attendants on heralds.

Tabards. The *Tabard* (Fr. *tabard*) was a jacket without sleeves, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar, winged at the shoulder like a cape, and worn by military men over their armour. It was the sign of the inn in Southwark, by London, where the pilgrims mentioned by Chaucer met.

2. *Scutcheon*. Escutcheon, the shield of a family on which coats of arms are emblazoned. Cf. "scape," "squire," "stabish" &c., as shortened forms.

"The most picturesque of all poets, Homer is frequently minute to the utmost degree, in the description of the dresses and accoutrements of his personages. These particulars, often inconsiderable in themselves, have the effect of giving truth and identity to the picture, and assist the mind in realizing the scenes, in a degree which no general description could suggest: nor could we so completely enter the *Castle* with Lord Marmion, were any circumstance of the description omitted."—*British Critic*.

6. *Marmion*. "Lord Marmion, the principal character of the present romance, is entirely a fictitious personage. In earlier times indeed, the family of Marmion, Lords of Fontenay, in Normandy, was highly distinguished. Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenay, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the

castle and town of Tamworth, and also of the manor of Scrivelby in Lincolnshire. One, or both, of these noble possessions was held by the honourable service of being the royal champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the Dukes of Normandy. But after the castle and demesne of Tamworth had passed through four successive barons from Robert, the family became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died in 20th Edward I. without issue male. He was succeeded in his castle of Tamworth by Alexander de Freville, who married Mazera, his grand-daughter. Baldwin de Freville, Alexander's descendant, in the reign of Richard I., by the supposed tenure of his castle of Tamworth, claimed the office of royal champion, and to do the service appertaining; namely, on the day of coronation, to ride, completely armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall, and there to challenge the combat against any who would gainsay the King's title. But this office was adjudged to Sir John Dymoke, to whom the manor of Scrivelby had descended by another of the co-heiresses of Robert de Marmion; and it remains in that family, whose representative is Hereditary Champion of England at the present day. The family and possessions of Freville have merged in the Earls of Ferrars. I have not, therefore, created a new family, but only revived the titles of an old one in an imaginary personage."—*Scott*.

Scott says, "It was one of the Marmion family, who in the reign of Edward II., performed that chivalrous feat before the very castle of Norham, which Bishop Percy has woven into his beautiful ballad, *The Hermit of Warkworth*."

7. **Fontenaye.** A town in Normandy, now in the department of Vendée, about twenty-seven miles N. E. of La Rochelle.

8. **Lutterward.** Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. The parish church contains the pulpit in which Wickliffe addressed his congregation.

Scrivelbaye. Or Scrivelby, in Lincolnshire.

9. **Tamworth.** On the Tame, in Staffordshire and partly in Warwickshire. Sir Robert Peel was member for this borough.

11. **Marks.** The *mark* was originally a weight, but like *pound* came to designate the name of a coin. Its value in England was 18s. 4d.

13. **Largesse.** L. *Largitio*, "This was a cry with which heralds and pursuivants were wont to acknowledge the bounty received from the knights.....The heralds, like the minstrels, were a race allowed to have great claims upon the liberality of the knights, of whose feats they kept a record, and proclaimed them aloud, as in the text, upon suitable occasions"—*S*

XII.—5. Lordlings. Diminutive for "lord."

8. **Lists.** First applied to the edge of cloth, then to a catalogue of names and afterwards to a line forming the extremity of a field of contest. Hence the place where tournaments were fought.

Cottiswold. The Cotswold Hills in Gloucester. The termination *wold* means a lawn or plain, Cf. Tennyson, *To J. S.*

"The wind that beats the mountain, blows
More softly round the open *wold*."

88. **Ourselves.** Notice the poetical license in the omission of "we."

17. **Crest.** Crests were given to mark successes.

19. The vanquished combatant was degraded by having his shield fastened up side down on a gibbet.

XIII.—2. Sir Hugh de Heron. "Were accuracy of any consequence in a fictitious narrative, this castellan's name ought to have been William; for William Heron of Ford was husband to the famous Lady Ford, whose siren charms are said to have cost our James IV. so dear. Moreover, the said William Heron was, at the time supposed, a prisoner in Scotland, being surrendered by Henry VIII., on account of his share in the slaughter of Sir Robert Ker of Cessford. His wife, represented in the text as residing at the Court of Scotland, was, in fact, living in her own Castle at Ford.—See Sir Richard Heron's curious *Genealogy of the Heron Family*."—*Scott*.

3. **Twisell.** Twisell Castle on the Till, belonging to the Blakes, descendants of the famous admiral.

Ford. Also on the Till, and built in 1287 by Sir W. Heron.

5. **Deas.** Or dais, a raised floor, or platform at one end of a hall.

11. *Scott* remarks;—"This old Northumbrian ballad was taken down from the recitation of a woman eighty years of age, mother of one of the miners of Alston-moor, by an agent for the lead mines there, who communicated it to my friend and correspondent, R. Surtees Esquire, of Mainsforth." A hoax seems to have been played on the author of *Marmion*. The success of the deception was owing to the fact that the vents mentioned in the ballad are supported by historical and contemporary evidence.

Mr. Surtees' notes are as follows;—"Willimoteswick, the chief seat of the ancient family of Ridley, is situated two miles above the confluence of the Allon and Tyne. It is a house of strength, as appears from one oblong tower, still in tolerable preservation. It has been long in possession of the Blacket family. *Hardriding* *Dick* is not an epithet referring to horsemanship, but means Richard Ridley of Hardriding, the seat of another family of that name, which in the time of Charles I was sold, on account of expenses incurred by the loyalty of the proprietor, the immediate ancestor

of Sir Matthew Ridley. Ridley, the bishop and martyr, was, according to some authorities, born at Hardriding, where a chair was preserved, called the Bishop's chair. Others, and particularly his biographer and namesake, Dr. Gloucester Ridley, assign the honour of the martyr's birth to Willimoteswick. *Will of the Wa'* seems to be William Ridley of Walltown, so called from its situation on the great Roman Wall. *Thirlwall* Castle, whence the clan of Thirlwalls derived their name, is situated on the small river of Tipple, near the western boundary of Northumberland. It is near the wall, and takes its name from the rampart having been *thirled*, i. e. pierced or breached, in its vicinity. Featherston Castle lies south of the Tyne, towards Alston Moor. *Albany Featherstonhaugh*, the chief of that ancient family, made a figure in the reign of Edward VI. A feud did certainly exist between the Ridleys and Featherstons, productive of such consequences as the ballad narrates."

Notice the anapestic metre of this ballad which may be thus scanned;—

How the fierce | Thirlwalls, and Rid | leys all,
 Stout Wil | limondswick,
 And Hard | riding Dick,
 And Hugh | ie of Haw | don, and Will o' the Wall
 Have set on Sir Al | bany Feat | herstonhaugh,
 And ta | ken his life | at the Dead | men's-shaw.

16. *Deadman's-shaw*. "Another reading is 'Deadmanshaugh. *Haugh*, according to Ogilvy, is a Scotch word, connected with German *hag*, an enclosed meadow, and means low-lying ground, property on the border of a river, and such as is sometimes overflowed. So *hay* in Devon, *Bouhay*, and *Shilhay*, on the Exe; whereas *shaw* is from the Saxon *scure*, a shade. It means a thicket of trees, a small shady wood. Chaucer uses it—'Gaillard he was a goldfinch in the shawe.' It is still used in Staffordshire, and is frequent in composition of names, as *Aldershaw*, *Gentle-shaw*."

XIV.—7. *Giust*. Or joust (Fr. *juste*, L. *juata*), a mock-fight on horseback.

11. *Saint George*. England's patron saint; said to have been born in Cappadocia; bishop of Alexandria; beheaded by order of Diocletian. His life was full of cruelty and fraud. It is stated that his picture was placed on the Saxon banners by Arthur in the sixth century and that he was the patron saint before the conquest. In 1830 he was adopted as the patron of the Order of the Garter.

XV.—1. *Wassail-bowl*. This was a large bowl out of which the Saxons used to pledge one another at their feasts (A. S. *wals*.

hael). Cf. Shak. *L. L. L.* V. 2, 318 "At wakes and wassails" *Ham.* I, 4, 9, "keeps wassail" *Macbeth*, I, 7, 64, "wine and wassail so convince." And "to drink one's health."

10. **Baby towers.** In the county of Durham, near the Tees, not far from Gainford. Formerly the Castle belonged to the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, but now to the Duke of Cleveland.

11. **The boy.** Constance de Beverley.

XVI.—8. Lindisfarn. "Lindisfarne, an isle on the coast of Northumberland, was called Holy Island, from the sanctity of its ancient monastery, and from its having been the episcopal seat of the see of Durham during the early ages of British Christianity. A succession of holy men held that office: but their merits were swallowed up in the superior fame of St. Cuthbert, who was sixth Bishop of Durham, and who bestowed the name of his "patrimony" upon the extensive property of the see. The ruins of the monastery upon Holy Island betoken great antiquity. The arches are, in general, strictly Saxon; and the pillars which support them, short, strong, and massy. In some places, however, there are pointed windows, which indicate that the building has been repaired at a period long subsequent to the original foundation. The exterior ornaments of the building, being of a light sandy stone, have been wasted as described in the text. Lindisfarne is not properly an island, but rather, as the venerable Bede has termed it, a semi-isle, for, although surrounded by the sea at full tide, the ebb leaves the sands dry between it and the opposite coast of Northumberland, from which it is about three miles distant."—*Scott*.

11. **Grace.** Cf. "Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too."—*Pope*. "To grace us with your royal company."—*Shak*.

13. **Pilgrimage.** Walsingham and more especially Canterbury were the chief places to which pilgrims repaired in England.

XVII.—1. Unreck'd. A. S. *recan*, to care for.

Taunt. Nominative absolute.

7. **Darksome.** "It looks in spelling as if the termination belonged to our pronoun *some* but it is really connected with a different pronoun, namely *same*."—*Earle*.

10. **Margaret.** Daughter of Henry VII.

12. **Falcon.** Falcons were carried on the hand with a hood over their heads before being started in pursuit of game.

13. **Leash.** L. *laqueus*. Used to hold the falcons.

XVIII.—1. Bride. Margaret.

4. Notice the rhyme.

10. **Warbeck.** Perkin Warbeck, or Peter Osbec. He pretended to be Richard, Duke of York.

11. **Gibbet.** Fr. *gibet*.
 13. **Ayton.** In Berwickshire.
XIX.—3. Enow. Enough.
 4. **Dunbar.** In Haddingtonshire, about thirty miles from Edinburgh.
 5. **Saint Bothan.** A convent of this name was in Berwickshire. It was founded by William the Lion. There were no monks there.
 6. **Lauderdale.** In the same county.
 7. **Greenlaw.** Capital of the county.
 8. By this phrase the Borderers "jocularly intimated the burning of a house."
XX.—4. Forayers. Perhaps derived from *fodder* or *forage*.
 5. **Bat.** Introduces the prop., "The sight," &c.
 9. Alluding to the famous Border strifes.
 15. **Pardoner.** One licensed to sell indulgences granted by the Pope. The system was attacked by Luther. Chaucer ridiculed it in his poetry.
 16. **Pilgrim.** L. *palegrinus*.
XXI.—4. Pursuivant. Cf. I. xi., 1.
 5. Pursuivants resided in their important fortresses, and were frequently sent on necessary embassies into Scotland.
 7. **Bishop.** Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham.
 9. **Ween.** A. S. *wenan*, to think.
 10. **Last Siege.** In 1498, when Norham was besieged by James IV.
 12. **Stinted.** A. S. *stintan*.
 15. **Vicar.** L. *vicarius*. The vicar of a parish acts in place of the rector.
 17. **Shoreswood.** A village near Norham.
 18. **Tillmouth.** At the mouth of the Till. Still are to be seen the ruins of St. Cuthbert's Chapel.
 26. **Newcastle.** Chief town of Northumberland.
Holy-Rood. The palace of the Scottish kings.
 29. **Bede.** The venerable Bede (673-735). Wrote *Lives of the Saints* and *Ecclesiastical History*. It was said an angel added the term *venerable* to the inscription on his tomb.
 32. **Bughtrig.** So called from the *ridge* where the *bught* or sheepfold is.
 34. **Sans.** Without.
 35. **Churl.** For change of meaning cf. "boor," "prude," "villain."
 37. **Shrieve.** To receive confession and grant absolution.

XXII.—1. Selby. "The Selbys of Biddlestown, an old North-umbrian family, have intermarried with the Herons."—*Chambers*.

4. **Woe.** Distinguish from *wo*.

8. An ancient game resembling backgammon.

11. **Needfullest.** Terminational comparison was formerly used to a much greater extent than at present.

23. **Fay.** Faith.

XXIII.—1. Palmer. A pilgrim to the Holy Land was privileged to carry a palm-staff. A Palmer was not like a pilgrim privileged to return to private life but spent his days in visiting holy shrines.

2. **Salem.** Jerusalem.

3. **Tomb** In Jerusalem.

6. **Ararat** in Armenia. Cf. *Gen. viii.*, 4.

12. **Levin.** Lightning.

14. The *cockle-shell* was sacred to James the patron saint of Spain. There was a shrine of his near Compostello.

15. **Montserrat.** A mountain in the north-east of Spain.

19. **Saint Rosalie.** A maid of Palermo, in Sicily. She lived in an almost inaccessible grotto.

XXIV.—1. Saint George. A fraternity was formed in 1385, at Norwich, in honour of St. George.

Merry. Cf. the phrase, "St. George and merry England."

2. **Saint Thomas.** Thomas à Becket.

3. **Cuthbert.** Prior, but subsequently Bishop of Landisfarne.

10. **But.** Notice the construction—he kens or 'cares as little as the wind (kens or cares), &c.

12. "This poem has faults of too great magnitude to be passed without notice. There is a debasing lowness and vulgarity in some passages, which we think must be offensive to every reader of delicacy, and which are not, for the most part, redeemed by any vigour or picturesque effect. The venison pasties, we think, are of this description; and this commemoration of Sir Hugh Heron's troopers, who

'Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's ale,' &c.

The long account of Friar John, though not without merit, offends in the same sort, nor can we easily conceive how any one could venture, in a serious poem, to speak of

——— 'the wind that blows,

And warms itself against his nose.'—*Jeffrey*.

XXV.—1. Gramercy. *Grand merci*, great thanks.

4. **Jeopardy.** Fr. *jeu perdu*, a lost game. Better *jeu parti*, a divided game. Some give Ger. *gefahr*, danger.

9. *Angels*. Cf. X. 8.

13. *Jovial*. Cf. *saturnine*, *mercurial*, and *disastrous*.

XXVI.—8. *Sooth to tell*. Adverbial complement of "murmured."

18. *Aves*. Prayers to the virgin (*ave Maria*, Hail Mary).

Creeds. L. *credo*.

XXVII.—8. *Cowl*. A monk's hood. L. *cucullus*.

12. *Scallop shell*. The shell of a mollusc. They are found abundantly on the coast of Palestine and worn by pilgrims.

13. *Loretto*. A town on the east coast of Italy and famous for a shrine of the Virgin Mary.

16. *Budget*. A little bundle.

Scrip. A small bag.

17. Jeffrey remarks, "The first presentment of the mysterious Palmer is laudable."

XXVIII.—8. *Withal*. An adverb.

8. *Peer*. L. *par*, equal.

XXIX.—7. *St. Andrews*. A town in Fifeshire, famous for its university.

9. *Saint Rule*. This saint lived a hermit in a cave in the rocks overhanging the sea at St. Andrews.

12. *St. Fillan*. Abbot of Pittenween in Fifeshire. In Perthshire there was a well sacred to him. Cf. *Lady of the Lake* I., 2.

XXXI.—4. *Hasty mass*. One taken before some urgent duty.

8. *Stirrup-cup*. Given to the guest after mounting.





NOTES TO MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO II.

Marriott. The Rev. John Marriott, A.M., to whom this epistle is addressed, was another of Scott's personal friends. He had considerable literary taste and wrote various ballads in the fourth volume of the *Border Minstrelsy*.

2. **Forest Fair.** Ettrick Forest.

6. **Synecdoche.**

7. **Compeers.** L. *compar*.

11. **Sapling.** The termination *ling* is used (1) to form names of men and animals used in a depreciatory sense as "wordling," and (3) to form diminutives as "gosling."

15. **Rowan.** Mountain ash.

28. **Lurching.** Lurking.

32. **Newark's tower.** At one time a royal castle on the Yarrow.

36. **Might see.** What is the object of this ver?

38. **Brake.** Brushwood.

41. **Gazehounds.** They pursue game by sight.

42. **Bratchet.** A slow hound; pursues by scent.

44. **Observe the triplet.**

45. **Quarry.** Fr. *curse*, L. *cor*. The heart and its surroundings given to the game. Hence the game itself.

Amain. On main.

48. **Harquebuss.** A rude kind of musket.

Notice the vividness with which the exciting incidents of the chase are depicted. Dogs, horses, horns, men, and echoes are introduced to swell the tumult.

54. **Ettrick.** James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," was born in this parish in 1772.

Yarrow. Flows into the Tweed.

55. **Erst.** Formerly, the superlative of *ere*.

Outlaw. An outlaw, John Murray, is said to have been made sheriff of Ettrick Forest by a charter of James IV. in 1509.

61. **Holt.** A woody hill.

63. **More fleet.** What is the complement of comparison?

64. **Dull.** Predicate adjective.

67. **Lore.** Learning.

70. **Nor hill.** *Nor* used for *neither*.

71. **But.** Equivalent to a negative and a relative.

73. **Bowhill.** On the delta formed by the confluence of the Ettrick and Yarrow.

81. **Elves.** Fairies.

Janet. She married Tamlane who had been brought up by the fairies. See *Border Minstrelsy*.

83. **Carterhaugh,** the scene of the ballad. The termination *haugh* is of *Norwegian* origin and means a meadow by the side of a river.

84. **Baron.** George Henry, Lord Scott, son of Charles, Earl of Dalkeith (afterwards Duke of Buccleuch and Queensbury). Lord Montagu (to whom *Marmion* was inscribed) was his uncle. The young nobleman (Mr. Marriott was his tutor) died a few days after the poem was published.

85. **Forest-Sheriff.** See note on 55.

86. **Ape,** to imitate servilely or ambitiously. Cf. Dryden:—
"Aping the foreigners."

87. **Oberon.** King of the faeries.

89. Harriet, Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Duchess of Buccleuch.

90. **Sylphid Queen.** Queen of the fairies. *Sylphs*, according to the belief of the middle ages are the elemental spirits of the air. They were so named by the Rosicrucians and Cabalists from the Greek *silphe*, a butterfly or moth.

91. **Earth.** The indirect object. See Mason's Gram., par. 80.

92. **Could.** For the spelling, see Mason's Grammar, par. 243.

96. **Noontide.** Cf. "springtide," "whitsuntide," &c. "Tide" is akin to the German *zeit*.

98. **Pensive.** L. *penso*, to weigh.

102. **Yair.** On the Tweed a couple of miles below Ashestiel.

106. **Lord.** Alexander Pringle, the owner.

107. Notice the rhyme.

108. **Boys.** Pringle's sons.

113. **Wallace.** Sir William.

Wight. A person.

122. **Tide.** A *metaphor*. Notice its continuation.

124. **Fate.** *Personification*.

126. Notice the melancholy allusion to youthful days with their pleasing scenes and joyous associations, and the comparison with the sterner duties of riper years.

147. This finely written line was suggested by the same beautiful sheet of water which, according to Scott, drew from Wordsworth the lines:—

“The swan on sweet St. Mary’s lake
Floats double, swan and shadow.”

154. **Mirror.** A *metaphor*.

177. This chapel at the eastern extremity of St. Mary’s Lock continued to be a place of worship during the seventeenth century.

187. **Of.** “And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.”

—*Il Penseroso*.

189. **Bourhope.** A hill 2,000 feet high, on the south side of the lake.

195. **Dryhope Tower** was at the eastern end of St. Mary’s Lake, supposed to have been the birth-place of Mary Scott, the “Flower of Yarrow,” who was buried in the adjoining cemetery.

198. **Bids.** What is the object?

202. “**Wizard’s grave**, a mound at one corner of the burial ground, called Binram’s Corse, where tradition places the remains of a priest named Binram, who had dealings with the Evil One. The ballad of Mess John, in Hogg’s *Mountain Bard*, tells the story at length.”—*Chambers*.

237. **Palmer.** De Wilton.

239. **Loch Skene.** Noted for its rough scenery.

259. **Linn.** A rocky torrent.

262. **Giant’s Grave.** A long tumulus near the foot of the cascade.

263. **Moffatdale.** (Valley of Moffat). A town in Dumfriesshire.

264. **Isis.** The Thames at Oxford.

267. **Man of woe.** De Wilton.

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NOTES TO MARMION.

CANTO II.—THE CONVENT.

In this Canto may be noticed :—

- (a) The vivid picture of the places seen in the voyage from Whitby to Holy Isle.
 - (b) The interesting description of the nuns.
 - (c) The legends of Whitby and St. Hilda—
 - (1) The punishment of the knights for killing a monk.
 - (2) The story of Edelfred.
 - (3) The fossil ammonites.
 - (4) The sea-fowls.
 - (d) The tales of St. Cuthbert—
 - (1) His burial.
 - (2) The influence of his banner at the battle of the Standard.
 - (3) His assistance to Alfred.
 - (4) The punishment of the Conqueror.
 - (5) Saint Cuthbert's beads.
 - (e) The increased interest in the plot through Constance's story.
 - (f) The Chapter and doom of Constance.
- I.—4.** Notice the effect of the compound words.
- 6. Breeze.** The noun and pronoun are by poetical license nominative to the same verb.
- 7. Far,** modifies the following adjunct.
- 9. Whitby.** "The Abbey of Whitby, in the Archdeaconry of Cleaveland, on the coast of Yorkshire, was founded A.D. 657, in consequence of a vow of Oswy, King of Northumberland. It contained both monks and nuns of the Benedictine order; but contrary to what was usual in such establishments, the abbess was superior to the abbot."—*Scott*,
- 10. St. Cuthbert.** See note to Canto I., 24, 3.

Holy Isle. See note to Canto I., 16, 8.

14. **As.** (She would bound if) she were, &c. See Mason's Grammar, par. 593.

18. **Freight.** The cargo was the abbess and nuns.

20. **St. Hilda.** A Northumbrian lady of rank of whom little is known except that she founded this abbey.

21. Notice the *alliteration*. As St. Hilda's Abbey was destroyed in 867 there were no nuns at Whitby afterwards. Scott, as he himself acknowledged, has here an *anachronism*.

II.—1. Transpose for analysis:—"It was sweet to see—how timid and how curious too, were these holy maids—that like birds had escaped their first flight from the cage to the green-wood shades."

Escaped. Transitive, with "flight" as object.

6. **Sights.** Subject of "engage."

9. **Benedicite.** L. *benedico*, to bless or speak well of. It is the first word of one of the Latin Canticles.

12. **Sea-dog.** The dog-fish, or a kind of seal.

18. **Dedicated.** To the service of God.

21. **Light.** Free from care.

23. **Novice.** L. *novitas*. A nun who has not yet taken her vows.

III.—17. Dower. L. *dotare*. A woman's property which she brings her husband at her marriage. As the abbess espoused the church she gave everything to it. The term now is applied to the property to which a widow may lay claim.

18. **Eastern tower.** Probably that which fell in June 15, 1830, the day after the death of George IV.

19. **Quaint.** Old fashioned. Formerly it meant elegant, Fr. *coint*, L. *comptus*, or perhaps from *cognitus*.

IV.—2. Benedictine. St. Benedict, the founder of the Black Friars, was an Italian monk of the fifth century.

5. **Light of youth.** *Metonymy*.

12. **Landisfarne.** See I., xvi., 8.

13. **Saint Cuthbert.** See I., xxiv., 3.

14. **Tynemouth.** A town at the mouth of the Tyne.

15. **Chapter.** A meeting of heads (*capita*) of houses. A court was about to be held, at which the heads of three religious houses belonging to the order of St. Benedict were to hold a trial on the two apostates. The chief ecclesiastics who are attached to a cathedral are called a *chapter*.

17. **Apostate.** Gr. *apostates*, one who deserts his religion.

V.—2. That she, &c. A noun proposition in apposition with "this."

3. **Unprofess'd.** Not having taken her vows.

5. **One.** De Wilton.

8. **One.** Marmion.

11. **Jackals.** Arab *tschakkal*.

VII.—5. This refers to Una, the virgin who tamed the lion, mentioned in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Canto III., 5. *Monarch* and *he* are subjects of the same verb by poetical license.

9. Human passions surpass, according to the poet, the lion's rage.

10. **Jealousy.** *Synecdoche*.

12. **Bowl** of poison. *Metonymy*.

VIII.—1. Skirts. *Vision*.

5. **Monk-Wearmouth.** A town in Durham.

8. **Seaton-Delaval.** On the Blyth and Tyne Railway, between Newcastle and Morpeth.

9. **Blythe** and **Wambeck** are rivers of Northumberland.

11. **Widderington**, on the Newcastle and Berwick Railway, a few miles north of Morpeth.

13. **Coquet-isle.** At the mouth of the Coquet. Here the Hermit of Warkworth lived in a shrine hewn out of a rock.

14. **Alne.** Alnwick is situated on this river.

15. **Warkworth.** Situated at the mouth of the Coquet. Here Shakespeare laid the scene of part of *Henry IV*.

Percy. Thomas Bishop of Dromore (1728-1811), published *Reliques of English Poetry* in 1765. The ballad here alluded to, *The Hermit of Warkworth*, was published in 1771.

20. **Dunstanborough.** Now only a ruin.

21. **Bamborough.** Still a magnificent castle. It was built by Ida the first Saxon king of Northumbria.

IX.—1. Flood-mark. That of the highest tide.

13. **Dark-red.** Made of red sandstone.

X.—2. Frowned. *Personal metaphor*.

5. **Art.** Gothic architecture. Probably the rows of pointed arches were first in imitation of the interlacing boughs of trees.

Stalk. An architectural term.

8. **To emulate.** In apposition with "art."

Scott's poetry had much influence in encouraging a national taste for Gothic architecture.

9. **Dane.** It was the old cathedral church which was destroyed by the Danes.

15. **Which.** Refers to "those" in 10.

17. **But.** A preposition.

24. **Niche.** Italian *nichio*, an oyster and hence a shell-like recess.

XI.—8. According. Harmonizing.

10. There were never any nuns in Holy Island. Indeed St. Cuthbert is said to have had a special dislike to women.

18. **Hale.** To haul.

XII.—1. Suppose. Subjunctive mood.

3. **All.** Modifies the adjunct following.

XIII.—3. "The story here alluded to is, that three knights, in the reign of Henry II., while hunting near Whitby, ran a wild boar into the chapel of a hermit at Eskdale-side, where it fell down and died. When the hermit came out and showed the knights the dead boar, they ran at him with their hunting spears and wounded him so severely that he died shortly afterwards. But when at the point of death, he begged their lives of the Abbot of Whitby, on condition that every year on Ascension Day they should do service for their lands, to be held from the Abbot, by driving some stakes into the shore at low-water. They were to be summoned to the task at sunrise by the Abbot's officer blowing a horn, and crying: 'Out on you! Out on you! Out on you! for the heinous crime of you.'"—*Chambers.*

13. **Edelfied.** The daughter of King Osway who defeated the pagan ruler of Mercia, and dedicated her to God.

14. **Snakes.** Ammonites a spiral fossil.

19. This fable probably arose from the fact that large numbers of gulls gather about the cliffs of Whitby.

XIV.—8. Resting place. The body of St. Cuthbert is said to have been brought from the Farne Island to Landisfarne, then to Whithorn, to Norham, to Melrose, to Tilmouth. Afterwards it was taken to Yorkshire and finally to Wardilaw.

4. **Patron.** St. Cuthbert.

10. **Melrose.** In Roxburghshire.

20. **Chester-le-Street.** Between Durham and Gateshead.
Rippon. In Yorkshire.

21. **Wardilaw.** Near Sunderland.

26. **Wear.** Rises in Durham and enters the North Sea at Wearmouth.

27. **Durham.** On the Wear; possesses a fine Cathedral dedicated to St. Cuthbert.

28. In 1827 the remains of the Saint were discovered.

XV.—2. King. David I.

4. **Galwegians.** Men of Galloway.

5. **Lodon.** Lothian.

8. **Teviotdale.** Teviot is a tributary of the Tweed.

7. The banner of St. Cuthbert was displayed on the "Standard."

9. It is said that the Saint appeared in a vision to Alfred.

10. Sudden sickness prevented the Conqueror from plundering the grave.

XVI.—1. Fain. An adverb.

4. Fossils, called *entrochi*, and supposed to be the vertebrae of animals. St. Cuthbert was supposed to forge these beads.

XVII.—Colwulf. A king of Northumbria who retired to Holy Island to live a life of sanctity.

17. **Sexhelm.** Bishop of Chester-le-Street.

VIII.—17. Cresset. Fr. *oreuset*, a small lamp.

22. **Conclave.** L. *con* and *clavis*, a closeted assembly.

XIX.—3. The rule of St. Benedict required on the part of the monks, implicit obedience, celibacy, abstaining from laughter, spare diet, poverty, the exercise of hospitality, and unremitting industry.

16. "But, as in the case of Whitby and Holy Island, the introduction of nuns at Tynemouth, in the reign of Henry VIII. is an anachronism."—*Scott*.

20. **Age's night.** A metaphor.

XX.—17. Beverley. In Yorkshire.

18. **Fontevraud.** A town in France, famous for its abbey which was at the head of a peculiar order—the men being subject to the women.

XXI.—14. "The picture of Constance before her judges, though more laboured than that of the voyage of the Lady Abbess, is not to our taste, so pleasing; though it has beauty of a kind fully as popular."—*Jeffrey*.

XXII.—6. Aspires. Some editions have "inspires."

8. **Tools.** A metaphor.

XXIII.—5. Who. Used indefinitely.

6. **Find exit.** *Metonymy*.

10. **Haggard.** A. S. *haga*, a hedge, hence a hawk of the wood, and wild-looking.

XXIV.—3. Despite. Scorn.

5. **Grace.** Pardon.

7. **Stain.** *Metonymy*.

10. **Joy'd.** Shakespeare uses also as a verb.

XXVI.—4. "It is well known that the religious who broke their vows of chastity were subjected to the same penalty as the Roman vestals in a similar case. A small niche sufficient to enclose their bodies was made in the massive wall of the convent; a slender pittance of food and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, *VADIM PACE*, were the signal for immuring the criminal. It is

not likely that in latter times this punishment was often resorted to; but, among the ruins of the Abbey of Coldingham were some years ago discovered the remains of a female skeleton, which, from the shape of the niche and position of the figure, seemed to be that of an immured nun."—*Scott*.

XXVI.—10. "Mr. Scott has judiciously combined the horrors of the punishment with a very beautiful picture of the offender, so as to heighten the interest which the situation itself must necessarily excite; and the struggle of Constance to speak before the fatal sentence is finely painted."—*Monthly Review*.

XXVII.—8. **Traitor.** Marmion.

18. **Who.** Antecedent *me* applied in *my*.

XXVIII.—King. Henry VIII.

Favourite. Marmion.

2. **Rival.** De Wilton.

8. **Plight.** *Plihtan*, to pledge.

4. **Attaints.** To find guilty of a crime, especially of felony or treason, and thereby subject to forfeiture of civil rights and corruption of blood.

6. **Lists.** The ground enclosed for a contest. Trial by wager of battle was an ancient practice in Northern Europe and especially among the Normans who introduced it into England. It was employed in (1) cases of honour; (2) appeals of felony, and (3) disputes as to ownership of property. The disputants might fight either personally or by champions. A notable instance was that of Henry Bolingbroke and Norfolk, where, however, Richard II. hindered the combat. The last combat in a civil case was in 1571, though authorized duels in cases of honour took place as late as 1638. Early in this century a statute was passed abolishing trial by combat in all cases.

7. **Oaths.** Before joining issue, the combatants made oath that they had not called in the aid of sorcery, or other unlawful means, to prejudice the fight. Notice the change of metre and the greater effect imparted.

14. According to the common belief Heaven decided the issue.

XXIX.—6. 'Previous to becoming a nun it was usual to pass a certain time in the convent as a novice, during which period the intending nun was free to change her intention. She had not 'taken the vows;' she was 'unprofessed.' If at the end of her novitiate she still desired to retire from the world she took the vows by which she was thenceforth bound.'

11. **Caltiff.** *L. captivus*, through Fr. *chétif*, a slave or captive. Hence one morally degraded.

12. **Repair.** Fr. *repairer*, to visit one's native country. *Repair*, to mend, is from L. *reparare*, literally to prepare again.

15. **Dastard.** A coward.

16. What peculiarity in the metre?

XXX.—9. **Men of death.** The executioners.

12. **It.** Used indefinitely.

XXXI.—2. **Rome.** Pronounced *room*, which seems to have been the old pronunciation. Cf. Shakespeare:

"Now is it Rome indeed, and *room* enough."

—*Julius Caesar*, I., II., 156.

"That I have *room* with Rome to curse awhile."

—*King John*, III., I., 180.

5. They are warned by Constance that if Marmion's love for her should revive he would execute a vengeance on her slayers more terrible than the ravages of the Danes. See XIV., 5.

6. **Rather.** Modifies "shall wish."

7. "Constance is here made, by a poetical license, to foretell the Reformation, naturally regarded as the triumph of darkness by the adherents of the old religion. At this time (A.D. 1513) the impulse which led to this great event was beginning to be felt, and the preaching of Luther was already making a stir in Germany."—*Morris*.

8. **Crosier.** A bishop's staff surmounted by a cross.

9. Henry VIII. and his minister, Thomas Cromwell, suppressed the monasteries.

10. Notice the example of *vision* and *metonymy*.

XXXII.—6. **Her voice, &c.** By the wild energy of despair a tone of prophecy had been given to her voice.

XXXIII.—12. **Passing knell.** A bell used at a funeral to mark the passing of the soul to heaven.

13. **Parting.** Departing.

21. **Cheviot Fell.** The highest of the Cheviots.

"The sound of the knell that was rung for the parting soul of this victim of seduction is described with great force and solemnity."—*Jeffrey*.

"The whole of this trial and doom presents a high-wrought scene of horror, which, at the close, rises almost to too great a pitch." *Scott's Magazine*, March 1808.



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NOTES TO MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO III.

William Erskine, Esq., to whom this canto was dedicated, was an advocate and Sheriff-Deputy of the Orkneys, and subsequently Judge of the Court of Session. He was an intimate friend of the poet and a constant adviser on literary matters.

1. **Like.** Notice the effect of the continuation of *similes*.

5. **Like.** Modifies "winds" in 24.

6. **Racing.** Refers to "streamlet."

7. **Silver.** A *metaphor*.

Notice the effect of the *period* as distinguished from a *loose* sentence in lines 1-14.

28. **Chime.** A *metaphor*. Derived from the harmony of bells.

31. See Introduction to Canto V., 148.

34. **Fountain.** A *metaphor*.

35. **Masters.** Those of the lofty epic as Homer, Virgil, Milton, and Dante.

36. **Metonymy.**

37. **Instructive.** Qualifies "voice."

45. **Elgiac verse.** Properly of a mournful character.

46. Notice the *hypallage* or change of attribute.

In 1806, Charles, Duke of Brunswick, commander of the Prussian army. It suffered in that year the defeats of Jena and Auerstädt. The Duke was fatally wounded in the latter engagement.

51. **Austria.** After the victory of Napoleon in 1805, at Austerlitz, over the combined Austrian and Russian forces, Austria refused to assist Prussia the next year.

52. **Russia.** Russia also stipulated for peace.

Gaul. France.

54. **Brandenburg.** The Royal House of Prussia.

56. **Jena.** In Saxe-Weimar.
57. **Chief.** The Duke of Brunswick.
59. **Dragon.** Napoleon. Probably suggested from the Book of Revelation.
62. Notice the *hypallage*.
64. *Metonymy.* No resource **was** left in case of defeat.
66. An absolute clause.
67. **Seemed.** Beseemed.
68. **To share.** The real subject of "seemed"
69. By the treaty of Tilsit (1807) Prussia ceded certain provinces to Napoleon.
- Scutcheons.** *Metonymy.*
- Reft.** Past participle of "reeve" to deprive.
70. Jerome Bonaparte was created king of the newly formed kingdom of Westphalia.
76. **Revenge.** Perhaps in the late war (1870).
78. **Arminius.** Defeated Varus A.D. 9.
80. Lockhart says that Scott communicated fragments of the poem very freely during its progress.
81. **Red-cross hero.** Admiral Sir Sidney Smith; defended Acre; received the cross of the Swedish Order of the Sword for the services given to Sweden against Russia.
82. **Dungeon.** Imprisoned for two years in Paris.
84. Notice the examples of *metonymy*.
86. **Walls.** At Acre.
87. **Invincible.** Napoleon.
89. **Polar Lake.** Gulf of Finland.
91. **Metaled.** Mettled.
92. **Warped.** Tossed.
94. Sir Ralph Abercromby.
95. **Alexandria.** Here the French were defeated in 1801 by Abercromby who was mortally wounded in the contest.
101. **Avon.** Stratford, Shakespeare's birth-place is on this stream.
103. **Enchantress.** Joanna Baillie.
105. **Treasure.** The harp.
107. **Swans.** Called by the ancients birds of Apollo or of Orpheus.
108. **Montfort.** *De Montfort* and *Basil* are two of Baillie's *Plays of the Passions*.
111. **Friendship.** Nominative absolute.
118. **Source.** Nominative absolute.
119. **Impulse.** Predicate nominative.

121. **One.** In apposition with "impulse."

125. See Pope's *Essay on Man*, II., 133—148.

129. **Belgian.** Belgium was not separately organized until 1830. The term is used in a general sense for an inhabitant of the Low Countries.

130. **Batavia.** On the north coast of Java, standing on a low marshy piece of ground, and intersected by numerous canals.

133. **Content.** Agrees with "Belgian." The houses are painted white as a protection against the heat of the sun.

137. **Hind.** A farm servant or peasant.

140. **Speak.** Bespeak.

149. **Lochabar.** In Inverness-shire.

150. **Devon.** In England.

151. **Ben-Nevis.** In Inverness. Loch Garry, in the same shire, is seven miles long.

172. **Infant.** Scott himself.

178. **Shattered tower,** "Smailholm Tower, in Berwickshire, the scene of the author's infancy, is situated about two miles from Dryburgh Abbey."

182. **Foragers.** Plunderers.

183. **That strength.** Smailholm Tower.

187. **Wassel-rout.** A drinking-feast. A. S. *waes-hael*, be hale or healthy.

188. **Methought.** Impersonal verb. See Mason's Grammar, par. 247.

190. See *Lady of the Lake*, VI., II.

197. **Wallace.** Sir William Wallace gallantly maintained the independence of Scotland against Edward I. until, betrayed by his own countryman, he came into the hands of his opponent by whom he was executed in 1305.

Bruce, the hero of Bannockburn, 1314. Consult history of England and Scotland. Notice the alliteration in this line.

201. Killiecrankie (1689) and Prestonpans (1745) are meant. Consult history.

202. An allusion to his youth.

206. **Scottish Lion.** The Scottish standard had a lion displayed on it.

207. **Southron.** The English. In 1544 the English were defeated by the Scotch in the battle of Ancrum Moor, after numerous ravages on the borders of Scotland. Cf. *The Eve of St. John*. Notice the *heroic* line.

211. Robert Scott of Sandyknowe, the poet's grandfather.

216. The sentiment embodied in this and the following line was unconsciously borrowed from Dryden's beautiful lines to John Driden of Chesterton.

Doom. Decision.

217. **Equity unbought.** A legal decision *gratis*.

218. **Priest.** Rev. John Martin of Mertoun, the parish in which Smailholm Tower is situated. In analyzing the order becomes: "I could trace anew each familiar face, from the gray-haired sire to him," &c. *Priest* is in apposition to "him."

223. **Timeless.** Untimely.

225. Consult life.

229. **Well-conned.** Carefully studied.

234. **Eglantine.** The sweet-brier.

238. **Flattened.** Dull.





NOTES TO MARMION.

CANTO III.—THE HOSTEL OR INN.

In this Canto may be observed :—

- (a) The fine representation of the customs and manners of an early period.
- (b) The effect of the Palmer's mood on Marmion.
- (c) The additional effect of the song of Eustace.
- (d) The power of conscience when Marmion hears the Palmer's explanation of the knell.
- (e) The great anxiety of Marmion to know the future when the host's tale is told, and his efforts to find it out by supernatural means.
- (f) The appropriate choice of metre in the "Song" and "Tale."

I.—6. **Merse.** The marsh of Berwick.

11. **Gorse.** A kind of shrub.

16. **Wan.** Gained.

17. **Ptarmigan.** A light-coloured kind of grouse.

19. **Lammermoor.** Low hills near Midlothian.

22. **Gifford.** About four miles from Haddington.

II.—9. **Bush.** It was formerly the custom to hang out a bush or branch as a tavern sign. Cf. Shakespeare, *As You Like It* :

"Good wine needs no bush."

III.—2. **Hostel.** *L. hospes.*

3. **Aloof.** Aloft.

6. **Solands.** Aquatic fowl, about the size of the goose, found on the Scotch coast.

7. **Gammons.** The legs or thighs of hogs pickled and smoked or dried.

12. **Wanted.** Nor were there wanting.

14. **Buckler.** A shield with a *buckle* or *boss* in the centre.

IV.—10. Bolsterous and **fresh** refer to "captain."

15. **Buxom.** Lively. The word originally meant *flexible* or *obedient*.

16. **Zembla.** Nova Zembla, or Novaja Semlja, an island in the Arctic Ocean.

V.—2. Right. An adverb.

VI.—7. Save. A preposition.

12. **Fickle.** Flickering.

13. **Cowl.** L. *cucullus*, a cap.

14. **Full.** An adverb modifying "on our Lord."

15. **Palfrey.** Fr. *palefroi*, L. *parafredus*.

VII.—1. As. "As he would call, if he intended to chase," &c.

2. **Their hearts.** "The hearts of them who saw."

VIII.—2. Constance de Beverley, who had followed Marmion disguised as a page.

4. **Constant.** The assumed name of Constance

5. **Deftly.** Skilfully.

6. **Alike.** Equally well.

7. **Valentine.** It used to be a popular belief that thrushes selected their mates on his day, 14th February.

16. **Roundelay.** L. *rotundus*. The termination *let* is changed into *lay* as if it meant a song. The Fr. *roundelet*, meant a song or dance.

XI.—7. Prolong. Used for "prolongs."

17. **Exiles.** Cf. *Deserted Village*. 840-884.

X. The metre of this song is distinctly *dactylic*. The second line in each couplet is *catalectic* or deficient of the final syllable.

In this prophetic forecast of the punishment of the guilty, Marmion becomes conscious of what is in store for him.

11. **Laving.** Washing.

XI.—6. Borne. Taken with *battle* for the rhyme and *with* in 26 is taken with *rattle*.

9. **Her.** A *hypermetric* syllable—one not required for the metre.

10. **His.** See 9.

XII.—5. Plained. Sounded mournfully.

9. **Space.** See Mason's Grammar, par. 72.

16. **Lutterward.** Lutterworth, in Leicestershire.

Fontenaye. In Normandy. The heralds, in Canto I., hailed Marmion as lord of these places.

XIII.—2. While "fear" is the scourge of "mean villains," "remorse" becomes that of the high-minded. Notice the *metaphors* and the *contrast*.

7. **Even.** Modifies the proposition that follows.

8. **Civil conflict.** The strife arises between conflicting feelings

in the breast as civil war takes place between parties in the same state.

12. **Death-peal.** Among the Scotch peasants a tinkling in the ears, the "dead-bell," was regarded as the sign of the death of a friend.

XIV.—1. Marmion. In apposition to "him," in 7.

11. **Strook.** Struck.

12. **That, &c.** This proposition may be regarded as the complement of degree to "so."

15. **Feather.** *Metonymy.*

XV.—3. Augured. Suspected. *L. avis*, a bird. The augurs observed the flight of birds before revealing the future.

12. Notice the violation of rhyme.

13. A poetical license.

21. **Other.** Otherwise.

XVI.—3. Supply "conscience," with which "awakened" agrees, forming an absolute clause.

4. **Say.** For "saying."

XVII.—4. Notice the examples of *metonymy*.

6. **Mantles.** Covers.

7. **Fierce and unfeminine.** Adjectives qualifying "frenzy" and "despair."

10. The breach of convent vows was regarded as a very great crime.

12. *Metonymy.*

20. **I the cause.** An absolute phrase.

23. **Mandate.** This prevented his returning for Constance.

27. **Shred.** Cut. Cf. Canto II., xxxi., 3.

XVIII.—3. Like whirlwinds. A *simile*.

4. **Vennachar.** A lake in the south-west of Perthshire.

XIX.—1. Clerk. Since in ancient times the clergyman was about the only person who could read and write, the word clerical, as "clerical error," came to mean an error in spelling. As the respondent in church was able to read he was styled the *clerk*. (*L. clericus*.)

2. **Alexander.** Alexander III. (1249-1286).

4. **Eke.** Likewise.

5. **Sir Hugo.** Sir Hugh Gifford de Yester lived in the 13th century and was reputed to be a great magician.

10. **Goblin-Hall.** A subterranean cave in the castle of Gifford supposed to have been constructed by magical art.

12. **Gave.** Allowed.

24. **Dunbar.** A town in Haddingtonshire.

XX.—5. Consult History of England.

6. **Clyde.** One of the most important rivers in Scotland.

7. **Haco.** "In 1263, Haco, King of Norway, came into the Frith of Clyde with a powerful armament and made a descent at Largs in Ayrshire. Here he was encountered and defeated on the 2nd October, by Alexander III. Haco retreated to Orkney where he died soon after this disgrace to his arms. There are still existing, near the place of battle, many barrows, some of which, having been opened, were found, as usual, to contain bones and urns."—*Scott.*

8. **Norwegian.** Shakespeare uses this form of Norwegian in *Macbeth*.

9. Examples of the genitive of reference.

11. **Bute** and **Arran** are islands in the Frith of Clyde. The northern portion of Ayrshire is called **Cunninghame**, the central **Thyle**, and the southern **Carriek**.

17. **Mantle.** Nominative absolute.

22. **Pentacle.** Gr. *pente*, five. A piece of fine linen folded with five corners, representing the five senses, and suitably inscribed with magical characters. According to some it represents the five wounds of Christ.

26. **Combust.** L. *combuo*, to burn. A term in astrology to indicate that a heavenly body is not above eight degrees and a half from the sun.

Retrograde. An astrological term denoting motion contrary to the order of the signs.

Trine. Denotes a triangular position of planets—a benign aspect of a heavenly body.

XXI.—2. Cf. the description of "Brian" in *Lady of the Lake*.

5. **As.** "As the eyesight of one," &c.

XXII.—2. Racking. Drifting.

5. **Still.** Always. "The Scottish vulgar, without having any very defined notion of their attributes, believe in the existence of an intermediate class of spirits, residing in the air, or in the waters; to whose agency they ascribe floods, storms, and all such phenomena as their own philosophy cannot readily explain. They are supposed to interfere in the affairs of mortals, sometimes with a malevolent purpose, and sometimes with milder views."—*Scott.*

14. "It is a popular article of faith that those who are born on Christmas or Good Friday have the power of seeing spirits, and even of commanding them. The Spaniards imputed the haggard and downcast looks of their Philip II. to the disagreeable visions to which this privilege subjected him."—*Scott.*

As Alexander III. was born on the 4th September, 1241, which could not have been Good Friday or Christmas day, the careless

habits of speech of the lower classes are well exhibited by the poet.

19. **Gramercy.** Fr. *grand merci*, many thanks.

22. We have here an anachronism, since Richard I. died in 1199, forty years before Alexander was born.

27. **Malcolm.** King of Scotland, called Caen-mohr.

XXIII.—5. Left-hand the town. On the left hand of the town.

Pictish. The Picts were the ancient inhabitants of northern Scotland. Their character was savage and their religion Druidical. The Scots, who came from Ireland, subjugated them.

6. The religion of the Druids required human victims in its rites.

13. **Bowshot.** Adverbial adjunct of distance. See Mason's Grammar, par. 372.

15. **Four points.** The cardinal points.

20. **England's King.** Edward I. We have here another anachronism since this monarch did not ascend the throne of England till 1272. The battle of Largs was fought in 1263. He did not set out for Palestine until 1269.

26. **Length of limb.** Edward I. was surnamed Longshanks.

28. Consult history of England.

XXIV.—6. Visor. L. *video*. The part of the helmet which protected the face.

11. **Largs.** "Largs is in Ayrshire, on the eastern bank of the estuary of the Clyde. In 1263 Haco, King of Norway, invaded Scotland with a powerful fleet. After taking the islands of Arran and Bute he disembarked his forces at Largs to give battle to the Scots who were assembled there under their king, Alexander III. Owing to a storm he was only able to land a part of his troops; he therefore suffered a decisive defeat (1263). Heaps of stones still mark the spots under which the slain lie, and barrows which, being opened, have been found to contain urns and bones."—*Morris*.

37. **Shadowy Kings.** Haco and Alexander seen in the vision.

18. **Ravens.** The traditional standard of the Scandinavians.

Bowered. Seldom used in a transitive sense.

20. Alluding to the expedition, in 1801, against Copenhagen. It may refer to the attack six years later.

XXV.—9, Dunfermline. Here Malcolm resided with his wife, sister of Edgar Atheling.

11. **Our Lady.** The Virgin Mary.

16. The contests during the days of chivalry.

XXVI.—1. Quaigh. Wooden cups composed of staves hooped together.

9. **Targe.** A shield.

XXVIII.—7. Me. The ethical dative.

15. Darkling. Agrees with "Eustace."

XXIX.—1. Good my youth. My good youth.

8. Chapelle. Chapel.

12. Elves. Fairies.

XXXI.—8. Yode. Went.

10. Selle. Saddle.



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NOTES TO MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO IV.

Skene. James Skene of Rubislaw, Aberdeenshire, was cornet in the Royal Edinburgh Light Horse Volunteers, and Sir Walter was quartermaster of the same regiment. His sketches, illustrating Scott's poetical works and novels, have been published.

1. **Minstrel.** Shakespeare.
2. See *Taming of the Shrew*, IV., 1.
3. **Clown.** "Touchstone" in *As You Like It*.
4. **Jacques.** The "Melancholy Jacques," a character in the same play.
9. **Riding.** Supply "we." An absolute clause.
10. Notice the *hyallage*.
19. **Ken.** Sight.
30. **Cares.** Subject of "denied."
37. Places in Selkirkshire.
42. **Rack.** Drift.
43. **Shepherd.** Subject of "finds" in 54.
47. What peculiarity of construction?
56. **Dan.** Gloomy.
78. **Fell.** Mountain moorland.
88. An absolute clause.
69. **Close.** Qualifies "swain."
91. Scott mentions the fact that an unfortunate man perished at the time as here described.
95. **Yarrow.** The shepherd's dog.
101. **Kirn.** The Scottish harvest-home.
105. **Arcadia.** A district in ancient Greece noted as a paradise of shepherds.
109. Notice the numerous *metaphors*.

112. **Chief.** Priam.
 119. **Cup.** Cf. "My *cup* runneth over."
 125. **Cypress.** The emblem of mourning.
 - **Myrtle.** Sacred to Venus, the goddess of love.
 132. **Forbes.** Sir William Forbes, author of a *Life of Beattie*. He died shortly after its publication.
 142. **Dew.** Tear.
 144. **Charity.** *Synecdoche*.
 147. See Scottish metrical version of Psalm cxlvi., 9.
 157. See Proverbs xxvii., 10.
 165. Cf. Pope, *Essay on Man*, "From grave to gay, from lively to severe."
 164. **Even.** Modifies "when it flagg'd."
 165. **Effort.** Nominative absolute.
 172. **Tirante.** Tirante el Blanco, is the hero of a Spanish romance of the middle ages.
Yclep'd. Called. *Clepe* occurs in various forms in Chaucer and in Spenser. It survives in the Scotch *clep*, and, perhaps in the English *clap-trap*. Cf. Milton, *L'Allegro*, 12.
 174. **Pandour.** A dog.
Camp. A very sagacious bullterrier, a favourite of Sir Walter Scott.
 177. **Laverock.** A lark. A. S. *lafero*.
 181. **Ariel.** A spirit in Shakespeare's *Tempest*.
 185. **What now &c.** In apposition with "blast."
 191. Colin Mackenzie, Esq., of Portmore, one of the Principal Clerks of Session of Edinburgh, and through life an intimate friend of the poet. He died in 1830.
 193. **The more.** *The* before the comparative is a relic of the demonstrative *that* in the ablative case, like the Latin *eo*.
 194. **R—.** Sir William Rae of St. Catharine's, Bart., subsequently Lord Advocate of Scotland, was a distinguished member of the volunteer corps to which Sir Walter Scott belonged; and he, the Poet, Mr. Skene, Mr. Mackenzie, and a few other friends, had formed themselves into a little semi-military club, the meetings of which were held at their family supper-tables in rotation.
 195. "Sir William Forbes of Pitaligo, Bart., brother-in-law of Mr. Skene, cornet in the Light-Horse Volunteers. The gentlemen alluded to in the text, Scott, and some others, formed themselves into a club, which met weekly round the supper-tables of its members in rotation."—*Chambers*.
 196. **Mimosa.** The plants of this genus are called *Sensitive* and possess the property of shrinking from the touch.
 206. **Mad Tom.** See Shakespeare, *King Lear*, III., 4.



NOTES TO MARMION.

CANTO IV.—THE CAMP.

Among the noticeable features are :—

- (a) The fine portrait of the Lion King-at-arms.
- (b) The description of Crichton Castle and the courtesy shown to Marmion.
- (c) The effect of Lindesay's tale on the already feverish mind of Marmion.
- (d) The dashing and vigorous picture of the Scottish forces.
- (e) The descriptions of places familiar to the poet and reflections thereby suggested to his mind.

I.—4. A personal metaphor.

19. Notice the metre and rhyme.

21. **Gentle.** Well-born.

25. **Ruth.** Pit.

31. **Friar Rush.** Scott gives the *alias* "Will o' the wisp." Knightly considers that Friar Rush haunts houses and not fields. Wilton in *L'Allegro* makes a like mistake.

II.—3. **Cast.** Verities.

IV.—2. Parishes in Haddingtonshire.

21. **Tome.** Gr *tomos*, a part cut off and rolled up, and hence a book.

23. **Antique dome.** Westminster Abbey where was set up the first printing press.

24. **Caxton.** Wynken de Worde the first printer that used the Roman letter was instructed by William Caxton who lived in 1412—1491.

VI.—7. **Furzevants.** Attendants on heralds.

8. The national heralds took their names from these places.

9. **Tabards.** Short coats worn by heralds.

12. The chief heraldic officer of Scotland and president of the College of Heraldry.

13. **Truncheon.** *Metonymy.*

VII.—12. Cap of Maintenance. The cap of dignity worn by persons of distinction. It was made of crimson velvet lined with ermine.

18. **Tressure.** A border round a shield in heraldry.

19. **Achaius.** Called also Eocha; King of Scotland (787—810); said to have instituted the order of the Thistle.

23. **Dazzled eye.** *Prolepsis.*

30. **Sir David Lindsay.** An early Scottish poet (1490—1555); became King-at-arms in 1551, for several years after the events mentioned here. His poems are principally satirical.

VIII.—8. The inauguration of the Lion King was a ceremony of great solemnity.

17. **For.** Inasmuch.

22. It was part of the duty of the Lion King to receive ambassadors.

IX.—14. Tyne. Flows into the Frith of Forth.

X.—2. Crichton Castle. On the banks of the Tyne.

13. **Various.** Transferred from "builders" to "hands."

16. **Douglas.** Sir William Crichton was at enmity with the Douglas family.

XI.—3. Keep. The strongest part of the castle.

7. **Scutcheon.** A *Scutcheon of honour* was granted for some noble deed, and a *Scutcheon of pretence* was a small shield placed in the middle of a large one in which a man carried the arms of his wife.

24. **Massy More.** The dungeon vault. It is a corruption of the Moorish word *mazmorra*, a dungeon.

XII.—3. Synecdoche.

13. This was the second earl of Bothwell. He fell in the field of Flodden.

17. **Dean.** A. S. *den*, a small valley.

19. **Bothwell.** James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, husband of Mary, and murderer of Darnley. He was grandson of Earl Adam.

XIII.—4. James IV.

6. This "moor" was near Edinburgh.

XIV.—5. Unaware. Of Marmion's midnight adventure.

XV.—4. Linnithgow. A county town 17 miles from Edinburgh.

8. **Bells.** Bellows.

XVI.—1. Ruthful. Sorrowful.

9. **Katharine's Aisle.** The south transept, called St. Katharine's Chapel, because dedicated to this saint.

13. The thistle appears to have been the national badge of Scotland in the reign of James III; the Order of the Thistle was formally instituted by James VII (II of England) more than 150 years after the events of the text.

XVII.—12. Woman. Lady Heron.

14. **Doubly warned.** From war and women.

20. **Marshal.** John Inglis, named in Pitscottie's account of the apparition.

Cast. Planned.

XVIII.—4. Listening. What peculiarity of construction?

18. **Even.** Modifies the next prop.

XIX.—9. Wold. A forest.

15. Supply "that" before "it."

XX.—3. View. For "viewed."

7. **Champion.** Partly the object of "view" and partly the subject of "rise."

XXI.—4. High. Modifies "o'er my head."

15. Notice the faulty construction.

30. **That.** What peculiarity of construction?

XXII.—7. Brian Bulmer. He meets a Scotch knight and is overthrown. The knight promised to spare him if he would not pray to God, the Virgin or any saint. Bulmer, hearing him mention some obscenity, utters *Mi Jesu* and instantly the other fled.

10. **Glenmore.** Scott mentions a prevalent belief that the place was haunted.

13. Places in the northern Highlands.

30. **Bowne.** Make ready.

XXIII.—1. Dun-Edin. The hill (*dun*) of Edwin.

4. Consult life.

5. **Storied lore.** Traditional stories.

6. **Passing.** See Mason's Grammar, par. 372-5.

8. **Braid.** Near Edinburgh beyond the Blackford hills.

XXIV.—2. Whin. Furze.

8. **Saint Giles.** The cathedral.

XXV.—4. Bent. Grassy expanse.

6. This "moor" was of great extent.

8. *Epanorthosis*.

17. This line Hutton remarks "seems to have more of the poets special magic of expression than is at all usual with Scott. The conception of the peaceful green oak-wood *taming* the glaring white of the tinted field, is as fine in idea as it is in relation to the effect of the mere colour on the eye."

XXVI.—1. Hebudes. Old name of the Hebrides.

8. **Bedswire.** A part of one of the Cheviots.

4. **Rosse.** One of the northern counties.
 11. Notice the increased liveliness by the variety of the metre.
XXVII.—9. Cannon cast by one named Borthwick.
 10. **Culverins.** A kind of long cannon.
XXVIII.—6. **Pensil.** Suspended.
Bandrol. A kind of small flag.
 18. **Ramped.** Heraldic term. A beast of prey is *rampant* when depicted standing up on its hind-legs.
XXIX.—6. **Falcon.** Marmion's crest.
 14. *Metonymy.*
XXX.—14. The famous Castle of Edinburgh is the oldest part of the city.
 20. **Ochil.** In Perth.
 23. **Fife.** North of the Forth.
 24. **Preston.** Near the Forth.
Berwick-lane. Near North Berwick.
 33. **Demi-volte.** Fr. *demi*, half and *volte*.
XXXI.—4. **Sackbut.** A kind of trumpet.
Psalttery. A Hebrew stringed instrument.
 10. **Prime.** An early service of the Church.
 15. **Saint-Rocque.** No account is found of this saint though several chapels were named after him.
 19. **Folkland woods.** In Fifeshire.
XXXII.—2. Edinburgh.
 14. **Leagured.** Besieged.
 21. **Stowre.** Battle or commotion.





NOTES TO MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO V.

Ellis. George Ellis (1745-1815) is well known as an accomplished editor of *Specimens of the Early English Poets and Metrical Romances*, which so much contributed to revive the modern taste for these studies. His antiquarian tastes made him a congenial companion of Scott, who, when in England, was frequently his guest at Sunninghill, near Windsor, where part of the two first cantos of *Marmion* was written.

1. **Glooms.** For a similar transitive force cf. Goldsmith, *Deserted Village*: "What sorrows gloomed that parting day."

2. **Regard.** A look.

3. **Scant.** Sw. *skona*, Ice. *skanta*, a measure.

4. Notice the *alliteration*.

5. **Regard.** Fr. *regarder*, to look at, hence a *glance*.

6. See Introduction, page 20.

9. **Trophy.** Gr. *tropaion*, a monument of an enemy's defeat (*tropé*, a turning); a pile of arms taken from a vanquished foe, raised on the field of battle, or a representation of such in marble.

14. **Parlour.** Fr. *parler*, to speak.

15. Scott was very fond of dogs and horses. See Life.

18. **Hardest step.** *Hypallage*, "hardest" properly applying to him who makes the "step."

19. **Path is none.** There is no path. See Mason's Grammar, par. 166.

Save. See Mason's Grammar, par. 282.

To bring. Gerundial infinitive.

21. **Conned.** A. S. *cunnan*.

23. **Darkling.** "In the dark; either, literally, in the early darkness of a December day, or, metaphorically, in allusion to his

being in the dark as to what was going on, on account of the want of communication with the outside world occasioned by the lingering post."—*Chambers*.

26. **Wains.** Wagons.

27. **I come, &c.** The first principal proposition.

30. **Forest.** Ettrick Forest in Sekirkshire. See Introduction to Canto II.

Melancholy. Gr. *melas*, black, and *chole*, bile. This is one of a class of words which arose from the old theory of medicine. According to this theory there were four principal moistures in the body, on the due proportion and combination of which the disposition of both mind and body depended. Consult Trench, *Study of Words*, lecture III.

33. **Need.** Distinguish from "needs." See Mason's Grammar, par. 247.

35. **Newark.** See Introduction to Canto II., 32.

37. **Caledonia's Queen.** Edinburgh, where this Introduction was written.

"The Old Town of Edinburgh was secured on the north by a lake, now drained, and on the south by a wall, which there was some attempt to make defensible, even so late as 1745. The gates and the greater part of the wall have been pulled down in the course of the late extensive and beautiful enlargement of the city. My ingenious and valued friend, Mr. Thomas Campbell, proposed to celebrate Edinburgh under the epithet here borrowed. But the "Queen of the North" has not been so fortunate as to receive from so eminent a pen the proposed distinction."—*Scott*.

38. **Ranged.** Qualifies "she" in 42.

39. **Steepy.** Steep.

41. **Laky flood.** The Old Town was secured by a lake, now drained, the bed of which forms the Princess Street Gardens. On the south it was guarded by a wall.

44. **Save.** Supply "entrance or resort."

46. **Portcullis.** See Canto I. IV., 1, 13.

51. "The low and narrow wicket, as compared with the wide entrance afforded by the large city gateway, was suggestive of the contrast between a grudging and a hearty welcome."—*Chambers*.

Churlishly. A. S. *ceorl*, a country-man. The word is generally applied to persons, but sometimes to things. Like *villain* and *boor* the word *churl* has become degraded. They were applied to the cultivators of the soil, who it was assumed would be coarse, rude, and unmannerly. See Trench, *English, Past and Present*, lecture VII.

53. Dun-Edin. Edinburgh, "the hill-fortress of Edwyn," a king of Northumbria who had extended his kingdom to the shores of the Forth. Dun is Celtic and is found in many words, as Dunkeld, Dundalk, Verdun, &c. Burgh, bury, and borough are Saxon. Cf. German *berg*, a mountain. Observe that poetry prefers the more euphonious form, as Erin for Ireland, &c.

57. The author acknowledges that this line was inadvertently borrowed, almost *verbatim*, from *Caractacus*, by William Mason:

"Britain heard the descant bold,
She flung her white arms o'er the sea,
Proud in her leafy bosom to unfold
The freight of harmony."

58. Umbered lower. Umber-coloured or dark brown. "Lower" is seldom used as a noun.

60. Gleam'st. Used in a causative sense.

61. "Instead of your high, gloomy wall that interposed like a cloud between the sunshine and the town, ten thousand separate buildings cheerfully reflect the rays of the sun."—*Chambers*. Notice the *synecdoche* and *metonymy*.

62. See Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book III., Canto IX.

64. She. In apposition with "she" in line 62.

67. What time. At the time that.

Malbecco. A "cankered, crabbed earl," very wealthy, but miserly and mean. He seems to be the impersonation of self-inflicted torments. He married a young wife named Helenore, who set fire to his house and eloped with Sir Paridel. Malbecco cast himself over a high rock and all his flesh vanished into thin air, leaving behind nothing but his ghost, which was metamorphosed into jealousy. See Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book III.

71. Notice the *hyperbaton*.

72. Aventayle. Fr. *ventail*, L. *ventus*. The movable front part of a helmet, intended for the admission of air.

74. Paly. Pale. Cf. "steepy" in 39. *Paragoge*.

75. Whilom. Formerly, A. S. *hwilum*, *hwilon*, properly the dative plural of *hwil*, *while*.

78. "For every one her liked, and every one her loved."

84. Satyrane. A blunt but noble knight who delivered Una from the fauns and satyrs. The meaning is this: Truth being driven from the towns and cities took refuge in caves and dens, where for a time it lay concealed. At length Sir Satyrane (Luther) rescues Una from bondage, but no sooner is this the case than she falls in with Archimago, to show how very difficult it was at the Reformation to separate Truth from Error. See Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book I.

85. **Durst.** See Mason's Grammar, par. 246.

Paridel. A male coquette whose delight was to win women's hearts and then desert them. See Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Bk. III.

88. **Bitromarte.** Daughter of king Ryence of Wales, whose desire was to be a heroine. She is the impersonation of saintly chastity and purity of mind. She encounters the "savage, fierce bandit and mountaineer," without injury; is assailed by "hag and unlaied ghost, goblin, and swart fairy of the mine," but "dashes their brute violence into sudden adoration and blank awe." She is not the impersonation of celibacy, as she is in love with an unknown hero, but of "virgin purity." See Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book III.

92. **Than.** "Than thou didst seem in that panoply of war."

94. **Are flown.** Cf. "is come."

96. **Still.** *Epizeuxis*.

100. Scott had, some time before the publication of *Marmion*, taken great interest in the volunteer movement, which was occasioned by the fear of a French invasion. He was one of the originators of the Edinburgh Light Horse Volunteers, formed in 1797.

101. **For.** In place of.

102. **Breasts.** Nominative absolute.

104. **Full.** An adverb modifying "red."

105. **Mural crown.** "The poet here reverts to the idea of a city surrounded by a wall, not one pinnacle of which will be allowed to suffer injury. The *mural crown* of the Romans was one in the form of a battlemented wall, given to the soldier who first scaled the wall of a besieged town. It has, however, no connection with the present passage beyond suggesting the expression."—*Chambers*.

106. **Knosp.** An unopened bud and therefore, in architecture, an ornament resembling a bud.

109. **Renowned.** Agrees with "Dun-Edin."

111. **Whose.** Refers to "virtue" (hospitality).

112. See *Genesis* xviii.

113. **Wrestle.** In allusion to Jacob wrestling with the angel at Peniel till he gained his petition. See *Genesis* xxxii.

114. What peculiarity of metre?

116. The first foot is a *trochee*.

117. **York.** Edward IV. of England, a descendant of Edmund Duke of York, son of Edward III.

118. **Henry.** Henry VI. of England, after his defeat at Towton by Edward of York in 1461, found refuge in Edinburgh.

120. **Bourbon.** Charles X. of France, where Count d'Artois resided from 1796 to 1799, at Holyrood Palace. By the Revolution of 1830 he was obliged to leave his country and, in 1832, again remained in the Scottish capital.

123. **Bodings.** "To bode" formerly meant to presage either good or evil, but is now generally restricted to the latter.
Cf. Dryden:

Goldsmith: "It boded well to you."

"Full well the *boding* tremblers learned to trace."
Or—or. Whether—or.

125. **Dubious.** On account of the uncertainty that attaches to the statements.

127. **Dazzling.** Agrees with "him."

128. The author finds more enjoyment in the stores of fiction and tradition than in preparing for evils which are only fanciful.

131. **Than,** &c. Complement of comparison to "rather."

132. **Invading men.** The French.

139. **Whilere.** Formerly.

140. **Henry.** Henry I., called Beauclerc on account of his scholarship.

144. **Oblivion.** Forgetfulness.

145. **Breton tongue.** The original language of Brittany in France, which is a Celtic tongue handed down from the Armoricans.

146. **Marie.** Marie translated from the Armorican, the language of Brittany, into Norman-French, twelve curious lays, specimens of which are given in Mr. Ellis's *Metrical Romances*.

Blondel. The famous minstrel of Richard I.

147. **Born.** Agrees with "thou" (understood).

148. **Muse.** One to inspire song. The *muses* were nine in number:—Clio (history), Euterpe (lyric poetry), Thalia (comedy), Melpomene (tragedy), Terpsichore (choral dance), Erato (amatory poetry), Polymnia (sublime song), Urania (astronomy), Calliope (epic poetry). They were regarded by the earliest Greek and Latin writers as the inspirers of song, &c., and were invoked for the assistance which they were supposed to give. With modern poets the practice has been an imitation of the classic writers.

149. **Who.** Antecedent "thou," referring to Ellis, who gave much attention to early English metrical romances.

Foe. Time, who is generally represented as an old man with wings, a *scythe*, and an hour-glass.

154. George Ellis, to borrow the language of Sir Walter Scott. "translated all the playful fascinations of a humour, as delightful as it was uncommon, into the forgotten poetry of the ancient minstrels, and gave life and popularity to compositions which had till then been buried in the closet of the antiquary." In the publication of the *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances* valuable services were rendered to literature. The interminable ballad romances of the middle ages had daunted all but the few initiated. Ellis, in fact, did for ancient romance what Percy had previously accomplished for early poetry.

156. **Unpedantic.** Pedantic implies a vain and useless display of learning.

163. **Head and Heart.** The intellect and affections. *Metonymy*.

165. Cf. Pope, *Essay on Man*, IV., 390.

"Guide, philosopher and friend."

166. **Minstrel.** An adjective.

180. **Oaks.** By *metonymy* for the Royal Castle.

Part of the first two cantos of *Marmion* was written at Sunninghill, Mr. Ellis's seat in Berkshire, near Windsor, with its royal residence, and Ascot, with its celebrated race-course.

183. **Pedantic laws.** Such as those of the artificial School.

185. **Storied pane.** One on which *stories* are painted.





NOTES TO MARMION.

CANTO V.—THE COURT.

In Canto V. the following features may be noticed:—

- (a) The descriptive powers of the author as shown in (1) the account of the various bands composing the Scottish army, (2) the picture of the court, (3) the portrait of the King and (4) the portrait of Douglas.
- (b) The fine narrative powers exhibited in those descriptions and in the movements mentioned of the nuns and Marmion.
- (c) The gay song of Lady Heron.
- (d) The further employment of the supernatural in the apparition seen on the tower cross.
- (e) The partial unfolding of the plot as shown in (1) the evidence of De Wilton's innocence (2) proof of Marmion's guilt and (3) the true relations of Clare.
- (f) The hero of the poem is shown to be a scoundrel.

I.—1. Braid. The hills of Braid are about two miles from Edinburgh.

3. Lindesay. See Canto IV., vii. 30.

Palisade. See Canto I., iii. 9.

4. Tented. Where the tents were.

5. Warders. The keepers or guards.

6. Carried pikes. By way of salute.

11. Well-appointed. Well-furnished.

14. But. Modifies "vaunt."

Vaunt. Show.

17. Flodden. For an account of the battle see Canto VI.

18. Cloth-yard Arrows. "This is no poetical exaggeration. In some of the counties of England, distinguished for archery, shafts of this extraordinary length were actually used. Thus at the battle of Blackheath, between the troops of Henry VII., and the Cornish insurgents, in 1496, the bridge of Dartwood was defended by a picked band of archers from the rebel army. 'whose arrows,' says Hollinshed, 'were in length a full cloth yard.' The Scottish, according to Ascham, had a proverb, that every English archer carried under his belt twenty-four Scots, in allusion to his bundle of unerring shafts."—*Scott*.

II.—1. View. *Synecdoche*.

2. Squadron. Fr. *escadron*. L. *quadrus*.

3. Small land. Scotland.

4. Band. For "bands."

5. Men-at-arms. Cf. "Man-of-war," "Commander-in-chief."

6. The first foot is a *trochee*.

7. A *simile*.

8. The Flemish horses were famous for their size and strength. What peculiarity of rhyme?

9. Battle-axe. A weapon used by the early northern nations, Celtic and Scandinavian, requiring great strength in its use. Some were held with one hand and some with two, the latter being used by foot-soldiers only. It had a longer handle, and a broader, stronger, and sharper blade than the common *axe*.

10. Squire. See I., iii. 16.

14. The infinitives are in apposition with "feat."

Croupe. Fr. *croupe*, the part of the horse behind the saddle. Hence to get behind a hostile rider was "to gain the croup."

15. Curvett, or *curvet*, a certain leap of a horse in which he gives his body a *curve*.

That not &c. An adverbial proposition forming a complement of purpose to "practised."

16. Amain. On *main*. A. S. *maegen*, power. Cf. "may" from *magan*, and the Greek *mechar*, *mechane*.

18. "The Scottish burgesses were, like yeomen, appointed to be armed with bows and sheaves, sword, buckler, knife, spear, or a good axe instead of a bow, if worth £100; their armour to be of white or bright harness. They wore *white hats*, i.e., bright steel caps, without crest or visor. By an act of James IV. their *weapon-schawings* are appointed to be held four times a-year, under the aldermen or bailiffs."—*Scott*.

20. Vizors. See III., xxiv. 6.

23. Brigandines. (Fr. *brigand*, a foot soldier). Coats of mail. **Gorget.** Armour for the throat.

24. We would have a *metaphor* in this line if it read "shone very silver." The *metaphor* expresses the resemblance without any sign such as "like" or "as." As a general rule, it may be said that the poet, in a *simile*, speaks with more personality, more directly from himself, than in a *metaphor*. The finest *similes* are found in epic or dramatic poems, where the poet himself tells the story; *metaphors* are more fitted for the quicker motion of the drama.

27. **Mace of weight.** The *mace* was originally a club armed with iron, and used in war. Both sword and mace are ensigns of dignity, suited to the times when men went about in armour, and sovereigns needed champions to vindicate their rights.

28. **Bucklers.** F. *Bouclier*, a small shield worn on the left arm.

III.—1. **Yeoman.** The tenants of the feudal lords.

2. "Bows and quivers were in vain recommended to the peasantry of Scotland, by repeated statutes; spears and axes seem universally to have been used instead of them. Their defensive armour was the plate-jack, hauberk, or brigantine; and their missile weapons crossbows and culverins. All wore swords of excellent temper, according to Patten; and a voluminous handkerchief round their neck, 'not for cold, but for cutting.' The mace also was much used in the Scottish army: The old poem on the battle of Flodden mentions a band—

'Who manfully did meet their foes.
With leaden mauls, and lances long.'

When the feudal array of the kingdom was called forth, each man was obliged to appear with forty days' provision. When this was expended, which took place before the battle of Flodden, the army melted away of course. Almost all the Scottish forces, except a few knights, men-at-arms, and the Border-prickers, who formed excellent light-cavalry, acted upon foot."—*Scott*.

7. **Halbeid.** Fr. *hallebarde*, from the Ger. *helm*, a handle and *barte*, an axe; so an axe with a long handle. The head generally consisted of a pointed spear-head with a crescent-shaped blade attached to it as an axe. It was introduced into England in the reign of Edward IV., was the peculiar weapon of the royal guard in Henry VII.'s time and after, and continued in use till the time of George III. It combined bill, glaive and pike.

8. **Hagbut,** or *hackbut* (Fr. *haquebute*, *arquebuse*), a musket or arquebuss.

12. **Strand.** By *synecdoche* for *land*.

13 **Musing.** Supply the ellipsis thus:—"He seemed sober—as he would seem—if he were musing &c."

Coats of mail.

18. **Who.** Antecedent disguised in "theirs." See Mason's Gr., par. 467.

20. **Valour.** Nominative absolute.

IV.—1. Borderer. The frontier of England and Scotland from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, was the field of constant forays, and a most fertile source of ill blood between north and south Britain. In Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* the feuds and forays of clans and families are commemorated in a series of ballads. The most notable of these forays from the Scottish side is narrated in the ballad of *Battle of Otterburne*, or, as it is sometimes called, *Chevy Chase*.

6. **Slogan.** The war-cry or gathering word of a clan.

8. **Pricker.** One who *pricks* with spurs, a horseman. Cf. I., xix. 3 and *Faerie Queen*, I., i. 1:

"A gentle knight was *pricking* on the plaine."

Plied. Urged. Cf. Gray's *Elegy*:

"Nor busy housewife *ply* her evening care."

12. Notice the different motives with which "vassals," "burghers" and "Borderers" engage in war.

15. **Moss.** A Swamp.

24. **Brocade.** A silk fabric with a raised pattern.

29. **Eusedale.** A valley in Dumfriesshire

Liddel. A river flowing into the Esir.

31. **Lion.** Sir David Lindesay.

32. **Glistening.** Akin to glittering.

33. **Maudlin.** Derived from *Mary Magdalen*, who is drawn by old painters with eyes swollen by weeping.

Pied. Painted.

34. **Kirtle.** A kind of gown.

V.—1. Celtic. The Highlanders are of Celtic or Gaelic origin. Cf. *Celtæ*, *Keltæ*, *Galatæ*, *Galli*, *Gael*, *Wales*, *Cornwall*, &c., and *Cæsar*, *Bellum Britannicum*, I., i.—

"qui ipsorum lingua *Celtæ*, nostri, *Galli* appellantur."

5. **Garish**, or *gairish*. Showy.

6. **Trews.** Short trousers.

18. **Buskins.** The Greek tragic actors used to wear a sandal some two or three inches thick with high heels and buskins attached to elevate the stature.

23. **Targe.** A shield. The *targe* of the Highlanders was round in shape and made of light wood, covered with leather, and studded with brass or iron.

27. **Isles-men.** Of the western islands of Scotland.

31. **As when.** "As the noise would be loud when &c."

VI.—7. "Both Borderers and Highlanders were unscrupulous freebooters, who would not have hesitated to rob the citizens of Edinburgh, even when assembled under the banner of the Scotch king to guard all Scotland from the Southern foe."—*Chambers*.

11. **Armourer.** A maker of arms.

Anvil. A. S. *anfill*, on fall.

12. **Wheel.** To bend into the form of a horse-shoe.

22. **Following.** Feudal retainers. This word, by the way, has been, since the Author of *Marmion* used it, and thought it called for explanation, completely adopted into English, and especially into Parliamentary parlance.

28. **Behest.** A. S. *haes* from *hatan*, to command.

30. "In all transactions of great or petty importance, and among whomsoever taking place, it would seem that a present of wine was a uniform and indispensable preliminary."—*Scott*.

33. **Dons.** From *do on* like *doff* from *do off*. Shakespeare has *dup* for *do up* and *dout* for *do out*.

Weeds. A. S. *waed*, clothing (lit. that which is woven); now usually confined to the mourning of a widow, "widow's weeds."

VII.—2. Wassel. A. S. *waes-hael*, be hale, and hence *merry feasting*.

10. **Tourney.** Tournament. A tilt of knights where the chief art of the game was so to manœuvre or *turn* your horse as to avoid the adversary's blows.

12. **Quaint.** Old Fr. *coint*, L. *cognitus*. Some derive it from *comptus*, neat. It first signified agreeable or elegant and subsequently old-fashioned.

21. The office of court-jester became during the middle ages a regular and indispensable office. The symbols of such a personage were—the shaven head; the fool's cap of gay colours, with asses' ears and coxcomb; the fool's sceptre which was variously formed; bells which were mostly attached to the cap, but likewise to other parts of the dress; and a large collar. Some of these professional fools acquired a historical reputation. English court-fools died out with the Stuarts.

28. **Personification.**

VIII.—4. Trow. Think. Akin to true.

6. **Courtesy.** It was at the courts of princes that minstrels and pages practised the refinements of the age in which they lived.

7. **Doffed.** See Note to V., vi. 33.

10. **Piled.** *Pile* is the *nap* on velvet and other kinds of cloth.

12. **Sheen.** Ger. *schön*, bright.

14. **Adown.** "The particle *a* as a prefix may in some cases be an altered *of*, as in *adown*, which may be explained from the Saxon of *dúne*; or an altered *on*, as *about* from Saxon *onbutan*, *asleep* from Saxon *slæpe*. But in the bulk this prefix is to be identified with the French preposition *à*, L. *ad*; and even in the alterations from Saxon, this French preposition has been influential; *abed*, *afar*, *afield*, &c."—Earle.

16. See note to IV., xvi. 13.

17. **Toledo.** "A very ancient city of Spain, once its capital, situated on the River Tagus, and thirty-seven miles south-west of Madrid. Its architecture is chiefly Moorish, the result of the occupation of Spain by the Saracens, but its history dates from a much earlier period. It is mentioned by Livy (xxxv. 22), 'Toletum ibi parva urbs erat sed loco munito,' and (xxxix. 30) he tells us of its capture by M. Fabius Nobilior, 193 B.C. By the Goths, it was made the capital of their monarchy. It has long been famous for its manufacture of swords, the Moors having brought the art from the East. Charles III. had a huge building erected for this object, about two miles from the city. The sword-blades were remarkable for their temper, and a proof of their elasticity is given by the fact that they were sometimes sold in boxes, coiled up like the main-spring of a watch. 'Compassed like a good Bilboa, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head.' Falstaff in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii. v. 110."—Morris.

17. **Baldrick.** A warrior's belt.

IX.—A striking peculiarity of Scott's poetry is the air of freedom and nature which he contrives to impart to most of his distinguished characters. This is especially the case with the men he describes. Kings and princes in his hands become as familiar as persons in humble positions in life. At the same time, while such homeliness and freedom are to be recognized in his delineations, he has not neglected the dignified features usually ascribed to distinguished personages.

1. **Monarch.** James IV. (1488—1513) was born 1472. Married, in 1503, Margaret the daughter of Henry VII. of England. Killed at Flodden.

8. **Lists.** The inclosed space for the encounters in a tournament.

13. **Suit** and **pain** are in apposition with the infinitives in preceding line.

18. **O'ercast.** The verb overcast is here used transitively.

20. "Few readers need to be reminded of this belt, to the weight of which James added certain ounces every year that he lived. Pittscottie founds his belief, that James was not slain in the bat-

tle of Flodden, because the English never had this token of the iron-belt to show to any Scottishman. The person and character of James are delineated according to our best historians. His romantic disposition, which lead him highly to relish gaiety, approaching to license, was, at the same time, tinged with enthusiastic devotion. These propensities sometimes formed a strange contrast. He was wont, during his fits of devotion, to assume the dress, and conform to the rules, of the order of Franciscans; and when he had thus done penance for some time in Stirling, to plunge again into the tide of pleasure. Probably, too, with no unusual inconsistency, he sometimes laughed at the superstitious observances to which he at other times subjected himself."—*Scott*.

22. See note to IV., xv. 15.

X.—2. "It has been already noticed, (see note to stanza xiii of canto I.) that King James's acquaintance with Lady Heron of Ford did not commence until he marched into England. Our historians impute to the King's infatuated passion the delays which led to the fatal defeat of Flodden. The author of "The Genealogy of the Heron Family" endeavours, with laudable anxiety, to clear the Lady Ford from this scandal; that she came and went, however, between the armies of James and Surrey, is certain. See Pinkerton's *History*, and the authorities he refers to, vol. ii., p. 99. Heron of Ford had been, in 1511, in some sort accessory to the slaughter of Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches. It was committed by his brother the bastard, Lilburn, and Starked, three Borderers. Lilburn and Heron of Ford were delivered up by Henry to James, and were imprisoned in the fortress of Fastcastle, where the former died. Part of the pretence of Lady Ford's negotiations with James was the liberty of her husband."—*Scott*.

In I., xvii. Sir Hugh had announced that his wife was at the Scottish court; in IV., ix. 10, Lindesay called her a spy for England, and in IV., xvii. 12, the warning against woman's wiles is directed against her.

"Lingard (vol. iv., p. 150. *note*), however, denies that there were any such delays, because Norham surrendered on the 29th of August, whilst Surrey reached Alnwick on the 3rd of September, and Ford, Etall, and Wark were taken in the meantime. Scott's answer to another such defender of Lady Ford, is that it is certain she came and went between the armies of James and Surrey—evidence, however, insufficient for conviction. Her husband had been accessory to the slaughter of Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches, for which he had been delivered up to King James. Lady Ford's object was to obtain her husband's liberty."—*Morris*

5. *Cessford*. See V., xiii. 20.

10. Scott quotes from Pitscottie's *History*:—"Also the Queen of France wrote a love letter to the King of Scotland, calling him her love, showing him that she had suffered much rebuke in France for the defending of his honour. She believed surely that he would recompense her again with some of his kingly support in her necessity; that is to say, that he would raise her an army, and come three feet of ground on English ground, for her sake. To that effect she sent him a ring off her finger, with fourteen thousand French crowns to pay his expenses."

11. *Turquois*. *Turquoise* is a bluish-green mineral from Persia, valued as a gem, and so called because first brought from Turkey. The *turquoise ring* is probably the one preserved in the College of Heralds, London.

13. The *tournament* was a favourite military sport of the middle ages, in which combatants engaged one another with the object of showing their courage and skill in the use of arms. The performance was usually held at the invitation of some prince in the presence of ladies. The intending combatants hung up their armorial shields on the trees or tents round the arena for inspection, to show that they were worthy candidates for the honour of contending in the lists in respect of noble birth, military prowess, and unspotted character. The combat was generally begun on horseback, but when dismounted the combatants frequently continued on foot. The usual arms were lances or swords. Minute regulations were observed, which in a measure diminished the danger. The prize was bestowed by the lady of the tournament on the knight to whom it had been adjudged. He reverently approached, saluting her and her two attendants. The difference between a tournament and a *joust* consisted in the latter being a single combat, while in the former a troop of knights encountered each other on either side.

18. *Drest*. Cf. *blest*, *topt*, *crept*, &c.

24. *Sooth*. Truth.

28. *Margaret*. Daughter of Henry VII. of England. Through the marriage of Margaret and James IV., James VI., son of Mary Queen of Scots became heir to the English throne. After the death of James IV.; at Flodden, Margaret married Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, from whom she was divorced. Her third husband was Henry Stuart, Lord Methvin.

Lithgow. Linlithgow. See IV., xv. 4.

Bower. A. S. *bur*.

XI.—2. *Weeps*. Used transitively with "war" and "risk" as objects.

13. **For.** Because of.

14. **Wimple.** A handkerchief for the neck.

17. **Scan.**

XII.—1. Lochinvar. "The Gordons were Lords of Lochinvar, a castle by a lake of the same name, in the parish of Dalry, in Kirkcudbright, beyond the borders of Dumfries. The Grahams were Lords of Netherby Hall, near Carlisle, in Cumberland, Helen Graham was the young lady who was to be married to one of the Musgraves, by the wish of her father and mother; but Lochinvar was the lady's true-love, who carried her off from her father's mansion. Lochinvar crossed the Esk and rode over *Cannobie Lee*, a plain in Dumfriesshire, divided from Cumberland by the river Liddel."—*Morris*.

For the metre of this song see Preliminary Remarks.

8. **Eske.** Flows into the Solway Firth.

16. **Craven.** "Your mercy is craved." "It was usual in former times to decide controversies by an appeal to battle. The combatants fought with batons, and if the accused could either kill his adversary or maintain the fight till sundown, he was acquitted. If he wished to call off, he cried out "Craven!" and was held infamous, while the defendant was advanced to the honour."—*Blackstone*.

17. **Ye.** See Mason's *Gram.*, par. 183.

20. **Solway.** Between England and Scotland, and remarkable for the rapid ebb and flow of its tide. See the novel *Redgauntlet* for a detailed picture of the phenomena.

30. **Tread.** Subjunctive mood.

32. **Galliard.** Fr. *gailliard*, Sp. *gallardo*, a lively dance. Cf. *gallant*.

35. **Bride-maidens.** Bride's-maids.

41. **Scaw.** "A bare place on the side of a steep hill, from which the sward has been washed down by rains."—*Jamieson*.

The ballad of *Lochinvar* is in a very slight degree founded on a ballad called *Katharine Janfarie* in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

XIII.—1. Siren. Applied to an enticing woman, and derived from a term which in ancient mythology meant a mermaid or goddess, who enticed men into her power by the charms of music and then destroyed them. See Homer's *Odyssey*, xii. 39.

18. **Parchment.** Derived from Pergamus where first made.

20. "The real causes of the war between England and Scotland in which Flodden was the chief battle, seem, according to Lingard, to have been three: 1. The detention by Henry VIII. of some

jewels which Henry VII. had bequeathed to his daughter, the Scotch Queen.—2. The murder of Sir Robert Kerr, the Warden of the Scottish Marches, by the bastard Heron of Ford.—3. The death of Andrew Barton.”—*Morris*.

21. **Liege-men.** Vassals or those bound by a feudal tenure.

22. **Warder.** Sir Kerr of Cessford.

23. **Barton.** “John Barton had been captured in 1476 by the Portuguese. King James gave to him and his brothers, of whom Andrew was the best known, letters of reprisal, or permission to attack any Portuguese ships. They, however, found this business so pleasant and lucrative, that they stopped and plundered English ships also. Henry VIII. pronounced the Bartons pirates, and in an action with an English ship-of-war, Andrew Barton was killed. There is a ballad upon Sir Andrew in Percy’s *Reliques*.”—*Morris*.

XIV.—1. Douglas. “Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, surnamed *Bell-the-Cat*, which surname he thus acquired: James III., being fond of architecture and music, was unwise enough to make favourites of his architects and musicians. One of his unworthy favourites was a stone-mason named Cochran; him he created Earl of Mar. The nobles, taking advantage of being assembled for war with England, held a midnight council in the Church of Lauder, to take measures to rid them of this Cochran. Lord Gray told the assembly—who were agreed as to their object, although no one would volunteer to carry it out—the fable of the mice and the cat; the mice determined that they would tie a bell round the cat’s neck, so that they might hear her coming; but their excellent intentions were frustrated because no one would bell the cat. ‘I understand you,’ said Lord Angus; ‘I will bell the cat.’ Accordingly, Cochran was seized by Lord Angus, and afterwards hanged over the Bridge of Lauder.

“Earl Angus, now an old man, was strongly opposed to the Flodden war, whereupon the King insultingly told him he might go home if he was afraid.”—*Morris*.

8. **Lauder.** A small town in the extreme west of Berwickshire and on the river Leader, a tributary of the Tweed.

13. **Hermitage.** A small river of Liddesdale, in Roxburghshire, on which stood Hermitage Castle, a strong Border tower, belonging to the Douglas family. The castle originally belonged to the Lords Soulis.

Liddesdale. See V., iv. 29.

15. **Bothwell.** Bothwell Castle, on the Clyde, Lanarkshire. Archibald, Earl of Angus, gave Hermitage Castle to Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, in exchange for Bothwell Castle. It was once the great stronghold of the Douglas family. In 1679, the Covenanters

were defeated by the royal troops under the Duke of Monmouth, near Bothwell Bridge. The ruins exhibit the "Norman style of architecture, and consist of a large oblong quadrangle, flanked, towards the south, by two circular towers, covering altogether an area of 234 feet in length, and 99 feet in breadth."—(Black's *Scotland*).

20. **To fix &c.** An adverbial complement of "left."

26. **Minion.** Favourite.

30. "Angus was an old man when the war against England was resolved upon. He earnestly spoke against that measure from its commencement; and, on the eve of the battle of Flodden, remonstrated so freely upon the impolicy of fighting, that the King said to him, with scorn and indignation, 'if he was afraid he might go home.' The Earl burst into tears at this insupportable insult, and retired accordingly, leaving his sons George, Master of Angus, and Sir William of Glenbervie, to command his followers. They were both slain in the battle, with two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas. The aged Earl, broken-hearted at the calamities of his house and his country, retired into a religious house, where he died about a year after the field of Flodden."—*Scott*.

XV.—2. Vaunt. Boast.

5. **In Silver.** A metaphor.

13. **Return &c.** A noun proposition forming the object of "to say."

Lindisfarne. See Canto II., i. 10.

15. **Tentallon Hold.** This Castle was a principal stronghold of the Douglas family. The ruins occupy a high rock, projecting into the German Ocean, about two miles east of North Berwick.

19. **Blazon.** "*Blazon*, here, as often in poetry, coat of arms; strictly the art of describing in technical terms the objects borne in arms. The Douglas arms consisted of a bloody heart surmounted by a crown, representing the heart of Bruce, which the Good Lord Douglas was commissioned to carry to the Holy Land. The motto was, *Both time and hour*."—*Chambers*. The motto seems now to be changed for *Jamais arrièrs*. Cf. VI., ii. 10, "bloody heart."

22. **Me.** See Mason's *Gram.*, par. 176.

St. Stephen. The first Christian (Acts vii).

25. **Dunbar.** On the coast of Haddingtonshire. See I., xix. 4.

26. **Bevy.** "Properly applied to roebucks, quails, and pheasants. The word is allied to *bivouac*, i.e., *be awake* (to be on the watch), because one of the bevy is on the watch to warn the herd of danger."—*Brewer's Dictionary*.

30. **Requiem.** *L. requies.* The accusative being used far oftener than any other case in Latin, was the case most commonly picked up by barbarians in the dark ages, hence the accusative and not the nominative is the starting point for the derivation of French words from the Latin.

Cochran. Created Earl of Mar, the chief of the favourites of James III., whom Angus hanged.

XVI.—2. To break. To breaking.

7. Bruce. King Robert Bruce.

10. Douglas old. The Good Lord James of Douglas, son of Sir William of Douglas. He was Bruce's greatest Captain in the long War of the Succession. He was slain in Andalusia, in 1330, on his way to the Holy Land with the heart of his royal master. See Burton's *History of Scotland* and compare the description of James Douglas in the *Lady of the Lake*.

XVII.—3. Cf. Pope's *Essay on Man* :

"Laugh where we must, be candid where we can."

8. Tamworth. See I., xi, 11.

12. In. Into.

13. Nottingham. In Nottinghamshire; population about 75,000; noted for manufactures of silk, cotton, and lace.

16. Derbyshire is mountainous and picturesque towards the north-west, on which account this portion of the country is called the "High Peak."

17. Ouse. In Yorkshire.

Tyne. The chief river of Northumberland.

20. Notice the *anaphora*.

21. Trent. Rises in Staffordshire and unites with the Ouse to form the Humber.

25. A hall! a hall! The ancient cry to make room for a dance or pageant. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, I., v. 27:

"You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play,
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls."

26. Himself. For "he himself" by poetical license.

XVIII.—2. See I., i. 9 and 21.

9. "Under the care of Marmion as an escort &c." Cf. the use of the relative with a word in the possessive as antecedent.

12. Told her chaplet o'er. Counted her beads. "*Chaplet*, the rosary or string of beads which Roman Catholics use to count their prayers. *Bead* is literally a prayer (A. S. *bed*, *gebed*, from *biddan*, to pray, ask, demand)."—*Chambers*.

27. To avoid. To try to avoid. In apposition with "it."

XIX.—2. Notice the faulty construction.

5. **Who.** Cf. V., iii. 18.

Scroll. A letter.

11. **Balcony.** Fr. *balcon*, or perhaps from Persian *bala khana*.

14. **Each home.** Both homes.

XX.—4. By. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, V., xx. 15.

5. **Late.** Lately.

10. **Giles.** The Church of St. Giles.

12. **Gothic.** This kind of architecture has nothing to do with the Goths, but is a term of contempt bestowed by the architects of the Renaissance period on mediæval architecture, which they termed Gothic or clumsy, fit for barbarians.

21. **Bowne.** Prepare.

23. A *pentameter* line.

XXI.—6. Attend. Used transitively.

Deem. Supply "it" (tale).

8. The Palmer's love would be heavenly.

9. **Wooded.** "There are passages in which the flatness and tediousness of the narrative is relieved by no sort of beauty nor elegance of diction, and which form an extraordinary contrast with the more animated and finished portions of the poem. We shall not afflict our readers with more than one specimen of this falling off. We select it from the Abbess's explanation to De Wilton:—'De Wilton and Lord Marmion woo'd, &c.' (and twenty-two following lines)."—*Jeffrey*.

10. **Gloster.** See VI., iv. 29.

14. **Despiteously.** Maliciously.

16. **Martin Swart.** "A German general, who commanded the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel. He was defeated and killed at Stokefield. The name of this German general is preserved by that of the field of battle, which is called, after him, Swart-moor.—There were songs about him long current in England."—*Scott*.

17. **Simnel.** Lambert Simnel was the son of a baker. In the reign of Henry VII., he was instigated to personate Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, son of George, Duke of Clarence, who was drowned in a butt of malmsey.

19. **Stokefield.** Between Newark and Nottingham in Nottinghamshire.

20. If the one challenged accepted the trial he lifted the glove.

21. **Wont.** Accustomed.

23. **Guelders.** Ger. *Geldern*. A town in Rhenish Prussia between the Rivers Rhine and Meuse.

29. **Were.** Some editions give "was." Cf. III., ix. 7.

31. Henry VII.

39. "It was early necessary for those who felt themselves obliged to believe in the divine judgment being enunciated in the trial by duel, to find salvos for the strange and obviously precarious chances of the combat. Various curious evasive shifts, used by those who took up an unrighteous quarrel, were supposed sufficient to convert it into a just one. Thus, in the romance of "Amys and Amelion," the one brother-in-arms, fighting for the other, disguised in his armour, swears that *he* did not commit the crime of which the Steward, his antagonist, truly, though maliciously, accused him whom he represented."—*Scott*.

The occasional use of questions gives increased energy to style. In poetry they heighten the dramatic effect by bringing the supposed scene more vividly before us.

XXII.—2. Recreant. *L. recredo*, to retract; hence the vanquished in the wager of battle.

5. **Passing.** Exceedingly. Cf. Goldsmith, *D. V.*, 142.

6. **Drenched.** Made drunk.

12. **Vestal.** Alluding to the "vestal virgins" who were devoted to the Goddess Vesta and who were not allowed to marry.

17. **Edified.** See II., xiii. 11.

18. **Strain.** Origin.

19. "That she cherishes a vain sorrow for the loss of her lover." A noun prop. in apposition to "strain."

21. **Cross.** Trial or affliction.

23. **Tame.** A tributary of the Trent into which it falls near Tamworth.

26. **Knows.** See III., ix. 7., for a similar construction.

28. Transpose:—"It would be a shame to dear Saint Hilda, and I, her humble vot'ress here, should do a deadly sin, if, her temple being spoiled before mine eyes, this false Marmion should win such a prize by my consent."

31. **Temple.** Nominative absolute.

34. **Monarch.** Henry VIII.

XXIII.—16. Supply "it" after deem.

24. **Each.** Used for "every."

28. **House's.** An objectionable use of the Saxon possessive.

XXIV.—9. Or—or. Either—or.

15. **Wolsey.** Cardinal Wolsey, Lord Chancellor of England (1515—1529). At this time (1513) he was neither Cardinal nor Chancellor, though in high favour with the king.

21. **What.** Cf. the "accusative of specification."

24. **Shrilly.** Shrill.

28. **Withold.** "Withold seems to have been the saint popularly invoked against nightmare. The Abbess, therefore, invokes his aid against his vision."—*Morris*. Cf. *Ivanhoe*, chap. 1.; and *King Lear*, iii. 4, "Swithold (*i.e.*, Saint Withold) footed thrice the wold."

80. There can be no doubt this story was designed "a tale of peace to teach" (VI, viii. 30). Cf. "Tales of a Grandfather" (Scotland), vol. i., p. 182: "Another story, though not so well authenticated, says, that a proclamation was heard at the market-cross of Edinburgh, at the dead of night, summoning the King by his name and titles, and many of his nobles and principal leaders, to appear before the tribunal of Pluto, within the space of forty days. This also has the appearance of a stratagem, invented to deter the King from his expedition."

Scott's works are generally grounded on actual tradition. Goethe continually urged young poets to study the real world, instead of trying to give expression to the sentiments of individuals. "When I remember," he says, "how Schiller studied tradition, what trouble he gave himself about Switzerland when he wrote his *William Tell*, and how Shakespeare used the chronicles, copying into his plays whole passages word for word (*e.g.*, *Coriolanus*), I am inclined to prescribe the same course to a young poet."

XXV.—1. Cross. "The cross of Edinburgh was an ancient and curious structure. The lower part was an octagonal tower, sixteen feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet high. At each angle there was a pillar, and between them an arch, of the Grecian shape. Above these was a projecting battlement, with a turret at each corner, and medallions, of rude but curious workmanship, between them. Above this rose the proper cross, a column of one stone upwards of twenty feet high, surmounted with a unicorn. This pillar is preserved in the grounds of the property of Drum, near Edinburgh. The Magistrates of Edinburgh, with consent of the Lords of Session (*proh pudor!*) destroyed this curious monument, under a wanton pretext that it encumbered the street, while, on the one hand, they left an ugly mass called the Lucken-booths, and, on the other, an awkward, long, and low guardhouse, which were fifty times more encumbrance than the venerable and inoffensive cross.

"From the tower of the cross, so long as it remained, the heralds published the Acts of Parliament; and its site, marked by radii diverging from a stone centre, in the High Street, is still the place where proclamations are made."—*Scott*.

The cross proper, a pillar about twenty feet in length, was re-erected in 1869 within the railings of St. Giles.

2. **Octagon.** Octagonal, having eight sides.

9. **Mallison.** (Through the Fr. from L. *māle*—*dicere*; Cf. "benison" from *bene*—*dicere*). Curse.

14. **Gibber.** Talk rapidly.

17. **As.** As if.

18. **Pursuivants.** Attendants on heralds (Fr. *poursuivre*).

Prepare. The use of the present tense after *did seem* is awkward.

21. "But indistinct was the appearance of the proud pageant such as those forms which fancy creates out of the changing shapes of the clouds when the moon flings upon her shroud a wavering tinge of flame."

27. "This supernatural citation is mentioned by all our Scottish historians. It was, probably, like the apparition at Linlithgow, an attempt, by those averse to the war, to impose upon the superstitious temper of James IV."—*Scott*.

XXVI.—We have here cited the names of those who were to perish in the battle of Flodden. The summons is made solemn by the character of the appeals. Cf. the language used with that employed in *The Lady of the Lake* in connection with the Fiery Cross.

3. **Ear.** *Metonymy*.

8. **Hearts.** *Metonymy*.

17. Notice the effect of *hyperbaton*.

27. See. I. xi. 7

31. The voice of the Palmer. Piscottie says that one of those summoned having appealed from the summons in the name of God and Christ was the only one who escaped death at Flodden.

33. Pluto, called Plutock.

37. **Parted.** *Departed*.

44. **What time.** At what time.

XXVII.—1. **Shift.** Subjunctive mood.

3. **Save.** Governs the proposition that follows.

7. **Repair.** Fr. *repairer*, to visit one's native country. "Repair" to mend, is from the L. *reparare*, literally "to prepare again."

14. See. IV. ix. 7.

21. **As if.** As he would look if &c.

22. **Afar.** An adjective.

24. **Frocke.** Robe.

XXVIII.—2. **Fair.** Fairly.

3. **Escorting.** Fr. *Escorte*, L. *ex* and *corriger*.

12. What is the subject of "had wrought?"

18. "Besides although when Milton was his rival, he (Marmion) felt humbled pride at being rejected by Clare, and not jealousy arising from real affection, yet he almost loathed to think upon conquest won in such a base manner, and it (conquest so won) often made him hate the cause (the desire of Clare's hand) which had led him to infringe the laws of honour."—*Chambers*.

25. *Her*. Used for "she."

26. *Who*. Constance de Beverley. Canto II.

XXIX.—2. Berwick. A royal and parliamentary borough, seaport, post town and parish, in Haddingtonshire, situated on the Frith of Forth, 19 miles from Edinburgh. It is at the base of a conical hill, 940 feet high, called "North Berwick Law." The ruins of the Abbey of North Berwick, "the venerable pile," stand about a quarter of a mile from the town on the summit of a gentle elevation.

Law. means a beacon hill. Cf. *Greenlaw*.

4. **Venerable pile.** A convent of Cistercian nuns, founded by Duncan, Earl of Fife, in 1216.

5. **Bass.** A small island in the mouth of the Frith of Forth. It is about a mile in circuit and more than 400 feet above the level of the sea. It is noted for the resistance a few followers of James II made at the revolution of 1688. It is a great resort of solan geese. Cf. III. iii. 6.

Lambie Isle. The Lamb, a rock off North-Berwick.

9. **Rest.** To rest.

10. **Guest.** In apposition with "Abbess."

17. **Palfrey.** *F. palefroi*, Ger. *pferd*, L. *paraveredus*, *parafredus*; a hybrid word from the Gr. *para*, and *veredus*, a post-horse; so an extra post-horse.

21. **E'en.** Modifies "from my heart."

26. **Wend.** Cf. "went."

29. **Commanding.** Qualifies "letter."

XXX.—5. Thee. The simple pronoun used reflexively.

8. **Nay.** See Mason's Gram. par. 272.

10. **Angus'.** Give rules for forming the possessive.

16. **Nor—nor.** Neither—nor.

23. **Kinsman.** Lord Fitz-Clare.

25. **Periphrasis.**

"This was the most solemn form of excommunication. Twelve priests in surplices, with lighted candles, stood round the bishop, and as he pronounced the sentence they dashed their candles to the ground. The bells were rung in order that the devils might be kept away from the church, who were supposed to seize upon the excommunicated person at once. The book was the service-book, from which the service of excommunication was read. Vide Maskell's 'Monumenta Ritualia,' vol. i. p. 256.

Cf. Shakespeare's *King John*, (III. iii. 12) :

'Bell, book and candle shall not drive me back.' " *Morris*.

34. *Cistercians*. "A religious order, founded by Robert, Benedictine Abbot of Molesme. They derived their name from that of their first convent, which was at Citana (Cistercium), near Bearne. The rule of Cistercians was that of St. Benedict. The monks wore a white robe. The order grew very rapidly, and owned a very large number of monasteries within a hundred years of its establishment."—*Morris*.

XXXI.—2. State. Dignity.

4. **Composed.** Arranged.

8. **And.** What connected?

9. **One.** "This relates to the catastrophe of a real Robert de Marmion, in the reign of King Stephen, whom William of Newbury describes with some attributes of my fictitious hero: *Homo bellicosus, ferocia et astucia fere nullo suo tempore impar* (a warlike man in fierceness of temper and in cleverness surpassed by hardly anyone of his own time). This baron, having expelled the monks from the church of Coventry, was not long of experiencing the divine judgment, as the same monks, no doubt, termed his disaster. Having waged a feudal war with the Earl of Chester, Marmion's horse fell, as he charged in the van of his troop, against a body of the Earl's followers, the rider's thigh being broken by the fall, his head was cut off by a common foot-soldier, ere he could receive any succour. The whole story is told by William of Newbury."—*Scott*.

10. **Coventry.** A city of Warwickshire about 18 miles from Birmingham. It is a place of great antiquity. "The citizens of Coventry had at one time so great a dislike to soldiers, that a woman seen speaking to one was instantly tabooed. No intercourse was ever allowed between the garrison and the town; hence when a soldier was sent to Coventry he was cut off from all social intercourse." Hence, "to send one to Coventry" was to take no notice of him.

11. **His.** Whose?

14. **Plebeian.** That of a common person.

18. Notice the *antithesis*.

20. **Me.** Used for "I." Cf. xxviii. 25.

22. **Judith.** This was a beautiful Jewess, who, in the book of the Apocrypha that bears her name, is related to have slain Holofernes, the general of Nebuchadnezzar, when he was besieging her native town, Bethulia.

28. **Mighty.** Holofernes.

La
for
fold
cat
lot
last
19
20
X
carr
actu

24. **Jael—Deborah.** See Judges IV & V.

25. **In.** An adverb.

27. "**Saint Antony** was one of the earliest Christian hermits (third century). He was a native of the Thebaid in Egypt, from which he went forth to spend a solitary life. His temptations by the devil are famous; they drove him from place to place. Afterwards his fame spread, and he had many followers. His life was written by Saint Athanasius. An account of him is given by Mr. Kingsley in 'The Hermits'."—*Morris*.

Blount's exclamation is equivalent to "May St. Antony's fire seize thee." Erysipelas is thus called from the tradition that those who sought the intercession of St. Antony recovered from the pestilential erysipelas called the *sacred fire*, which proved extremely fatal in 1089.

31. **Fond.** Foolish. Cf. Shakespeare,

"'Tis *fond* to wall inevitable strokes."

33. **Don.** Cf. V. vi. 33.

34. **Perforce.** By force.

XXXII.—2. Despair. Not usually followed by the infinitive.

8. **Sanctuary.** An asylum or refuge.

9. **Dome.** L. *domus*. Cf. Goldsmith *D. V.* 319.

"The *dome* where pleasure holds her midnight reign."

15. **Yet. &c.** The proposition introduced by "and" in line 7.

19. **Victim.** Constance.

22. **Many a.** See Mason's Grammar, par. 93.

One. In apposition with "blessings."

25. **Woes.** In apposition with "weeping" and "wailing."

XXXIII.—1. Scant. Scantly.

Rode. Ridden.

4. **Tantallon.** See V. xv. 15.

5. **Broad.** Referring to "towers."

13. **Court.** "It was on the Latium hills that the ancient Latins raised their *cors*, or *cohors*, small enclosures with hurdles for sheep, &c. Subsequently as many men as could be cooped or folded together were called a *corps* or *cohort*. The "cors" or cattle-yard, being the nucleus of the farm, became the centre of a lot of farm cottages, then of a hamlet, town, fortified place, and lastly of a royal residence."—*Brewer's Dictionary*.

19. **Keep.** The innermost and strongest part of a castle.

20. Cf. Virgil, "Cælo ducere."

XXXIV.—4. When they came to Tantallon reports, rapidly carried, and changing from day to day, intimated that war had actually begun.

5. **Etall.** This castle, now in ruins, was embattled by Sir Robert de Manners, a knight of Edward III.

Wark. "As a border castle, was often besieged by the Scots. Edward III defended it against them. It stood on the south banks of the river Tweed, east of Teviotdale, not far from Kelso. At the Union the castle was demolished."—*Morris*.

Cf. Percy's *Hermit of Warksworth* :

"Lord Percy's knights their bleeding friend
To Wark's fiery castle bore."

Ford. Separated from Flodden by the river Till. The castle was originally built by Sir William Heron, but frequently altered. Here James IV is said to have lingered, lured by the charms of Lady Heron.

12. **Hand.** *Metonymy*.

15. **That King James, &c.** In apposition with "news."

17. **Dallying off.** Transitive, Cf. "laugh at."

25. **Millfield Plain.** In Northumberland on the border, where was once an old palace of the Kings of Bernicia. Here the Scots under Lord Home were defeated, principally through an ambuscade, shortly before the battle of Flodden.

26. **Surrey.** Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, afterwards Duke of Norfolk. In consequence of gaining the battle of Flodden his dukedom, which had been forfeited by the attainder of his father, was restored him. Cf. VI. xxiv. 14.

29. **Wooler.** A town in Northumberland near Flodden.

31. **Without.** An adverb.

36. **Needs.** "Of necessity (A. S. *nedes, nydes*, gen. of *need, nȳd*, necessity). In A. S. this use of the genitive case as an adverb was very common (compare *willes*, willingly; *sothes*, of a truth, &c). In modern English, this form is retained in a very few cases (needs, once, twice, &c), but more generally the preposition *of* has taken the place of the genitive suffix, as "*of a truth, of course, of an evening, &c.*"—*Chambers*.

39. **Wot.** A. S. *witan*, to know.

43. **Against.** By.





NOTES TO MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO VI.

Heber. Richard Heber, to whom this epistle is addressed, was an early and intimate friend of Scott. He was half brother to Reginald, the poet. He was M. P. for Oxford University, but is best remembered as the greatest book collector of modern times—his collections being valued at £180,000.

1. **Vision.**
2. **Will.** A principal verb.
4. **Each.** Every.
5. **Heather yet.** While still heather.
7. **Iol.** The Scandinavian name for Christmas. The same as *yule*.
15. Consult history.
17. **Scalds.** Scandinavian bards. Cf. Ger. *Schallen*, to sound.
22. **Recall.** Suggest.
23. **Odin.** The chief God in Northern mythology.
- Hall.** "His hall was Valhalla, where, after death, heroes and warriors revelled in the tumultuous joys in which they had taken most pleasure while on earth."—*Chambers*.
32. **That only night.** That night alone.
33. **Stoled.** Wearing a *stole*, a long, narrow scarf, worn by priests.
- Chalice.** The communion cup.
84. **Donned.** Put on.
40. Notice the examples of *personification* and *metonymy*.
41. **Doffed.** Do-off.
44. **Underogating.** Without sacrificing dignity. Scott shows in many of his writings a disposition to attach undue importance to rank and position. His life also indicates an ambition prompted by similar leanings.

45. **Post and pair.** A game of cards.

48. **Metonymy.** The inhabitants of "cottages" and the wearer of the "crown" are meant.

50. **Logs.** Yule-logs.

53. **Day of Grace.** Christmas.

55. **Mark.** In feudal times, as all people of rank dined at the same table, a large salt-cellar was placed in the middle to "mark" the line of separation between the superior and inferior ranks. Persons of distinction sat *above* the "saler." Dependents and inferior guests sat below it.

56. **Brawn.** The pickled flesh of the swine.

59. **Rosemary.** *L. ros* dew, and *mare* the sea.

65. **Trowls.** Goes round. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*. VI. iv. 23:
"And while a merry catch I troll."

72. **Carols.** "Christmas Carols are in commemoration of the song of the angels to the shepherds at the nativity."—*Brewer*.

74. **Mumming.** Masquerading.

75. **Mystery.** The English *mummers* and the Scottish *guisards* present some traces of the old *mysteries* which were the origin of the English drama. These were at first representations of Scripture stories, and afterwards virtues and vices (moralities) personified. The church favoured them.

78. **Dight.** A. S. *dihtan*, to arrange.

82. **Broached.** To *broach* a cask is to bore a hole in the top for the peg (*brock*). The expression "To broach a new subject" alludes to beer tubs. If one is flat another must be *broached*.

90. **Even.** Modifies the succeeding proposition.

91. "We hold dear all who can claim kindred with us, even though the relationship claimed be so remote that, to English ears, it sounds an empty name."—*Chambers*.

92. **Proverbs.** "Blood is thicker than water."

95. **Great-grandsire.** Surnamed *Beardie*. See Life.

100. "In lines 96-100, Sir Walter Scott imitates part of a poetical invitation addressed by the grandfather of Mr. Scott, of Harden, to the grandfather of the poet. It was dated from Mertoun House, the seat of the Harden family, beautifully situated on the Tweed, where Sir Walter Scott himself was spending his Christmas with Mr. Scott, the immediate head of the race, when this introduction was written."—*Chambers*.

106. Consult Life.

110. **Constraint.** Subject of "flies," which is used transitively.

Wand. *Metonymy*. The demeanour of the "fair dame" put her guests at ease.

111. The proprietor of Harden afterwards became Lord Polworth. This lady, "The fair dame that rules the land," was of noble German descent.

117. **Turns again.** Having a winding course.

120. **Clips.** Clasps.

121. **Dome.** *domus*, a house. Here taken literally.

128. **Classic.** The Romans were divided by Servius into six classes. Any citizen who belonged to the highest class was called *classicus*, all the rest were said to be *infra classem*. From this the best authors were termed *classici auctores*, and from the high esteem of Greek and Latin at the revival of letters, the present application of the term arose.

131. **Noll Bluff.** Captain Noll Bluff is a character in Congreve's Comedy, *The Old Bachelor*. The saying alluded to is "Hannibal was a very pretty fellow a very pretty fellow in those days."

133. Cf. Somerville, *The Sweet-scented Miser*:

"But time and tide for no man stay."

135. **Profane.** Profane one, nominative of address. From this word to "witch" is a supposed interruption by Heber.

136. **Latian strain.** Latin literature. *Latium* was the district in which Rome was built.

138. **Periphrasis, or circumlocution.**

139. **Limbo.** *L. limbus*, an edge. This place was supposed to exist on the borders of hell, where the souls of pious heathens and unbaptized infants were confined.

142. "Hear my arguments before you deny my right and warrant for what I urge."

Charter. *Metonymy*.

143. **Leyden.** John Leyden, M. D., the poet and orientalist. He had been of great service to Scott in the preparation of the *Border Minstrelsy*, but had gone to India before the publication of *Marmion*.

146. **Ulysses.** The Greek leader, King of Ithaca, noted for his craft, was according to Virgil the one who hit upon the device of the wooden horse; his wanderings after the fall of Troy form the subject of Homer's *Odyssey*.

Meets. Mentioned in the *Odyssey*, Book XI.

Alcides. Hercules, son of Alcaeus. He was noted for his great strength.

Wraith. The apparition of a person seen before or after death; here equal to spirit or ghost.

147. **Æneas.** The hero of Virgil's *Æneid*.

147. **Thracia.** Thrace; corresponds to the modern provinces of Rumili and Bulgaria.

148. **Polydore.** Polydorus, son of Priam, King of Troy. He was murdered by Polymnester, King of Thrace, to whose care he had been entrusted by his father, before the fall of Troy. See Virgil's *Æneid*. Book III.

149. **Omen.** *M. osmen* or *oscinimen* (os.) A sign of the future.

Livy. *Metonymy.* Titus Livius (B. C. 60—A. D. 20). The most illustrious of Roman historians.

150. **Locutus Bos.** Latin for "an ox spoke." Such portents are chronicled by Livy.

151. The "ox" spoke as regularly and with as much importance as if he gave the price of stocks or discharged the duties of a magistrate.

157. **Cambria.** Wales, the land of the Cymri.

158. **Glendowerdy.** Owen Glendower, a Welsh chief, descended from Llewellyn. With Hotspur and Douglas he attempted to dethrone Henry IV, but the coalition was ruined at the battle of Shrewsbury.

159. **The Spirit's Blasted Tree.** This is the title of a legendary tale by Rev. George Warrington, which is given in connection with the enmity between the two Welsh chieftains, Howel Sele and Owen Glendower.

160. **Claymore.** A large two-handed sword used by highlanders,

161. **Maida's Shore.** "Maida is a small town of South Italy, in the province of Catanzaro, where, in 1806, Sir John Stuart, with some British troops, including some Highland regiments, defeated a superior French force, under Regnier.—*Chambers.*

167. The *Daoine shi*, or *men of peace*, of the Scottish Highlanders, rather resemble the Scandinavian *Duerger* than the English Fairies. Notwithstanding their name, they are, if not absolutely malevolent, at least peevish, discontented, and apt to do mischief on slight provocation. The belief of their existence is deeply impressed on the Highlanders, who think they are particularly offended at mortals who talk of them, who wear their favourite colour, green, or in any respect interfere with their affairs. This is especially to be avoided on Friday, when, whether as dedicated to Venus, with whom, in Germany, this subterraneous people are held nearly connected, or for a more solemn reason, they are more active, and possessed of greater power. Some curious particulars concerning the popular superstitions of the Highlanders may be found in Dr. Graham's Picturesque Sketches of Perthshire.

169. **Franchémont.** A small village in Belgium.

177. The following story was furnished Scott. "It is firmly believed by the neighbouring peasantry, that the last Baron of Franchèmont deposited, in one of the vaults of the castle, a ponderous chest containing an immense treasure in gold and silver, which, by some magic spell, was intrusted to the care of the devil, who is constantly found sitting on the chest in the form of a huntsman. Any one adventurous enough to touch the chest is instantly seized with the palsy. Upon one occasion a priest of noted piety was brought to the vault; he used all the arts of exorcism to persuade his infernal majesty to vacate his seat, but in vain; the huntsman remained immovable. At last, moved by the earnestness of the priest, he told him that he would agree to resign the chest, if the exorciser would sign his name with blood. But the priest understood his meaning, and refused, as by that act he would have delivered over his soul to the devil. Yet, if any one can discover the mystic words used by the person who deposited the treasure, and pronounce them, the fiend must instantly decamp."

181. **An.** If.

183. **Whose.** Antecedent implied in "his."

186. **Chase.** Expel.

188. A "necromancer" (Gr. *nekros*, dead and *manteia*, prophecy) is a magician who prophesies by calling upon the dead.

199. **Adept.** L. *adeptus*, proficient.

205. **Pitscottie.** Robert Lindsay, of Pitscottie, a Scottish chronicler of the sixteenth century.

206. **Gossip.** Gossiping or gossipy (*God-sib*, a god-parent and hence an old *talkative* person and then its present meaning).

208. Cf. Canto IV. xv.

209. **Summoning.** Cf. IV. xvi.

210. **Pass.** Excuse.

Monk of Durham's Tale. Cf. IV. xxii, for Brian Bulmer's tale. The story was taken from a book belonging to the convent library of Durham.

212. **Fordun.** John, of Fordun, a Scottish chronicler, who wrote about 1380, *Gifford's Goblin Cave*. Cf. III. xix.

214. "Why should I mention such examples to you."

215. **Renew.** Recall to mind.

217. **Metonymy.**

220. **Gripple.** Diminutive of *gripe*. It means *miserly* or *grasping* and is now obsolete.

225. Their pleasure is like that which a magpie takes in a stolen gem—an unintelligent pleasure, from their valuing only the outward show of the book, and not knowing its true value.

233. **Life and health.** A salutation equivalent to the wish, "May life and health be thine."

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NOTES TO MARMION.

CANTO VI. THE BATTLE.

In this Canto the following features may be noticed :—

- (a) Further fine descriptions as the account of (1) Tantallon, (2) the marshalling for battle of the Scottish and English forces and (3) especially the fight itself, with hurry, its impetuosity and confusion—the desperate fight of the Scots—the determined onsets of their opponents.
- (b) The haughty parting of Douglas and Marmion and the bold patriotism of the latter.
- (c) The patient and pious demeanour of Clare before and during the engagement and her tender care for the author of her wrongs in his last moments.
- (d) The mingled effects of mental agony and physical suffering on the dying hero and the retribution which extends even beyond death.
- (e) The happy union of Clare and De Wilton.

I.—1. *Metonymy.*

4. **Fretted.** Worried (A. S. *fretan* to gnaw). "Fretted," ornamented with bars, is from Fr. *fréter*, L. *ferrum*. "Fretted," adorned, from A. S. *fraetwain* and the noun "fret," a note in music, comes from Fr. *fredon*, Italian *frittino*.

5. A forcible *simile*.

8. **Terouenne.** A town in the province of Artois a few miles south-east of Calais. It was besieged by Henry VIII in 1513. In his camp was then serving the Emperor Maximilian as a volunteer. A league had been formed between Pope Leo X, the Emperor of Germany and the English Monarch against France. After the battle of the Spurs and defeat of the French force sent against the place, the town surrendered and was razed to the ground at the request of Maximilian.

9. **Leagner.** As a besieger.

11. Notice the force of "were" as a *notional* verb. See Mason's Grammar par. 185.

13. **Ceaseless.** *Enallage*.

14. **Sons.** She had two in the King's army. See VI. xii. 26.

19. **Nothing.** An objective of reference. Cf. "Accusative of specification" in Latin.

II.—3. **There.** An adjective.

4. Notice the *personal metaphor*.

Insult. Assault.

8. **Gothic.** See V. xx. 10.

10. **Moody Heart.** See V. xv. 19.

Field. A heraldic term, the surface or ground of the shield.

11. **Chief.** Also a term in heraldry, meaning the upper part of a shield.

Mullets. A mullet in heraldry is like a star with five points and represents the rowel of a spur.

12. **Cognisance.** Badge. The cognisance of the Douglas family was the "bleeding heart." Robert Bruce on his deathbed bequeathed his heart to his close friend, the good Lord James, to be borne in war against the Saracens. "He joined Alphonso, king of Leon and Castile, then at war with the Moorish chief Osurga, of Grenada, and in a keen contest with the Moslems, he flung before him the casket containing the precious relic, crying out, 'Onward as thou wert went, thou noble heart, Douglas will follow thee.' Douglas was slain, but his body was recovered, and also the precious casket, and in the end Douglas was laid with his ancestors, and the heart of Bruce deposited in the church of Melrose Abbey."—Burton's *History of Scotland*.

15. **Parapet.** L. *paro*, to prepare, and *pectus*, the breast.

19. An example of *anaphora*.

21. **Bulwark.** Probably so called from being first made from *boles* or logs.

Bartisan. A small overhanging turret, projecting from the angle of a square tower, or from the parapet or some other parts of a building.

22. **Bastion.** A bulwark projecting from the face of a fortification.

Vantage-coign. A commanding corner or one from which an advantage may be gained. Cf. "coign of vantage," *Macbeth*, I. 6, and *guvin* in architecture (Fr. *coin*. L. *cuneus*, a wedge).

31. *Metonymy*.

III.—1. **For.** Because.

4. **List.** Listen to. Cf. *sharp* for *sharpen*.
9. **Main.** Originally, as here, a substantive.
10. **Whitby's fane.** See II. i. 9.
12. **Adown.** Aside.
15. **Benedictine.** See II. iv. 2. The monks and nuns of Whitby belonged to this order.
17. **Novice.** A nun who had not yet taken her vows.
28. **Breviary book.** This book contains the daily services of the church of Rome. The missal or mass-book contains the communion services.
42. **Witching.** Bewitching.
- IV.—5. **Duty.** *Personification.* The same figure occurs in lines 6 and 7.
7. **Tranced.** Entranced.
11. Cf. II. viii. We have here the fifth miracle in connection with St. Hilda. It was believed that at a certain season of the year, the form of St. Hilda could be seen on one of the windows of Whitby Abbey. It is really, says Charlton (*History of Whitby*), "only a reflection caused by the splendour of the sun-beams."
19. **Him.** DeWilton.
24. **Bide.** Await.
27. **That.** A conjunction.
29. **Red de Clare.** Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law of Edward I. He is mentioned by Gray (*the bard*). His son and heir, also Gilbert, was slain at Bannockburn 1314, with whom the Earldom became extinct.
- V.—1. **Makes.** Does. Now almost obsolete with this meaning.
2. The principal proposition is understood ("She thus thought").
3. **Targe.** Shield.
- Corslet.** L. *corpus*. Hence a little (*let*) cuirass. Cf. bracelet, frontlet, &c.
6. **That.** Cf. V. xviii. 9.
7. **Blood gouts.** Drops of blood. Fr. *goutte*, L. *gutta*, a drop. Cf. Macbeth, "gouts of blood."
8. **Corslet's ward.** The protection afforded by a corslet.
9. **Truth.** As it would have secured victory.
11. **You.** See Mason's Gram. 150.
20. **What—Heaven?** *Erotesis*.
- Limner.** Painter. The mode of describing this unexpected meeting of Clare and DeWilton is particularly fine. The poet

acknowledges his inability to paint such a touching scene. He regards a true representation as impossible, like an attempt to paint the rainbow. The task is even more difficult than the latter. At the same time his allusions to the beautiful tints of the picture are sufficient to indicate its surpassing grandeur. The "varying hues" display such a rivalry of excellence that their beauty is lost in one another and love alone "retains the field."

24. **Line declare.** *Personal metaphor.*

30. **Displayed.** What is the subject?

35. **Shortly.** Briefly.

VI.—1. Disastrous. What peculiarity in derivation?

2. **List.** See II. xxviii. 6.

5. **Pallet.** Fr. *paille*, L. *palea*, chaff.

6. **Beadsman.** Generally applied to one whose prayers are interested in behalf of a benefactor; an almsman. A. S. *bed*, a prayer. Cf. V. xviii. 12.

9. **Wher.** The repetition is objectionable.

14. Notice the *anapest*.

19. **Frantic.** Gr. *phren*.

22. **Wrought.** "Supply an effect, or similar phrase; an effect much wrought (mainly produced) by his kind attendance."—*Chambers*.

23. **Strand.** By *synecdoche*, for country.

26. **Journeyed.** Used transitively.

27. Supply "I was."

28. **Dregs.** *Metonymy*.

39. **Even then, &c.** A noun prop. in apposition with "boon."

VII.—4. Metonymy,

8. *Personal metaphor.*

10. **Slough.** The cast-off dress of the Palmer, in allusion to the cast-off skin of a serpent.

18. A *metaphor*.

20. **Hostel.** See III. iii. 2.

VIII.—1. See III. xiii. 12.

4. **Sprite.** Spirit.

9. *Aphæresis*.

10. See Canto III.

13. **Cowl.** L. *cucullus*.

16. The "boon" begged of as mentioned in vi.

18. An *apostrophe*,

19. **Master.** Himself.

29. **Fently.** Cleverly. From Fr. *faire*, L. *facio*.

31. Cf. V. xxvi. 34.

"When the surprise at meeting a lover rescued from the dead is considered, the above picture will not be thought overcharged with colouring; and yet the painter is so fatigued with his exertion that he has finally thrown away the brush, and is contented with merely *chalking out* the intervening adventures of DeWilton, without bestowing on them any colours at all."—*Critical Review*.

IX.—3. House. For family, by *Metonymy*.

4. Won. Grammatically agrees with "*falchion*," but refers to "Douglas" ("his").

Falchion. *L. falx*, a sickle.

5. Dub. A. S. *dubban*, to strike.

6. Arms. Cf. V. i.

7. Otterburne. In Northumberland, on the river Otter, where was fought in 1388, the battle upon which the ballad of *Chevy Chase* is based. The English, under Harry Percy (Hotspur) son of the Earl of Northumberland, encountered the Scotch under James, Earl of Douglas. Douglas was slain, but still the Scotch were victorious, and Hotspur and his brother were taken prisoners. According to an old Scotch prophecy a dead man was to win a fight. This was supposed to be fulfilled at Otterburne.

16. Twisel glen. A small valley where James encamped before taking up his position on Flodden and into which the English crossed on the small river Till, by Twisel bridge.

20. Surrey. Cf. V. xxxiv. 26.

X.—9. Aposiopesis.

22. Weep. Used transitively.

23. Cf. VI. iv. 29.

26. As in the case of Ellen in the *Lady of the Lake*, so in this poem, Scott is not at home in delineating female character. The finer qualities which dignify womanhood are not displayed. His heroes are often painted with considerable power. To look deeply into the "little weaknesses and intricacies" of woman, was not in his chivalrous nature. His portraits of kings and warriors are the work of a master artist, but we miss in his pictures of females the delicate shades which express the deeper feelings of the heart.

XI.—3. A Metaphor.

4. Embrazure. For firing through. Notice the metre.

6. Chief. Chiefly.

9. Need. Supply "of moonlight." The candle only gave a faint light.

17. A bishop. Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld and son of Earl of Angus, Bell-the-cat. He translated into the Scotch dialect Virgil's *Aeneid* and wrote other poems of merit. As he was not then a bishop we have here another *anachronism*.

19. **Mitre.** A bishop's head-dress.

Rocquet, or rochet, a short surplice worn by bishops. "Bishops were obliged by the canon law, to wear their rochettes whenever they appeared in public. which practice was constantly kept up in England till the reformation ; but since that time the bishops have not used them at any place out of the church, except in the Parliament House, and there always with chimere or upper robe."—*Wheatly*.

21. **Prelacy.** The office of a prelate, or Episcopacy.

23. *Metonymy*.

25. **Dunkeld.** Fifteen miles from Perth, on the river Tay The cathedral is now almost a ruin.

27. **Doffed.** Do-off.

Gown and Hood are used absolutely.

32. **Wont.** Was accustomed.

34. Angus is said to have cut off at one blow, in single combat, the leg of Spens, of Kilspindie, a favourite of James IV. It is stated that Spens having spoken slightly of the Earl, the latter met him while hawking and cut asunder at one blow, his thigh-bone, killing him on the spot.

36. Notice the effect of the change of metre.

XII.—Kneels. We would expect "knelt."

4. What faulty construction? See Mason's Gram. par. 200.

8. **Untrue.** When?

10. **Saint Michael.** The arch-angel.

Saint Andrew. The patron saint of Scotland.

15. The following account of the ceremony at the creation of a knight is from Milman's *Latin Christianity*.

"He knelt before his godfather in this war-baptism. He was publicly sworn to maintain the right, to be loyal to all true knighthood, to protect the poor from oppression. He must forswear all treason, all injustice. Where women needed his aid, he must be ever prompt and valiant : to protect her virtue was the first duty and privilege of a true knight. He must fast every Friday ; give alms according to his means ; keep faith with all the world, especially his brethren in arms ; succour, love, honour all loyal knights. When he had taken his oath, knights and ladies arrayed him in his armour ; each piece had its symbolic meaning, its moral lesson. His godfather then struck him with a gentle blow, and laid his sword three times on his neck. 'In the name of God, St. Michael (or St. George, or some other tutelar saint) and (ever) of Our Lady, we dub thee knight.' The church-bells pealed out ; the church rang with acclamations ; the knight mounted his horse, and rode round the lists, or over the green meadows, amid the shouts of the rejoicing multitude."

13. Notice the three-fold duty of a knight:—

- (a). To God and his church.
- (b). To his king and feudal superior.
- (c). To his lady and all ladies in distress.

29. **Foul fall him.** May it foully befall him.

Blenching. Akin to Ger. *blinken*, to glitter. Cf. Fr. *blanc* and A. S. *blican* and our word blink. Cf. also *Hamlet*:

"If he but *blench*,
I know my course."

XIII.—8. Would. Insisted to.

10. **Stoop.** Swoop. A technical term for the action of a bird of prey.

Is flown. Has flown.

13. **Something.** Somewhat.

Plain. Complain.

17. **Part.** Subjunctive mood.

22. This would be expected on the principle of feudalism.

23. **Lists.** Used transitively.

24. **Peer.** L. *par*, equal.

XIV.—12. Pitch. The highest point.

20. The language of Marmion is very bold. It is that of one who feels his own guilt and evinces as a consequence a lack of moral courage.

23. The reply of Douglas is most expressive.

26. **Unscathed.** A. S. *Sceathan*, to rob.

27. **Saint Bride.** Bryde, or Bridget. There seem to have been two saints of this name, one Irish and the other Scotch. The Scotch was a favourite of the Douglas family and had a shrine at their castle of Bothwell on the Clyde (V. xiv. 1). The St. Bride of Ireland is one of the patron saints of that island, the others being St. Patrick and St. Columba.

This ebullition of violence in the potent Earl of Angus, is not without its example in the real history of the House of Douglas. Maclellan, tutor of Bomby, having refused to acknowledge the pre-eminence claimed by Douglas over the Baron of Galloway, was imprisoned by the Earl, in his castle of the Thrieve. Sir Patrick Gray, uncle to the tutor of Bomby, obtained from the king a "sweet letter of supplication" praying the earl to deliver his prisoner into Gray's hands. When Sir Patrick arrived at the castle he was received with all due honour; but while he was at dinner, the earl caused his prisoner to be led forth and beheaded. After dinner, Sir Patrick presented the king's letter to the earl, who led him forth to the green, where the gentleman was lying

dead, and said, "Sir Patrick you are come a little too late ; yonder is your sister's son lying, but he wants the head ; take his body and do with it what you will." Sir Patrick answered again with a sore heart, and said, " My lord if ye have taken from him his head, dispose upon the body as ye please ;" and with that called for his horse, and when he was on horseback he said to the earl, " My lord, if I live, you shall be rewarded for your labours that you have used at this time, according to your demerits." At this the earl was highly offended, and cried for horse. Sir Patrick seeing the earl's fury, spurred his horse, but he was chased near Edinburgh ere they left him.

29. Cf. I. iv. 13.

30. **Rowels.** Of the spurs.

31. A *simile* and an *hyperbole*.

XV.—3. Hyperbole.

6. For the sake of the rhyme we have as in xii. a mixture of present and past tenses.

10. *Metonymy*.

13. **A letter forged.** " Lest the reader should partake of the earl's astonishment, and consider the crime as inconsistent with the manners of the period, I have to remind him of the numerous forgeries (partly executed by a female assistant) devised by Robert of Artois, to forward his suit against the Countess Matilda ; which being detected, occasioned his flight into England, and proved the remote cause of Edward the Third's memorable wars in France. John Harding, also, was expressly hired by Edward VI, to forge such documents as might appear to establish the claim of fealty asserted over Scotland by the English monarchs."—*Scott*.

Saint Jude. Cf. III. xxii. 36. There appears no reason why the writer of the epistle of Jude should be invoked. Some suppose that Douglas in ignorance invokes Judas Iscariot under the name of a saint. In Southey's *Queen Mary's Christening*, St. Jude is made to share the odium which attaches to the name of the arch-traitor.

" I never can call him Judas,
It isn't a Christian name."

15. **Liked.** Impersonal verb.

17. **Saint Bothan.** Cf. I. xix. 5.

Son of mine. See Mason's Grammar, par. 144, note.

19. Learning was not valued by knights.

XVI.—14. Peep. Cf. xv. 6.

15. **Bell-the-cat.** See V. xiv. 1.

16. **Fair.** Handsome.

21. **Saracen.** *L. Saracenus.* The inhabitants of Palestine at the time of the crusades.

26. **Something.** Somewhat.

29. **Master.** George. The eldest son of a Scotch lord receives the title. He was now in the royal camp. Cf. VI. xii. 26.

32. **Sworn.** So much addicted as if sworn to the practice.

Horse-courser. Horse-racer.

XVII.—7. See I. xii.

13. See Canto III.

21. **Gloomed.** Frowned. Subject "brow."

XVIII.—3. "This was a Cistercian house of religion, now almost entirely demolished. Lennel House is now the residence of my venerable friend, Patrick Brydone, Esquire, so well known in the literary world. It is situated near Coldstream, almost opposite to Cornhill, and consequently very near to Flodden field."—*Scott.*

6. **Exchange.** When these lines were written, Lennel House was the residence of Patrick Brydone (*the reverend pilgrim*), a friend of the poet, and author of *Travels in Sicily and Malta.*

7. **Hard.** An adverb.

9. **Bernardine.** A branch of the Cistercians, founded by St. Bernard at Clairvaux. Cf. V. xxx. 34.

11. **St. Bernard** is said to have founded 160 monasteries. He lived 1091—1153..

16. **Flodden.** In Northumberland, 8 miles from Wooler. A pillar of granite called the king's stone, marks the spot where James fell.

26. Cf. the language in the closing part of VI. v.

31. **On.** A superfluous word here.

XIX.—5. "On the evening previous to the memorable battle of Flodden, Surrey's head-quarters were at Barmoor wood, and King James held an inaccessible position on the ridge of Flodden-hill, one of the last and lowest eminences detached from the ridge of Cheviot. The Till, a deep and slow river, winded between the armies. On the morning of the 9th September 1513, Surrey marched in a north-easterly direction, and crossed the Till with his van and artillery, at Twisel bridge, nigh where that river joins the Tweed, his rear-guard column passing about a mile higher, by a ford. The movement had the double effect of placing his army between King James and his supplies from Scotland, and of striking the Scottish monarch with surprise, as he seems to have relied on the depth of the river in his front. But as the passage, both over the bridge and through the ford, was difficult and slow, it

seems possible that the English might have been attacked to great advantage while struggling with these natural obstacles. I know not if we are to impute James's forbearance to want of military skill, or to the romantic declaration which Piscottie puts in his mouth, 'that he was determined to have his enemies before him on a plain field,' and therefore would suffer no interruption to be given, even by artillery, to their passing the river.

"The ancient bridge of Twisel, by which the English crossed the Till, is still standing beneath Twisel Castle, a splendid pile of Gothic architecture, as now rebuilt by Sir Francis Blake, Bart., whose extensive plantations have so much improved the country round. The glen is romantic and delightful, with steep banks on both sides, covered with copse, particularly with hawthorn. Beneath a tall rock, near the bridge, is a beautiful fountain, called St. Helen's well."—*Scott*.

6. **Baughty.** Grand or proud.

9. **Wall.** Of Twisel Castle.

14. **Den.** A small valley.

16. **Dim-wood.** Rendered "dim" by the trees.

19. **Arch.** Of the bridge.

21. **Opposing.** Taken literally. Notice the change now from the narrative style.

25. **Saint Helen.** See note to 5. The well is a petrifying one.

XX.—1. Scotland. *Metonymy.*

4. Notice the numerous interrogations.

6. **Champion.** James. *Sarcasm.*

Dames. Lady Heron and the French Queen. See V. x. 2.

11. **Knight-errant's brand.** *Metonymy.* See note to xix. 5. where the cause is given.

12. **Douglas.** Lord James Douglas. See V. xv.

13. **Randolph.** "Sir Thomas Randolph, sister's son to King Robert Bruce, and created by him Earl of Murray; after a short alienation at first, one of Bruce's best supporters. There was a sort of rivalry between him and Good Lord James Douglas (Cf. note V. xv. 18.), which should do the boldest and most hazardous actions.—Vide "Tales of a Grandfather" (Scotland), vol I. chap. ix. They were both with Bruce at Bannockburn (1314). On the death of Bruce, his son David II. being only four years old, Randolph was Regent of Scotland; in this capacity Randolph was famed for the severity of his justice. He died at Musselburgh. His death was so great a loss to the Scottish nation (as is shown by the disturbances which followed it) that it was said that he had been poisoned by the English; but for this there is no foundation."—*Morris*.

14. **Wallace.** See note to 197 of the Introduction to Canto III.

15. **Bruce.** See note to the same. Notice the exclamations.

17. We have now principal propositions, the preceding exclamations having the force of conditional propositions.

19. **Bannockburn.** A village near Stirling, where, in 1314, Bruce, with 30,000, defeated an army of 100,000 English, under Edward II

XXI.—4. See. Vision.

Squadron. Fr. *escadron*, L. *quadrus*, square.

6. **Hap what hap.** Happen what may.

7. **Basnet.** Bassinet, a light helmet, and so called from resembling a small basin.

Prentice cap. The flat cap worn by apprentices. Fitz-Eustace offers to wager his basnet against a prentice cap.

9. *Epizeuxis.*

16. **Thou'dst.** Supply "stint." "Thou had'st better stint it."

"The speeches of Squire Blount are a great deal too unpolished for a noble youth aspiring to knighthood. On two occasions, to specify no more, he addresses his brother squire in these cacophonous lines,—

'*St. Anton fire thee!* wilt thou stand

All day with bonnet in thy hand ;

'*Stint in thy prate,*' quoth Blount, '*thou'dst best,*

And listen to our lord's behest.'

Neither can we be brought to admire the simple dignity of Sir Hugh the Heron, who thus encourageth his nephew,—

'By my fay,

Well hast thou spoke—say forth thy say.'—*Jeffrey.*

XXII.—7. "The falcon will scarcely give up the pheasant that he has in his claws, to please a daw. The *falcon* is Marmion, who wore that bird as his crest ; the *pheasant* is Clare, and the *daw* is the dark-robed Abbot."—*Chambers.*

10. As Angus might force the Abbot to give up Clare, Marmion declares that she "shall bide" with himself.

12. **Lent.** A small river in Berwickshire, which flows into the Tweed a little above Coldstream.

28. **Wet unharmed.** "It is related at the battle of Crécy the bow-strings of the Genoese archers were so wet that they could not draw them, while the English had kept theirs in dry cases."—*Chambers.*

32. **Rear-guard.** Nominative absolute.

XXIII.—"The reader cannot here expect a full account of the battle of Flodden ; but, so far as is necessary to understand the

romance, I beg to remind him, that, when the English army, by their skilful counter march, were fairly placed between King James and his own country, the Scottish monarch resolved to fight; and, setting fire to his tents, descended from the ridge of Flodden to secure the neighbouring eminence of Brankstone, on which that village is built. Thus the two armies met, almost without seeing each other, when, according to the old poem of 'Flodden Field,'

'The English line stretched east and west,
And southward were their faces set;
The Scottish northward proudly prest,
And manfully their foes they met.'

The English army advanced in four divisions. On the right, which first engaged, were the sons of Earl Surrey, namely, Thomas Howard, the Admiral of England, and Sir Edmund, the Knight Marshall of the army. Their divisions were separated from each other; but, at the request of Sir Edmund, his brother's battalion was drawn very near to his own. The centre was commanded by Surrey in person; the left wing by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Lancashire, and of the palatinate of Chester. Lord Dacres, with a large body of horse formed a reserve. When the smoke, which the wind had driven between the armies, was somewhat dispersed, they perceived the Scots, who had moved down the hill in a similar order of battle, and in deep silence. The Earls of Huntley and of Home commanded their left wing, and charged Sir Edmund Howard with such success as entirely to defeat his part of the English right wing. Sir Edmund's banner was beaten down, and he himself escaped with difficulty to his brother's division. The Admiral, however, stood firm; and Dacre advancing to his support with the reserve of cavalry, probably between the interval of the divisions commanded by the brothers Howard, appears to have kept the victors in effectual check. Home's men, chiefly Borderers, began to pillage the baggage of both armies; and their leader is branded by the Scottish historians with negligence or treachery. On the other hand, Huntley, on whom they bestow many encomiums, is said by the English historians, to have left the field after the first charge. Meanwhile the Admiral, whose flank these chiefs ought to have attacked, availed himself of their inactivity, and pushed forward against another large division of the Scottish army in his front, headed by the Earls of Crawford and Montrose, both of whom were slain, and their forces routed. On the left, the success of the English was yet more decisive; for the Scottish right wing, consisting of undisciplined Highlanders, commanded by Lennox and Argyle,

was unable to sustain the charge of Sir Edward Stanley, and especially the severe execution of the Lancashire archers. The King and Surrey, who commanded the respective centres of their armies, were meanwhile engaged in close and dubious conflict. James, surrounded by the flower of his kingdom, and impatient of the galling discharge of arrows, supported also by his reserve under Bothwell, charged with such fury, that the standard of Surrey was in danger. At that critical moment, Stanley, who had routed the left wing of the Scottish, pursued his career of victory, and arrived on the right flank, and in the rear of James's division, which, throwing itself into a circle, disputed the battle till night came on. Surrey then drew back his forces; for the Scottish centre not having been broken, and their left wing being victorious, he yet doubted the event of the field. The Scottish army, however, felt their loss, and abandoned the field of battle in disorder, before dawn. They lost, perhaps, from eight to ten thousand men; but that included the very prime of their nobility, gentry and even clergy. Scarce a family of eminence but had an ancestor killed at Flodde; and there is no province in Scotland, even at this day, where the battle is mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow. The English lost also a great number of men, perhaps within one-third of the vanquished, but they were of inferior note.—See the only distinct detail of the Field of Flodden in *Pinkerton's History*, Book xi; all former accounts being full of blunders and inconsistency.

The spot from which Clara views the battle must be supposed to have been on a hillock commanding the rear of the English right wing, which was defeated, and in which conflict Marmion is supposed to have fallen."—*Scott*.

7. Notice the harmony between the sound of the words and the description.

19. Should England fail, Clare is requested to hasten to Berwick.

24. **Would not.** Refused to.

XXIV.—8. Brian Tunstall. "Sir Brian Tunstall, called in the romantic language of the time, Tunstall the Undeified, was one of the few Englishmen of rank slain at Flodden."—*Scott*.

20. *Simile* and *hyperbole*.

21. Did not halt until reaching the vanguard.

XXV.—6. Plain. Plainly.

9. **Gilded spurs.** The spurs of knighthood.

10. **Bent.** Hill-side. Fr. *pente*.

11. This was done (1) to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy and (2) to hide by the smoke their own advance.

13. "Of all poetical battles which have been fought, from the days of Homer to those of Mr. Southey, there is none, in our opinion, at all comparable, for interest and animation,—for breadth of drawing and magnificence of effect,—with this of Mr. Scott's." *Jeffrey*.

16. **Volumed.** In volumes.

17. **War.** *Metonymy* for "army."

18. **They.** Why plural?

19. **Nor—nor.** Neither—nor.

"Lesquels Escossois descendirent la montaigne en bonne ordre en la manière que marchent les Allemands, sans parler, ne faire aucun bruit."—*Pinkerton's History*.

XXVI.—Shroud. A *metaphor* which suggests death. The smoke and dust *shrouded* the battle from their view.

6. **Sea-mew.** Sea-gulls, called "Mother Carey's Chickens" by sailors, and regarded a warning of an impending storm.

8. **Billows.** *Metaphor*.

Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, VI. xvi.:

"The host moves like a deep sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High swelling, dark and slow."

10. **Like wave.** *Simile*. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, VI. xviii.:

"Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan Alpin come.
Above the tide each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light,—
Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurled them on the foe."

24. **Highlandman.** "In some editions, *Badenoch-man*. *Badenoch*, a district in the south-west of Inverness-shire, so called from a word meaning bushy, as it was, and still is, in some parts, a rough, uncultivated, mountainous tract. Robert II gave it to his son Alexander, who was known as the wolf of *Badenoch*."—*Morris*.

26. See note to xxiii. 1. for the position of the forces.

XXVII.—1. Left. The English left.

7. **Fortune.** *Personification*.

Right. The English.

8. **Fickle.** As events proved.

14. **Slogan.** The Highland war-cry. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, VI. xvii.

"At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from Heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!"

19. *A Simile.*

21. *It.* The pennon.

26. *Bid your heads.* See note to V. xviii. 12.

Patter prayer. Say prayers. *Onomatopœia.*

29. *For a space.* Of time.

33. *Like.* Modifies "sunk."

37. *Fast.* Modifies "rushed."

38. *Eyes.* Nominative absolute. Also "nostrils," "rein," "housing" and "saddle."

40. *Housing.* The trapping of a horse. Cf. "house" for the same idea of *covering*.

43. When the horse of Marmion appears, Eustace can no longer abstain from the contest.

XXVIII.—17. From among. Cf. "from under the table."

23. *Is gone.* *Euphemism.*

24. *Sped.* Used in a causative sense.

27. *Unnurtured.* Uneducated.

Brawling. Loud speech.

XXIX.—1. Doffed. Do-off.

Casque. Nominative absolute.

4. *Hearts of hare.* As timid as a hare.

10. *Dacre.* He commanded the reserve.

Signet-ring. To stamp or "sign" documents and as a token. Cf. its use in *The Lady of the Lake*.

15. *Reft.* A. S. *reafian*, to rob or "reave."

18. *Chester.* By *synecdoche* for the Chester.

Lancashire. The men of Lancashire.

21. *Varlets.* "The same word as *valet*, originally used in a higher sense as a page or a knight's attendant. It has here somewhat of that meaning. Both forms of the word have, however, deteriorated; and now valet is a gentleman's servant, and *varlet* a rascal."—*Chambers*.

XXX.—1. O woman. An *apostrophe*.

"The hero of the piece, Marmion, who has been guilty of seducing a nun, and abandoning her to be buried alive, of forgery to a ruined friend, and of perfidy in trying to seduce away from him the object of his tenderest affections, fights and dies gloriously, and is indebted to the injured Clara for the last drop of water to cool his dying thirst. This last act of disinterested affection extorts from the author the smoothest, sweetest, and tenderest lines in the whole poem. It is with pleasure that we extract numbers so harmonious from the discords by which they are surrounded."—*Critical Review*.

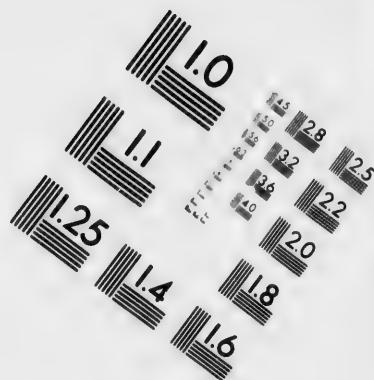
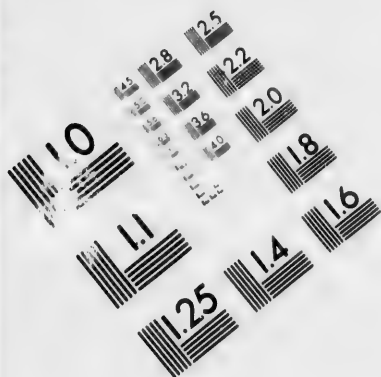
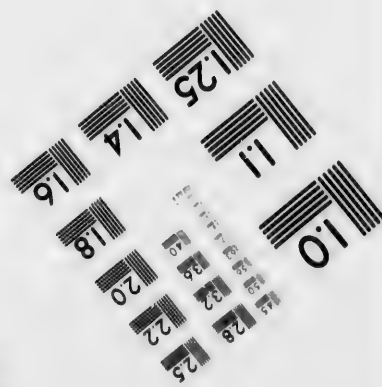
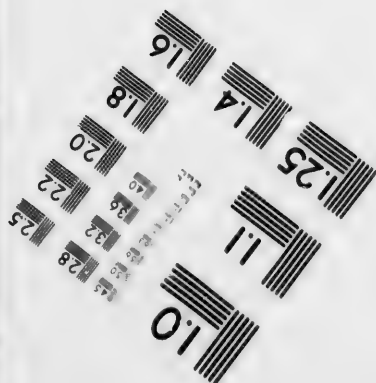
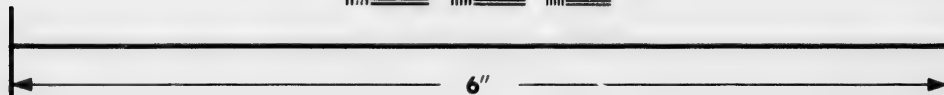
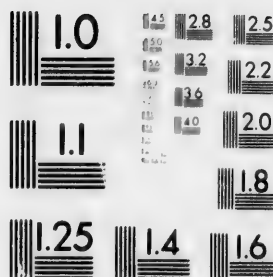
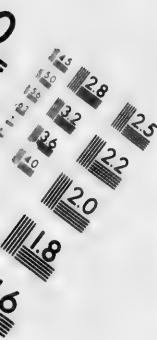


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6. Notice the force of the antithesis in the exclamation.

13. **Runnel.** Runlet.

31. **Shrieve.** A. S. *scrifan*, to receive confession. Cf. Ger. *Schreiben*, L. *scribo*.

XXXI.—5. Remembrance. Memory. *Personification*.

6. **Shrift.** Confession. Cf. "shrieve" above.

13. **Holy Isle.** See II. i. 10. Clare hesitates in telling the sad death of Constance.

19. **Dark presage.** Cf. the song of Constance in Canto III

25. "The meaning is ; The fiend might give me a little longer time on earth, since it would be spent in work pleasing to him,—namely in the slaughter of priests, and the destruction of sacred buildings (that is in taking revenge for Constance upon ecclesiastics who had put her to death)."—*Chambers*.

26. Notice the *aposiopesis*.

29. Cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet* :

"Conscience doth make cowards of us all."

XXXII.—5. He. Marmion.

9. See III. xii. xiii.

13. **Sand.** A *metaphor*. The allusion is to an hour-glass, with which a man's life is compared.

XXXIII.—7. Cf. Lady of the Lake. VI. xviii. :

"One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men."

"*King Charles*, the Great, usually called Charlemagne. It is better, however, to translate the name than to preserve the French form of it; for he was more of a Teuton than a Frenchman, reigning over France only as a conqueror. Cf. Bryce's 'Holy Roman Empire,' chap. v. Gibbon (chap xlix., which see) remarks that of all the princes who have been called great, Charlemagne is the only prince in whose favour the title has been indissolubly blended with his name.' That he deserved the title no one can deny, not only from the extent of his dominions, stretching from the Elbe to the Ebro, but from the variety and universality of his genius. (Cf. Hallam's 'Middle Ages,' chap. i. p. 12.) His titles to greatness are:—(1) as a conqueror; (2) as a legislator; (3) as the founder of the Holy Roman Empire, which he built on the pattern of the old Roman Empire of the West, and which, amidst various changes, lasted until the beginning of the present century. He was crowned, in A. D. 800, by Pope Leo III.

According to the Spanish romances, King Charles fell in this struggle with the Saracens. History tells us that he died at his capital Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle), on January 28, A. D. 814, and

was buried in the cathedral which he had built there. Milton, however, followed the romances ('Paradise Lost,' I. 336):

'When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia.'

An account of this battle will be found in Lockhart's 'Spanish Ballads,' the 'March of Bernardo del Carpio.' Alphonso the Chaste had no son. He therefore invited Charles into Spain, proposing the succession to the crown as the price of his alliance. But Bernardo, the illegitimate son of the Queen, stirred up the nobility to resist this proposal. Then Alphonso repented; and when Charles came to expel the Moors from Spain, he found that the conscientious Alphonso had banded himself with the infidels against him. As his army was passing through the Pyrenees, his rear-guard was attacked in the pass of Roncesvalles, or Roncevaux, when Charles was defeated, and (according to the Spanish romances) slain, with many of his followers—amongst others, *Rowland* and *Oliver*.

Rowland, Roland, Rutland, or Orlando, the Paladin, possessed a magic horn, which could be heard thirty leagues distant, but which he refused to wind when attacked, until all his companions were slain, although King Charles was still within hearing, and might have rescued him. Roland is frequently celebrated in the early French romances, one of the earliest and best known of which, the 'Chanson de Roland,' relates this story. In the Augustinian Abbey of Roncevalles, the monks still show memorials of the illustrious Paladin."—*Morris*.

The mutual rivalry between Roland and Oliver, gave rise to the proverb "a Roland for an Oliver."

19. *Pride*. *Synecdoche*.

XXXIV.—10. *Billmen*. Men armed with "bills," a kind of axe.

12. The same metaphor is found in the *Lady of the Lake*, VI. xvi:

"Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned."

And in xvii:

"The spearmen's twilight wood."

14. *Each*. Nominative absolute.

20. *Personification*.

25. Scott is foud of this figurative style.

32. *Metonymy*. Also in 44 and 45.

38. "The powerful poetry of these passages can receive no illustration from any praises or observations of ours. It is superior, in our apprehension, to all that this author has hitherto produced; and, with a few faults of diction, equal to anything that

has ever been written upon similar subjects. From the moment the author gets in sight of Flodden field, indeed, to the end of the poem, there is no tame writing, and no intervention of ordinary passages. He does not once flag or grow tedious; and neither stops to describe dresses and ceremonies, nor to commemorate the harsh names of feudal barons from the Border. There is a flight of five or six hundred lines, in short, in which he never stoops his wing, nor wavers in his course; but carries the reader forward with a more rapid, sustained, and lofty movement, than any epic bard that we can at present remember."—*Jeffrey*.

XXXV.—1. Cf. "Day glimmers on the dying and the dead.

The cloven cuirass, and the helmless head." &c.

Byron's *Lara*.

2. *Pride*. *Synecdōche*.

5. *Mistrustfully*. Do not look on it as if you did not believe it was the king's.

7. *Border Castle*. Home Castle in Berwickshire. See note to 14.

11. *Royal Pilgrim*. See next note.

14. "There can be no doubt that King James fell in the battle of Flodden. He was killed, says the curious French Gazette, within a lance's length of the Earl of Surrey; and the same account adds, that none of his division were made prisoners, though many were killed; a circumstance that testifies the desperation of their resistance. The Scottish historians record many of the idle reports which passed among the vulgar of their day. Home was accused by the popular voice, not only of failing to support the king, but even of having carried him out of the field and murdered him. And this tale was revived in my remembrance, by an unauthenticated story of a skeleton, wrapped in a bull's hide, and surrounded with an iron chain, said to have been found in the well of Home Castle; for which, on enquiry, I could never find any better authority than the sexton of the parish having said, that, *if the well were cleaned out, he would not be surprised at such a discovery*. Home was the chamberlain of the King, and his prime favourite; he had much to lose, (in fact did lose all) in consequence of James's death, and nothing earthly to gain by that event: but the retreat, or inactivity of the left wing which he commanded, after defeating Sir Edmund Howard, and even the circumstance of his returning unhurt, and laden with spoil, from so fatal a conflict, rendered the propagation of such a calumny against him easy and acceptable. Other reports gave a still more romantic turn to the King's fate, and averred that James, weary of greatness after the carnage among his nobles, had gone on a pilgrimage, to merit absolution for the death of his father, and the breach of his oath of amity

to Henry. In particular, it was objected to the English, that they could never show the token of the iron belt, which, however, he was likely enough to have laid aside on the day of battle, as encumbering his personal exertions. They produce a better evidence, the monarch's sword and dagger, which are still preserved in the Herald's College in London. Stowe has recorded a degrading story of the disgrace with which the remains of the unfortunate monarch were treated in his time. An unhewn column marks the spot where James fell, still called the King's stone."—*Scott*.

19. *Blithe night*. At Holyrood. See V. vii.

XXXVI.—1. *Care*. *Metonymy*.

3. *Lichfield*. A city in Staffordshire.

Pile. The cathedral near "Tamworth tower and town," said in Canto I. to belong to Marmion.

8. "This storm of Lichfield cathedral, which had been garrisoned on the part of the King, took place in the Great Civil War. Lord Brook, who, with Sir John Gill, commanded the assailants, was shot with a musket ball through the vizor of his helmet. The royalists remarked that he was killed by a shot fired from St. Chad's cathedral, and upon St. Chad's day, and received his death wound in the very eye with which, he had said, he hoped to see the ruin of all the cathedrals in England. The magnificent church in question suffered cruelly upon this, and other occasions; the principal spire being ruined by the fire of the besiegers."—*Scott*.

10. *Saint Chad*. "Ceadda, *Chad*, was the first Bishop of Lichfield. He had been a pupil of St. Aidan, at Landisfarne. He was consecrated to the See of York, but resigned it shortly afterwards, because Wilfred had by some mistake, been also consecrated to it. He then went to live near the village of Lichfield, where his fame soon became widely extended. It was there that he accomplished the conversion of Wulfhere, King of Mercia, a determined pagan and persecutor of the Christians. The legend runs that St. Chad converted him by the strange miracle of hanging a cloak on a sun-beam. When the great see of Mercia was divided into five separate sees, the hermit Chad was made the first Bishop of Lichfield. He died of the plague three years later."—*Morris*.

11. *Guerdon*. Reward. "A corpse is afterwards conveyed, as that of Marmion, to the Cathedral of Lichfield, where a magnificent tomb is erected to his memory, and masses are instituted for the repose of his soul; but, by an admirably-imagined act of poetical justice, we are informed that a peasant's body was placed beneath that costly monument, while the haughty Baron himself was buried like a vulgar corpse, on the spot on which he died."—*Mon. Review*.

13. **Couchant.** Recumbent; a term in heraldry.

16. **Fretted.** See note to VI. i. 4.

17. **Blazed.** Emblazoned. A term in heraldry.

21. **Ettrick wood.** In Selkirkshire. See Introduction to Canto II. James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, received his name from this district.

24. **Wede away.** Weeded away. The allusion is to the poem, *The Flowers of the Forest*, given by Scott in his *Border Minstrelsy* and supposed to have been written by Jane Elliott :

“ I’ve heard them liting, at the ewe milking,
Lasses a’ liting before dawn of day ;
But now they are moaning, on ilka green loaning :
The flowers of the forest are a’ wede awae.”

And later, referring to Flodden Field :—

“ Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border !
The English, for once, by guile won the day ;
The flowers of the forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.”

Sir Walter says that the first and fourth lines of the first stanza are ancient. The poem is due “ to the remembrance of the fatal battle of Flodden, in the calamities accompanying which the inhabitants of Ettrick Forest suffered a distinguished share, and to the present solitary and desolate appearance of the country.”

XXXVIII.—1. **Elf.** Fairy ; here used for fool.

9. **Holinshed or Hall.** “ English chroniclers, who lived about half a century after Flodden. We know very little about the early or private life of Raphael Holinshed (usually spelt with one *l*). He was editor and chief author of a series of chronicles which go under his name. His share of the work has been reprinted in recent times. Edward Hall, an English lawyer and historian, but apparently of foreign extraction ; educated at Eton and King’s College, Cambridge ; serjeant-at-law, of Gray’s Inn. His chronicle, called ‘The Union of the Houses of York and Lancaster,’ has been reprinted lately. Its character seems doubtful. Hearne says it is written in an elegant and masculine style, whilst Bishop Nicholson speaks of it as only a record of the fashions of clothes.”
—Scott.

11. **Faith.** Loyalty. Nominative absolute.

16. **In terms,** In so many words,

21. **Wolsey.** Cf. V. xxiv. 15.

22. **More.** Sir Thomas More, author of *Utopia*, and Lord High Chancellor of England in the reign of Henry VIII. He opposed the divorce of Catharine of Arragon and subsequently lost his head. He was remarkable for his integrity and learning.

Sands. Sir William Sands, or Sandys, created Lord Sands, Chamberlain of Henry VIII.

Denny. Sir Anthony Denny, one of the gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, to Henry VIII. He was one of the favourites of the king; acquired a large fortune at the dissolution of the monasteries; endowed colleges and schools.

24. **King Hal.** Cf. V. xii. 34.

25. **Catharine.** Catharine of Arragon, first wife of Henry VIII.

Stocking throw. As old shoes are thrown now-a-days.

L'Envoy. Fr. *envoyer*, to send. A technical term borrowed from the old French poetry for additional lines subjoined to a poem where the author bids the reader farewell. It sometimes conveys a moral or address to some patron.

3. **Gentles.** Gentlemen.

Speed. Prosper.

4. **Rede.** Tale.

7. **Intelligence—honesty—eloquence.**

8. **Pitt.** William Pitt, the younger. See Introduction to Canto I.



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LIFE OF
EDMUND BURKE.

Parents. The father of Edmund Burke, Mr. Richard Burke, was descended from some Bourkes of Limerick County, who held a respectable local position in the times of the civil wars. He was an attorney of considerable practice, a resident of Dublin, and a Protestant in religion. Mrs. Burke belonged to the Nagle family, which had a strong connection in the County of Cork, and like her ancestors she remained an adherent of the Catholic faith.

Birth, 1729. On the 12th of January of this year Edmund Burke was born in Dublin. He and his two brothers were bred in the religion of their father, while their only sister followed the mother's creed. He received the first rudiments of education from Mr. O'Halloran, the village school master of Castletown Roche who many years afterwards used to pride himself on having taught Burke Latin. Like Sir Walter Scott and other distinguished men, delicate health prevented him from engaging in boyish sports, and tended to make him spend much of his time in reading and pondering, sitting by himself in corners. At the age of twelve he attended, with his two brothers, Garret and Richard, a school at Ballitore, a village in Kildare

about thirty miles from Dublin. It was to Abraham Shackleton, a Quaker from Yorkshire, who had already earned a high reputation as teacher of this school, that Burke always professed he owed whatever gain had come to him from education. That deep reverence which he always had for homely goodness, simple purity, and all the pieties of life, was largely due to the impressions stamped in him by this schoolmaster during the two years he was under his charge.

At Trinity College Dublin, 1743. Here Burke remained until 1748 when he took his degree of B. A. When he entered college he had a stock of reading such as few lads even in the present century carried with them from school. Like many other men of great gifts his studies were of a desultory and excursive character. After having his attention taken up at first with natural philosophy, or as he puts it, the *furor mathematicus*, the *furor logicus*, the *furor historicus* and the *furor poeticus*, absorb, in succession his mind. Of the eminent Irishmen whose names adorn the annals of Trinity College in the eighteenth century, one, the luckless sizar, who afterwards wrote the *Deserted Village*, was Burke's contemporary. While Oliver Goldsmith was continually in scrapes Burke on the contrary seems to have passed a decorous though merry time at Trinity. We have glimpses of him, as airing his oratory in a debating society, perhaps with aspirations, even then, towards that larger debating society, whose applause he was destined one day to command. Even while an undergraduate he exhibited literary talent, of no mean order, in his translation of part of the second *Georgic* of Virgil.

A Law Student, 1747. The year before he obtained his Bachelor's degree his name had been entered at the Middle Temple and he proceeded to England in 1750 to pursue the ordinary course of a lawyer's studies. His observations on London as preserved in letters to his friends are always apt, and frequently shrewd. They also show that tendency to the florid, rhetorical style for which his

speeches and writings afterwards became famous. He refers to the turrets of hospitals and charitable institutions as "piercing the skies like so many electrical conductors to avert the wrath of heaven from the great arched city." Though he had such a respect for the profession of law as to lead him to regard it "a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other kinds of learning put together," its dry details disgusted him and he was never called to the bar. The vague attractions of literature had more influence than his father's desire to make his son a barrister, and he settled down to the London life of a lettered student, writing for Dodsley, of Pall Mall, an account of the European settlements in America, and various other works.

Marriage, 1756. In this year Burke married the daughter of Dr. Nugent, an Irish physician. Like her father, she was, up to the time of her marriage, a Catholic. Afterwards she conformed to the religion of her husband and exhibited qualities which rendered the union a happy and fortunate one. He now made his first mark in literature by a satire, entitled *A Vindication of Natural Society*. It purported to be a posthumous work from the pen of Bolingbroke. So masterly was the imitation of the style, that it deceived many, who took the work for a genuine effusion of the distinguished sceptic. In the same year appeared the *Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*. This work attracted considerable attention in England and on the continent but left no permanent impression in the development of æsthetic thought. He became acquainted with men of eminence who appreciated his genius and in whose conversation he took delight. The genial Arthur Murphy, the versatile Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Oliver Goldsmith and Dr. Samuel Johnson were among his literary friends. He began a series of *Hints on the Drama*, wrote an *Abridgement of the History of England* and an *Account of the European Settlements on the Continent*.

Annual Register, 1759. The *Annual Register* was started in 1759 and Burke became the editor and chief contributor. That year—a memorable one in Canadian history—gave him some fine things to chronicle as historiographer. In other respects the first *Annual Register* could boast of special attractions. In it Burke wrote a review of Johnson's *Rasselas*, not without a kindly expression of wonder, that the nation should as yet have done nothing in acknowledgement of the merit of the author. During these years of literary activity Burke's fame was steadily rising. His various knowledge fairly amazed all with whom he came in contact. Goldsmith placed his ability in conversation above that of Johnson himself. When the famous Literary Club was formed in 1763 he at once became one of its honoured members.

Enters Political Life, 1761. His political life began in 1761 when he was appointed private Secretary to "Single Speech" Hamilton who then became Chief Secretary for Ireland. Here his knowledge of political economy, which was so great as to command the respectful admiration of Adam Smith, was of the greatest practical use. The atmosphere of Dublin Castle and the bearing of the coarse-minded Hamilton were not congenial to the clever young Whig, and he threw up a lately conferred pension of £300 a year, returning to London where a brilliant career awaited him.

Enters Parliament, 1766. In 1764 the Marquis of Rockingham, a young nobleman of high character and respectable talents, was placed at the head of a Whig ministry. He appointed Burke, his Secretary. The flattering distinction excited the envy of that malignant pack who throughout his whole career were always baying at the heels of Burke. The meddling and spiteful Duke of Newcastle ran off with a face full of horror to the Prime Minister. "He is an imposter, my dear lord," was the burden of the old busybody's song; "he is a Papist, sworn to fight against the crown; a Jesuit in disguise, who got

his training at St. Omer ; a Jacobite, ready and willing to foster rebellion." In the following year a new and great field opened for Burke's exertions. On the 14th of January, 1766, he took his seat for Wendover, standing for the first time on the floor of St Stephen's Chapel, whose walls were to ring so often with the rolling periods of his grand eloquence, and the peals of acclamation bursting alike from friend and foe. On the first day of his attendance he delivered a speech of such power as astonished and delighted no less a critic than the elder William Pitt, elated the sturdy old Johnson and made the relatives of "Ned" proud of the name. He soon took a front rank. His deeply rooted hatred of oppression and wrong, was manifested in that luminous and persuasive eloquence, which, in a great measure, effected the repeal of the Stamp Act, passed by the opinionated and determined Grenville. The taxing of the American Colonies by England appeared to him, not only unjust, but as tending to irritate and provoke to hostility a great and powerful community, otherwise loyally disposed towards England.

A Landed Proprietor, 1768. Burke now became a landed proprietor. He bought an estate at Beaconsfield, in Buckingham, at a cost of £22,000. In spite of the remuneration he received from his literary and other labours and in spite of the large assistance given by Lord Rockingham he remained in debt all his life. Like Pitt, he was too deeply absorbed in the service of his country to have for his private affairs the solicitude that would have been prudent. The next year he wrote his *Observations on the State of the Nation*, in reply to a bitter pamphlet by George Grenville. The revival of high doctrines of prerogative in the Crown was accompanied by a revival of high doctrines of privilege in the House of Commons. The unconstitutional prosecution of Wilkes was followed by the fatal recourse to new plans for raising taxes in the American Colonies. In 1770 appeared *Thoughts on the cause of the Present Discontents*, a powerful argumentative treatise

the object of which was to press for the hearty concurrence both of public men and of the nation in combining against "a faction ruling by the private instructions of a court against the general sense of the people." Here as well as in later publications a strong vein of conservative feeling was manifest. Among the works ascribed to his pen were those remarkable letters, signed *Junius*.

Elected for Bristol, 1784. At the general election of 1784, Burke was returned for the borough of Malton, in Yorkshire. In a few weeks afterwards, he received the great distinction of being chosen one of the representatives of Bristol. His independence in voting in favour of a bill brought in for relief of the Roman Catholics did not suit classes too easily influenced by such fanaticism as produced the Gordon riots and he paid the penalty in being obliged to decline a contest in that constituency at the next election. In the meantime his political genius, as displayed in parliament, shone with an effulgence that was worthy of the great affairs over which it shed so magnificent an illumination. His speeches are monuments of the struggles for the liberty of the people. That *on American Conciliation* in 1775 and that *on Taxation* exhibit that deep ethical quality which is the prime secret of their convincing power.

A Minister, 1782. The Tory government of Lord North was forced to resign in 1782, and the Rockingham party returned to power once more. Burke was made a privy councillor, and obtained the office of Paymaster of the Forces. He continued to sit during the rest of his parliamentary life for Malton. His office was one to which various irregular gains were attached. With singular disinterestedness he introduced a thorough reform of the department, and refused to receive anything beyond the salary for his office. The tenure of power by the new Ministry was brief. In July Rockingham died; Lord Shelburne took office; Fox declined to serve under him, and Burke with his loyalty to Fox followed him out of office. Lord Shelburne was obliged to retire and a Coalition Min-

istry under Lord Portland was formed. It contained such an indefensible alliance as that of Fox and Lord North, Burke taking his old post at the pay-office. They were not in office long. The misgovernment of India had long been a scandal throughout the world. Fox's India Bill weakened the power of the Crown by giving a mass of patronage to the party which the king hated. The measure was thrown out by means of a royal intrigue in the Lords, and the ministers were instantly dismissed. In the election of 1784, the prime minister, young Pitt, was sustained, the action of the king against the Portland combination approved of by the nation, and the hopes which Burke had cherished for a political life-time were irretrievably ruined.

Trial of Warren Hastings, 1788. Though the rout of the orthodox Whigs was followed by a period of repose for the country, it was also followed by one of the most memorable trials recorded in English history. In the famous impeachment of Warren Hastings, Burke stood up in the cause of oppressed millions, against a tyranny that surpassed the worst injustice inflicted upon the American colonies. A tyrant, without pity, remorse, or fear, sat enthroned by the British senate as Governor-General of India. The story of Hasting's crimes, as Macaulay says, made the blood of Burke boil in his veins. The organized extortion and fraud; the infliction of outrages, insults, and tortures; a total denial of the rights of the natives as subjects of the English government, consolidated oppression into a system against which there was no appeal. Already in 1785, he delivered one of the most famous of all his speeches, that on the Nabob of Arcot's debts. Now the "crown of his glory as an orator was won in the great Hall of Westminster, where, in the presence of the noblest and fairest, the wisest and the most gifted of the land, he uttered the thunders of his eloquence in the impeachment of Warren Hastings, the Governor-General of India. Opening the case in February 1788 in a speech of four days, he continued his statement during certain days of April, and

wound up his charges with an address, which began on the 28th of May and lasted for the nine succeeding days. As he spoke, the scenery of the East—rice-field and jungle, gilded temple and broad-bosomed river, with a sky of heated copper glowing over all—unfolded itself in a brilliant picture before the kindled fancy of his audience; and when the sufferings of the tortured Hindoos and the desolation of their wasted fields were painted, as only Burke could paint in words, the effect of the sudden contrast upon those who heard him was like the shock of a Leyden jar. Ladies sobbed and screamed, handkerchiefs and smelling bottles were in constant use, and 'some were even carried out in fits.' That sustained and over-flowing indignation at outraged justice and oppressed humanity which burst forth again and again from the lips of Burke was such a scorching fire that even the cool and intrepid Hastings lost his self-control and cried out with protests and exclamations like a criminal writhing under the scourge. Nevertheless a conviction did not follow. The trial lingered too long. The counsel for the defence employed effective tactics. Too many had been enriched by Hastings's misdeeds. A sum of £20,000 was expended by the wealthy defendant in influencing the press. A verdict of acquittal was rendered in 1795. Mr. Burke received for his exertions a vote of thanks which was proposed by Mr. Pitt and with this his political life ended, as he immediately afterwards retired from parliament.

The Reflections, 1780. For years Burke had watched with anxious interest the tokens that heralded the coming storm in France. He had seen the causes at work that brought about the mighty crash of an ancient throne. Already in 1789, before the horrible phase of the Revolution, the Reign of Terror, had commenced, Burke made up his mind regarding the movement. In 1780 appeared the *Reflections on the Revolution in France* in which he set forth at length his ideas and prophecies. Those who know the incredible rashness of the revolutionary doctrine then professed by its admirers and those who know their disregard

of means to secure the object in view can readily acknowledge the sensible conclusions of Burke in many of his contentions. The work had an enormous success, was translated into French and became the text-book of royalists and "empires." George III. pursued the *Reflections* with a great deal of pleasure, remarking that it was a book that every gentleman ought to read. The heat and fury with which the author inveighed against the Revolution and everything thereunto appertaining, startled and irritated his old political friends such as Fox, Sheridan and the rest. The new government of France which Fox had praised was declared, by Burke, in the House of Commons, to be a plundering, ferocious, bloody, tyrannical democracy. From that time he separated himself from the party with whom he had acted during his whole parliamentary career.

Additional productions. Burke's break with his Whig associates was complete. In 1791 the thundercloud burst. The scene of the public rupture between him and Fox took place in the House of Commons. It occurred in connection with the debate on the Quebec Act. Fox went out of his way to laud the French Revolution and to sneer at some effective passages in the *Reflections*. Burke replied vigorously. "But there is no loss of friends," said Fox in an eager under-tone. "Yes," cried Burke, "there is a loss of friends. I know the penalty of my conduct. I have done my duty at the price of my friend—our friendship is at an end." A few months afterwards Burke published the *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs*. The events of Paris were doing more than words, to confirm his sagacity and foresight. The retirement of Fox became necessary. Pitt came into power, England warred against the French republic though the prime minister was anxious for peace.

A pension of £2,500 having been conferred on the veteran statesman, the Duke of Bedford and Lord Lauderdale made some remarks which aroused the old lion. "They thought that he was toothless, until he rose with gnashing fangs and tore the wretches limb from limb." In the *Letter to a Noble*

Lord, thus called forth, we have one of the finest specimens of Burke's powerful style.

At the mention of negotiation with France, Burke flamed out in the *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, in some respects the most splendid of all his compositions. They glow with passion, and yet the fervour of imagination is skilfully tempered with close and plausible reasoning. They stirred the nation to the very depths and increased the aversion of the king and several important personages in the government against the plans of Pitt.

Death, 1797. Heavy sorrows darkened the close of his life. In 1794, he lost his brother Richard. A far heavier calamity befell him a few months later, in the death, from consumption, of his only son Richard, shortly after he had been returned in his father's place for the borough of Malton. The bereaved father pathetically bewailed the last hope of his house, "the prop of his age," "his better self." When the third and the most impressive of the *Letters on a Regicide Peace* came into the hands of the public, the writer was no more. The upright statesman, the persistent and eloquent denouncer of oppression and wrong, died quietly in his house at Beaconsfield, his last hours soothed by the cares of his affectionate wife. It occurred on the 8th of July, 1797. Fox proposed that there should be a public funeral and that the body should lie among the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey. Burke, however, left strict injunctions that his burial should be private. He required that his name and age alone should be inscribed on the tablet that would mark his resting place in the quiet little church at Beaconsfield. With humble piety in his last will he had bequeathed his soul to God, "hoping for His mercy only through the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."



BURKE'S LITERARY CHARACTER.

His style. "Burke was so far from being a gaudy or flowing writer that he is one of the severest writers. His words are the most like things; his style is the most strictly suited to the subject. He unites every extreme and every variety of composition; the lowest and the meanest words and descriptions with the highest. He exults in the display of power, in showing the extent, the force, and intensity of his ideas. His stock of ideas did not consist of a few meagre facts, meagrely stated, but his mine of wealth was a profound understanding, inexhaustible as the human heart and various as the sources of human nature. If he sometimes multiplies words, it is not for want of ideas, but because there are no words that fully express his ideas, and he tries to do it as well as he can by different ones. He had nothing of the *set* or formal style, the measured cadence, and stately phraseology of Johnston and most of our modern writers."—*Hazlit*.

"In all its varieties, Burke's style is noble, earnest, deep-flowing, because his sentiment was lofty and fervid, and went with sincerity and ardent, disciplined travail of judgment. He had the style of his subjects, the amplitude, the weightiness, the laboriousness, the sense, the high flight, the grandeur, proper to a man dealing with imperial themes, with the fortunes of great societies, with the sacredness of law, the freedom of nations, the justice of rulers."—*Morley*.

"He is remarkable for the copiousness and freedom of his diction, the splendour and great variety of his imagery, his astonishing command of general truths, and the ease with which he seems to wield those fine weapons of language, which most writers are able to manage only by the most anxious care."—*Cleveland*.

Powers of Oratory. "His political knowledge was considered almost an encyclopædia. Learning was his ready servant, presenting to his choice all that antiquity had culled or invented. His skill in adapting himself to circumstances could scarcely be surpassed. Every power of oratory was wielded by him in turn. During the same evening he could be pathetic and humorous, acrimonious and conciliating; at one time showing indignation and severity, and at another time calling to his assistance ridicule, wit, and mockery. Prior considers that Burke's oratorical style is 'not only of the very highest order, but it possesses the first characteristic of genius—originality.' He further states that his manner partakes of the grandeur of Cicero, 'with more of richness, of masculine energy and altogether a greater reach of mind,' but 'with less of chastity, of elaborate eloquence or methodical arrangement.'

"His narration of facts is most lucid; the most complicated case he unravels with admirable skill. The arrangement of his topics, without being too formal, is clear and logical. He selects and marshals his arguments with singular art, grouping them in masses, illumining them with historical illustrations, or philosophic reflections, or adorning them with the splendour of description."—*Robertson*.

His Conservatism. "His aim, therefore, in our domestic policy was to preserve things, in the main, as they are; for the simple reason that under it the nation had become great and prosperous. Not to shut our eyes to abuse—his whole life, he said, had been spent in resisting and repealing abuses—but to amend deliberately and cautiously; to innovate not at all, for innovation was not reformation; to overturn nothing which had the sanction of

time and many happy days in its favour ; to correct and perfect the superstructures, but to leave all the foundations, the antiquity of which was a guarantee of their stability in opinion, sacred and unharmed."—*Prior*.

"His principles were altogether averse from a purely democratic constitution of government from the first. He always, indeed, denied that he was a man of aristocratic inclinations, meaning by that, one who favoured the aristocratic more than the popular element in the constitution ; but he no more for all that, ever professed any wish wholly to extinguish the former element than the latter.—*Penny Cyclopædia*.

His Liberalism. The liberal views of Burke are shown in the measures he advocated :—the conciliation of America ; concessions to the Irish legislature ; removal of restrictions on Roman Catholics ; justice and security to India ; liberty of conscience to dissenters ; the suppression of general warrants ; the abolition of the slave trade ; the extension of the power of juries ; publicity of parliamentary debates ; rights of electors in the case of Wilkes ; resistance to harsh claims of the crown or the church ; retrenchment of expenditure without parsimony, and many other important reforms.

His Patriotism. He was no flaming patriot, having early declared in the House of Commons "that being warned by the ill effects of a contrary procedure, he had taken his ideas of liberty very low, in order that they should stick to him, and that he might stick to them to the end of his life." Superior to all party considerations, his enlightened patriotism proffered support to the government during the riots of 1780, and brought him forward with irresistible power in the still more fearful crisis of the French revolution. Attached to the monarchy from principle and conviction, while sprung from the middle ranks of the people, he rendered a service never to be forgotten, when one of the greatest movements of modern history threatened to destroy all that is good in the political, moral, and religious institutions of the country.

"Heseparated himself from his party, and even from his friends and associates with whom he had passed his life, when, whether rightly or wrongly he conceived that a higher duty than that of fidelity to his party-banner called upon him to take that course.—*Craik*."

"He brought to politics a horror of crime, a vivacity and sincerity of conscience, a humanity, a sensibility, which seem only suitable to a young man. He based human society on maxims of morality, insisted, on a high and pure tone of feeling in the conduct of public business, and seemed to have undertaken to raise and authorize the generosity of the human heart. He fought nobly for noble causes ; against the crimes of power in England, the crimes of the people of France, the crimes of monopolists in India."—*Taine*.

"Burke grew purer and more powerful for good, to his latest moment ; he constantly rose more and more above the influence of party, until at last the politician was elevated into the philosopher."—*Croly*.

A Philosophical Statesman. "He was the most scientific of statesmen, and referred habitually to principles. This is his first excellence ; and as all his speeches were written under the control of this faculty, and were carefully prepared for the press, they are still valuable though the circumstances and events to which they relate have passed away ; at the same time the imagery and illustration in which they abound make them interesting to the literary student. In his political writings he is apt to exaggerate in tone and statement, and occasionally he transgresses the bounds of correct taste. But in various knowledge, in splendid language, in profound philosophical reflection, they are unsurpassed ; nor would it be possible to find writings more suggestive of lessons of political sagacity applicable to all time."—*Angus*.

"He possessed and had sedulously sharpened that eye which sees all things, actions, and events, in relation to the laws which determine their existence and circumscribe

their possibility. He referred habitually to principles—he was a scientific statesman.”—*Coleridge*.

Influence. “There is no political figure of the eighteenth century which retains so enduring an interest, or which repays so amply a careful study, as Edmund Burke. All other statesmen seem to belong wholly to the past ; for although many of their achievements remain, the profound changes that have taken place in the conditions of English political life have destroyed the significance of their policy and their example. A few fine flashes of rhetoric, a few happy epigrams, a few laboured speeches which now seem cold, lifeless and common-place, are all that remain of the Pitts, of Fox, of Sheridan, or of Plunket. But of Burke it may be truly said that there is scarcely any serious political thinker in England who has not learned much from his writings, and whom he has not profoundly influenced either in the way of attraction or in the way of repulsion. As an orator he has been surpassed by some, as a practical politician, he has been surpassed by many, and his judgments of men and things were often deflected by violent passions, by strong antipathies, by party spirit, by exaggerated sensibility, by a strength of imagination and of affection, which continually invested particular objects with a halo of superstitious reverence. But no other politician or writer has thrown the light of so penetrating a genius on the nature and workings of the British constitution, has impressed his principles so deeply on both of the great parties in the State, and has left behind him a richer treasure of political wisdom applicable to all countries and to all times. He had a peculiar gift of introducing into transient party conflicts observations drawn from the most profound knowledge of human nature, of the first principles of government and legislation, and of the more subtle and remote consequences of political institutions, and there is, perhaps, no English prose writer since Bacon, whose works are so thickly starred with thought. The time may come when they will be no longer read. The time will never

come in which men would not grow wiser by reading them."—*Lecky, History of England.*

His leading traits. "There never was a more beautiful alliance between virtue and talents. All his conceptions were grand, all his sentiments generous. The great leading trait of his character and that which gave it all its energy and its colour, was that strong hatred of vice which is no other than the passionate love of virtue. It breathes in all his writings ; it was the guide of all his actions."—*Cazales.*

"Burke, indeed, must be remembered in virtue not only of his speeches, but of his writings on political and social questions, as a very great thinker, comprehensive and versatile in intellect, and deriving an extraordinary power of eloquence from that concrete and imaginative character which belonged distinctively to his manner of thought."—*Spalding.*

"As an orator, his name ranks worthily with that of Cicero ; his patriotism was as ardent as that of Sidney ; as a philosopher he may stand without a blush in the same class as Bacon ; as a philanthropist he can fully bear comparison with Penn."—*Macknight.*

"He had, in the highest degree, that noble faculty whereby man is able to live in the past and in the future, in the distant and in the unreal."—*Macaulay.*

"He is, perhaps, of all writers, the one of whom it may be said, with the strictest truth, that no idea appears hackneyed in his hands, no topic seems commonplace, when he treats it."—*McIntosh.*

Defects. "He was, it may be said, too literary to be a philosopher, and too philosophic to be a politician. His career would seem to illustrate this position. His oratory astounded by its brilliancy rather than persuaded by its tone and argument ; and in the long-run, the eloquence which failed to command the reason, ceased to captivate the ear. Passionate, and in a great degree untractable, he was unsuited for party politics, and drifted from all his con-

nections, breaking up slowly all party ties, and even the ties of friendship, till he reached at last, a state of almost political isolation.—*Chambers' Encyclopædia*.

“Those who insist on charm, on winningness in style, on subtle harmonies and exquisite suggestion, are disappointed in Burke ; they even find him stiff, and over-coloured. And there are blemishes of this kind. His banter is nearly always ungainly, his wit blunt, as Johnson said of it, and very often unreasonable. As is usual with a man who has not true humour, Burke is always without true pathos.”—*Morley*.







THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

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Causes of the Revolution. Already during the reign of Louis XIV (1643—1715) the oppressive war taxes, the prodigality of the court and the luxurious lives of the clergy combined to undermine the foundations of national prosperity and freedom. Trammelled with an immense debt, the long inglorious rule of Louis XV (1715—1775) saw the nation gradually giving way to those sentiments of infidelity and licence which prepared the overthrow of all the ancient institutions in the country. The close of the seven years' war left France deprived of her principal colonies, and still further burdened by taxation which even the economy and method of Necker could not relieve. The American war of independence had disseminated republican ideas among the lower orders, while the Assembly of the Notables had freely discussed the incapacity of the government, and the wanton prodigality of the court. Infidel writings of Voltaire and Rousseau had given rise to the wildest views regarding questions of political independence, equal rights, and universal freedom. The nobility were sunk in profligacy, and monopolized the principal share of the national revenue. The clergy were not far behind them in general depravity, while the open corruption and wasteful excesses of many of the higher members of the hierarchy, brought the whole order and even religion into disrepute.

Its Course in France. Such were the influences at work during the early part of the reign of Louis XVI, who succeeded to the throne in 1774. The nobles desired to impose more taxes on the nation. The *tiers état* (the commonality) were determined to inaugurate a thorough and systematic reform. Both were anxious for a meeting of the states. After much opposition on the part of the king, and court, the *états généraux*, which had not met since 1614, assembled at Versailles on the 25th of May, 1789. The resistance made by Louis and his advisers to the reasonable demands of the deputies, led to the constitution of the National Assembly and the declaration of the inviolability of the members. The king retaliated by ordering troops. Then he dissolved his ministry and banished Necker. Then followed insurrectionary movements at Paris, where blood was shed on the 12th of July. The next day the national guard was convoked and on the 14th the people took possession of the Bastille. The acts of Paris were repeated in other parts of France. Feudal rights were abrogated by the National Assembly, and the equality of human rights proclaimed. Royal princes and nobles took to flight, and the royal family, having attempted in vain to follow their example, tried to conciliate the people by the feigned assumption of republican sentiments. On the 5th of October, the rabble followed by the national guard, attacked Versailles, and compelled the king and his family to remove to Paris, whither the Assembly also moved.

During the next two years were witnessed the solemn inauguration and the subsequent retraction of various constitutional schemes. The king alternately made concessions to the democracy and endeavoured to escape from the country. The failure of a war with Austria in 1792 was visited on Louis. An advance of the Prussians into Champagne threw Paris into the wildest excitement. The National Assembly dissolved itself in September. The king was charged with treason and brought to trial in December. On the 20th of January 1793 sentence of death

was passed on him and he was beheaded on the following day. Revolts spread to every part of the country. England, Holland, Spain, Naples and the German States combined against the republic. Christianity was deposed and the worship of reason solemnized. Marie Antoinette, the widowed Queen, was guillotined, and the dauphin and his surviving relatives suffered every possible indignity. Then succeeded a reign of blood and terror, under such men as Danton and Robespierre, who, after condemning countless numbers to the guillotine, suffered each in turn a similar fate. When the people were wearied of bloodshed and anxious for peace, the brilliant exploits of Napoleon Bonaparte in Italy, turned men's thoughts to other channels. The revolution had reached a turning point. A directory was formed to administer the government and the year 1797 saw Bonaparte omnipotent in Italy and rapidly advancing to supreme power in France.

Impressions in England. The conflict of opinion in England regarding the French revolution led to the breaking up of the old distinctions of Whig and Tory. Burke, Fox and Sheridan, from the beginning of the administration of Pitt, had been closely united as the chief leaders of the Whigs. The party of Fox recognized a lawful relation between the English revolution of 1688 and the political convulsions in France. It was, they contended, a struggle for liberty. It would only end in making the king of France subordinate to a ministry responsible to the people. Pitt viewed the movement with marked coolness and with no distrust. To many it was a surprise and a satisfaction to see the "terrible monarchy of France collapse without a blow, and England's hereditary foe deprived, to all appearance, of all power of injury or retaliation." That the new government would favour his liberal commercial views was anticipated by the prime minister. Those who clung to the most liberal interpretation of the revolution of 1688, were pointed out as Jacobins—the title which became identified with all that was most revolting in

the French revolution. Hence the Tories became anti-Jacobins. With them democratic opinions were proscribed and liberty and Jacobinism regarded as synonymous. In parliament the anti-Jacobin cries had little effect. But the majority of the English people did not think all would "culminate in general harmony and regular order." Their cautious good sense, their love of law, their distaste for violent changes and for abstract theories, and their reverence for the past, were rousing throughout the country a dislike of the revolutionary movements across the channel.

Neither side realized as Burke did the magnitude of the event. In his early denunciations of the revolution, he stood almost alone. The word revolution had for a century been sacred to Englishmen. France was still what she had been during the middle ages ; but now feudalism was to be shaken down and trampled to the dust. Conspicuous among the agencies that were at work was the new power of public opinion. Burke saw this, and to public opinion he successfully made his appeal. As he could find no audience in the House of Commons he addressed the nation at large. He recognized what is now obvious enough, that England's policy must depend on a reasonable democracy. Already democracy had become a power. The immorality of many politicians of the day had awakened distrust, and a demand for reform arose. It was a time of great uncertainty as to the future and of general distrust of the existing framework of society. Burke refutes the notion that the revolution in France resembled the English revolution. That of 1688, he held was a revolution not made, but prevented. The French revolution had aiders and abettors in England, who openly avowed their purpose to bring about a similar catastrophe in their own country. Some of these English "sympathisers" were persons long politically hateful to Burke. His aim was not so much to attack the French, as the English revolutionists—not so much to asperse Mirabeau, as Dr. Price and Lord Stanhope.



REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

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I find a preacher of the gospel profaning the beautiful and prophetic ejaculation, commonly called "*nunc dimittis*," made on the first presentation of our Saviour in the temple, and applying it, with an inhuman and unnatural rapture, to the most horrid, atrocious, and afflicting spectacle that perhaps ever was exhibited to the pity and indignation of mankind. This "*leading in triumph*," a thing in its best form unmanly and irreligious, which fills our preacher with such unhallowed transports, must shock, I believe, the moral taste of every well-born mind. Several English were the stupefied and indignant spectators of that triumph. It was (unless we have been strangely deceived) a spectacle more resembling a procession of American savages, entering into Onondaga, [after some of their murders, called victories, and leading into hovels hung round with scalps, their captives, overpowered with the scoffs and buffets of women as ferocious as themselves, much more than it resembled the triumphal pomp of a civilized, martial nation ;—if a civilized nation, or any men who had a sense of generosity, were capable of a personal triumph over the fallen and afflicted.

This, my dear Sir, was not the triumph of France. I must believe that, as a nation, it overwhelmed you

with shame and horror. I must believe that the National Assembly find themselves in a state of the greatest humiliation in not being able to punish the authors of this triumph or the actors in it ; and that they are in a situation in which any inquiry they may make upon the subject must be destitute even of the appearance of liberty or impartiality. The apology of that assembly is found in their situation ; but when we approve what they *must* bear, it is in us the degenerate choice of a vitiated mind. 25 30

With the compelled appearance of deliberation, they vote under the dominion of a stern necessity. They sit in the heart, as it were, of a foreign republic ; they have their residence in a city whose constitution has emanated neither from the charter of their king, nor from their legislative power. There they are surrounded by an army not raised either by the authority of their crown, or by their command ; and which, if they should order to dissolve itself, would instantly dissolve them. There they sit, after a gang of assassins had driven away some hundreds of the members ; whilst those who held the same moderate principles, with more patience or better hope, continued every day exposed to outrageous insults and murderous threats. There a majority, sometimes real, sometimes pretended, captive itself, compels a captive king to issue as royal edicts, at third hand, the polluted nonsense of their most licentious and giddy coffee-houses. It is notorious, that all their measures are decided before they are debated. It is beyond doubt, that under the terror of the bayonet, and the lamp-post, and the torch to their houses, they are obliged to adopt all the crude and desperate measures suggested by clubs composed of a monstrous medley of all conditions, tongues, and nations. Among these are found persons, in comparison of whom Catiline would be thought scrupulous, and Cethegus a man of sobriety and moderation. Nor is it in these 35 40 45 50 55 60

clubs alone that the public measures are deformed into monsters. They undergo a previous distortion in academies, intended as so many seminaries for these clubs, which are set up in all the places of public resort. In these meetings of all sorts, every counsel, in proportion as it is daring, and violent, and pertidious, is taken for the mark of superior genius. Humanity and compassion are ridiculed as the fruits of superstition and ignorance. Tenderness to individuals is considered as treason to the public. Liberty is always to be estimated perfect as property is rendered insecure. Amidst assassination, massacre, and confiscation, perpetrated or meditated, they are forming plans for the good order of future society. Embracing in their arms the carcases of base criminals, and promoting their relations on the title of their offences, they drive hundreds of virtuous persons to the same end, by forcing them to subsist by beggary or by crime.

The Assembly, their organ, acts before them the farce of deliberation with as little decency as liberty. They act like the comedians of a fair before a riotous audience ; they act amidst the tumultuous cries of a mixed mob of ferocious men, and of women lost to shame, who, according to their insolent fancies, direct, control, applaud, explode them ; and sometimes mix and take their seats amongst them ; domineering over them with a strange mixture of servile petulance and proud, presumptuous authority. As they have inverted order in all things, the gallery is in the place of the house. This assembly, which overthrows kings and kingdoms, has not even the physiognomy and aspect of a grave legislative body—*nec color imperii, nec frons ulla senatus*. They have a power given to them, like that of the evil principle, to subvert and destroy ; but none to construct, except such machines as may be fitted for further subversion and further destruction.

Who is it that admires, and from the heart is attached to national representative assemblies, but must turn 100
 with horror and disgust from such a profane burlesque, and abominable perversion of that sacred institute ? Lovers of monarchy, lovers of republics, must alike abhor it. The members of your assembly must themselves groan under the tyranny of which they have all 105
 the shame, none of the direction, and little of the profit. I am sure many of the members who compose even the majority of that body must feel as I do, notwithstanding the applauses of the Revolution Society. Miserable king ! miserable assembly ! How must that 110
 assembly be silently scandalized with those of their members who could call a day which seemed to blot the sun out of heaven, "*un beau jour !*" ¹ How must they be inwardly indignant at hearing others, who thought fit to declare to them, "that the vessel of the state 115
 would fly forward in her course towards regeneration with more speed than ever," from the stiff gale of treason and murder, which preceded our preacher's triumph ! What must they have felt, whilst, with outward patience, and inward indignation, they heard of the 120
 slaughter of innocent gentlemen in their houses, that "the blood spilled was not the most pure !" What must they have felt when they were besieged by complaints of disorders which shook their country to its foundations, at being compelled coolly to tell the com- 125
 plainants that they were under the protection of the law, and that they would address the king (the captive king) to cause the laws to be enforced for their protection ; when the enslaved ministers of that captive king had formally notified them, that there were neith- 130
 er law, nor authority, nor power left to protect ! What must they have felt at being obliged, as a felicitation on the present new year, to request their captive king to forget the stormy period of the last, on account of the great good which he was likely to produce to his peo- 135

¹ 6th of October, 1789.

ple ; to the complete attainment of which good they
 adjourned the practical demonstrations of their loyalty,
 assuring him of their obedience, when he should no
 longer possess any authority to command ! 140

This address was made with much good nature and
 affection, to be sure. But among the revolutions in
 France must be reckoned a considerable revolution in
 their ideas of politeness. In England we are said to
 learn manners at second-hand from your side of the 145
 water, and that we dress our behaviour in the frippery
 of France. If so, we are still in the old cut ; and have
 not so far conformed to the new Parisian mode of good
 breeding, as to think it quite in the most refined strain
 of delicate compliment (whether in condolence or in 150
 congratulation) to say, to the most humiliated creature
 that crawls upon the earth, that great public benefits
 are derived from the murder of his servants, the at-
 tempted assassination of himself and of his wife, and
 the mortification, disgrace and degradation that he has 155
 personally suffered. It is a topic of consolation which
 our ordinary of Newgate would be too humane to use
 to a criminal at the foot of the gallows. I should have
 thought that the hangman of Paris, now that he is liberal-
 ized by the vote of the National Assembly, and is al- 160
 lowed his rank and arms in the herald's college of the
 rights of men, would be too generous, too gallant a
 man, too full of the sense of his new dignity, to employ
 that cutting consolation to any of the persons whom
 the *leze nation* might bring under the admin'stration of 165
 his *executive power*.

A man is fallen indeed, when he is thus flattered.
 The anodyne draught of oblivion, thus drugged, is well
 calculated to preserve a galling wakefulness, and to
 feed the living ulcer of a corroding memory. Thus to 170
 administer the opiate potion of amnesty, powdered
 with all the ingredients of scorn and contempt, is to
 hold to his lips, instead of " the balm of hurt minds,"

the cup of human misery full to the brim, and to force him to drink it to the dregs. 175

Yielding to reasons, at least as forcible as those which were so delicately urged in the compliment on the new year, the king of France will probably endeavour to forget those events and that compliment. But history, who keeps a durable record of all our acts, and exercises her awful censure over the proceedings of all sorts of sovereigns, will not forget either those events, or the era of this liberal refinement in the intercourse of mankind. History will record that on the morning of the 6th of October 1789, the king and queen of France, after a day of confusion, alarm, dismay and slaughter, lay down, under the pledged security of public faith, to indulge nature in a few hours of respite, and troubled, melancholy repose. From this sleep, the queen was first startled by the voice of the sentinel at her door, who cried out to her to save herself by flight—that this was the last proof of fidelity he could give—that they were upon him, and he was dead. Instantly he was cut down. A band of cruel ruffians and assassins, reeking with his blood, rushed into the chamber of the queen, and pierced with a hundred strokes of bayonets and poniards, the bed from whence this persecuted woman had but just time to fly almost naked, and, through ways unknown to the murderers, had escaped to seek refuge at the feet of a king and husband, not secure of his own life for a moment. 180 185 190 195 200

This king, to say no more of him, and this queen, and their infant children, (who once would have been the hope and pride of a great and generous people,) were then forced to abandon the sanctuary of the most splendid palace in the world, which they left swimming in blood, polluted by massacre and strewed with scattered limbs and mutilated carcasses. Thence they were conducted into the capital of their kingdom. Two had been selected from the unprovoked, unresisted, 205 210

promiscuous slaughter, which was made of the gentlemen of birth and family who composed the king's body-guard. These two gentlemen, with all the parade of an execution of justice, were cruelly and publicly dragged to the block, and beheaded in the great court of the palace. Their heads were stuck upon spears and led the procession ; whilst the royal captives who followed in the train were slowly moved along, amidst the horrid yells and shrilling screams, and frantic dances, and infamous contumelies, and all the unutterable abominations of the furies of hell, in the abused shape of the vilest of women. After they had been made to taste, drop by drop, more than the bitterness of death, in the slow torture of a journey of twelve miles, protracted to six hours, they were, under a guard, composed of those very soldiers who had thus conducted them through this famous triumph, lodged in one of the old palaces of Paris, now converted into a bastille for kings.

Is this a triumph to be consecrated at altars ? to be commemorated with grateful thanksgiving ? to be offered to the divine humanity with fervent prayer and enthusiastic ejaculation ?—These Theban and Thracian orgies, acted in France, and applauded only in the Old Jewry, I assure you, kindle prophetic enthusiasm in the minds but of very few people in this kingdom : although a saint and apostle, who may have revelations of his own, and who has so completely vanquished all the mean superstitions of the heart, may incline to think it pious and decorous to compare it with the entrance into the world of the Prince of Peace, proclaimed in a holy temple by a venerable sage, and not long before not worse announced by the voice of angels to the quiet innocence of shepherds.

At first I was at a loss to account for this fit of unguarded transport. I knew, indeed, that the sufferings of monarchs make a delicious repast for some sort of palates. There were reflections which might serve to

keep this appetite within some bounds of temperance. But when I took one circumstance into my consideration, I was obliged to confess, that much allowance 250 ought to be made for the society, and that the temptation was too strong for common discretion ; I mean, the circumstance of the Io Pæan of the triumph, the animating cry which called " for *all* the BISHOPS to be hanged on the lamp-posts,"¹ might well have brought 255 forth a burst of enthusiasm on the foreseen consequences of this happy day. I allow to so much enthusiasm some little deviation from prudence. I allow this prophet to break forth into hymns of joy and thanksgiving on an event which appears like the precursor of 260 the Millenium, and the projected fifth monarchy, in the destruction of all church establishments. There was, however, (as in all human affairs there is,) in the midst of this joy, something to exercise the patience of these worthy gentlemen, and to try the long-suffering 265 of their faith. The actual murder of the king and queen, and their child, was wanting to the other auspicious circumstances of this "*beautiful day*." The actual murder of the bishops, though, called for by so many holy ejaculations, was also wanting. A group of regicide 270 and sacrilegious slaughter, was indeed boldly sketched, but it was only sketched. It unhappily was left unfinished in this great history-piece of the massacre of innocents. What hardy pencil of a great master, from the school of the rights of men, will finish it, is to be 275 seen hereafter. The age has not yet the complete benefit of that diffusion of knowledge that has undermined superstition and error ; and the king of France wants another object or two to consign to oblivion, in consideration of all the good which is to arise from his own 280

¹ Tous les Evêques à la lanterne.

sufferings, and the patriotic crimes of an enlightened age.¹

¹ It is proper here to refer to a letter written upon this subject by an eye-witness. That eye-witness was one of the most honest, intelligent, and eloquent members of the National Assembly, one of the most active and zealous reformers of the state. He was obliged to secede from the assembly; and he afterwards became a voluntary exile, on account of the horrors of this pious triumph, and the dispositions of men, who, profiting of crimes, if not causing them, have taken the lead in public affairs.

Extract of M. de Lally Tollendal's Second Letter to a Friend.

"Parlons du parti que j'ai pris; il est bien justifié dans ma conscience —Ni cette ville coupable, ni cette assemblée plus coupable encore, ne meritoient que je me justifie; mais j'ai à cœur que vous, et les personnes qui pensent comme vous, ne me condamnent pas.—Ma santé, je vous jure, me rendoit mes fonctions impossibles; mais même en les mettant de côté il a été au-dessus de mes forces de supporter plus longtemps l'horreur que me causoit ce sang.—ces têtes—cette reine *presque égorgée*, ce roi,—amené *sclave*,—entrant à Paris, au milieu de ses assassins, et précédé des têtes de ses malheureux grades—ces perfides janissaires, ces assassins, ces femmes cannibales, ce cri de TOUS LES EVEQUES A LA LANTERNE, dans le moment où le roi entre sa capitale avec deux évêques de son conseil dans sa voiture—un *coup de fusil*, que j'ai vu tirer dans un *des carrosses de la reine*. M. Bailly appelant cela un *beau jour*—l'assemblée ayant déclaré froidement le matin, qu'il n'étoit pas de sa dignité d'aller toute entière environner le roi—M. Mirabeau disant impunément dans cette assemblée que le vaisseau de l'état, loins d'être arrêté dans sa course, s'élanceroit avec plus de rapidité que jamais vers sa régénération—M. Barnave, riant avec lui, quand des flots de sang coulaient autour de nous—le vertueux Mounier* échappant par miracle à vingt assassins, qui avoient voulu faire de sa tête un trophée de plus: Voilà ce qui me fit jurer de ne plus mettre le pied dans cette caverne d'*anthropophages* [the National Assembly] où je n'avois plus de force d'élever la voix, où depuis six semaines je l'avois élevée en vain.

"Moi, Mounier, et tous les honnêtes gens, ont pensé que le dernier effort à faire pour le bien étoit d'en sortir. Aucune idée de crainte ne s'est approchée de moi. Je rougirois de m'en défendre. J'avois encore reçu sur la route de la part de ce peuple, moins coupable que ceux qui l'ont enivré de fureur, des acclamations, et des applaudissements, dont d'autres auroient été flattés et qui m'ont fait frémir. C'est à l'indignation, c'est à l'horreur, c'est aux convulsions physiques, que le seul aspect du sang me fait éprouver que j'ai cédé. On brave une seul mort; on la brave plusieurs fois, quand elle peut être utile. Mais aucune puissance sous le Ciel, mais aucune opinion publique ou privée n'ont le droit de me condamner à souffrir inutilement mille supplices par minute, et à périr de désespoir, de rage, au milieu des *triumphes*, du crime que je n'ai pu arrêter. Ils me proscrirent, ils confisqueront mes biens. Je labourerai la terre et je ne les verrai plus.—Voilà ma justification. Vous pourrez la lire, la montrer, la laisser copier; tant pis peu ceux qui ne la comprendront pas; ce ne sera alors moi qui auroit en tort de la leur donner."

This military man had not so good nerves as the peaceable gentleman of the Old Jewry.—See Mons. Mounier's narrative of these transactions; a man also of honour, and virtue and talents, and therefore a fugitive.

* N. B. Mr. Mounier was then speaker of the National Assembly, He has since been obliged to live in exile, though one of the firmest assertors of liberty,

Although this work of our new light and knowledge 340
 did not go to the length that in all probability it was
 intended it should be carried, yet I must think that
 such treatment of any human creatures must be shock-
 ing to any but those who are made for accomplishing
 Revolutions. But I cannot stop here. Influenced by 345
 the inborn feelings of my nature, and not being illumi-
 nated by a single ray of this new-sprung modern light,
 I confess to you, Sir, that the exalted rank of the per-
 sons suffering, and particularly the sex, the beauty,
 and the amiable qualities of the descendant of so many 350
 kings and emperors, with the tender age of royal in-
 fants, insensible only through infancy and innocence
 of the cruel outrages to which their parents were ex-
 posed, instead of being a subject of exultation, adds
 not a little to my sensibility on that most melancholy 355
 occasion.

I hear that the august person, who was the principal
 object of our preacher's triumph, though he supported
 himself, felt much on that shameful occasion. As a
 man, it became him to feel for his wife and his children, 360
 and the faithful guards of his person, that were mas-
 sacred in cold blood about him ; as a prince, it became
 him to feel for the strange and frightful transformation
 of his civilized subjects, and to be more grieved for
 them than solicitous for himself. It derogates little 365
 from his fortitude, while it adds infinitely to the hon-
 our of his humanity. I am very sorry to say it, very
 sorry indeed, that such personages are in a situation in
 which it is not unbecoming in us to praise the virtues of
 the great. 370

I hear, and I rejoice to hear, that the great lady, the
 other object of the triumph, has borne that day (one
 is interested that beings made for suffering should
 suffer well), and that she bears all the succeeding days,
 that she bears the imprisonment of her husband, and 375
 her own captivity, and the exile of her friends, and the

insulting adulation of addresses, and the whole weight
 of her accumulated wrongs, with a serene patience, in
 a manner suited to her rank and race, and becoming
 the offspring of a sovereign distinguished for her piety
 and her courage : that, like her, she has lofty senti-
 ments ; that she feels with the dignity of a Roman
 matron ; that in the last extremity she will save her-
 self from the last disgrace ; and that, if she must fall,
 she will fall by no ignoble hand.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the
 queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles,
 and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly
 seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her
 just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the
 elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering
 like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and
 joy. Oh ! what a revolution ! and what a heart must
 I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation
 and that fall ! Little did I dream when she added
 titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant,
 respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry
 the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that
 bosom ; little did I dream that I should have lived to
 see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant
 men, in a nation of men of honour, and of cavaliers.
 I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from
 their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened
 her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone.
 That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has
 succeeded ; and the glory of Europe is extinguished
 for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that
 generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submis-
 sion, that dignified obedience, that subordination of
 the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself,
 the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace
 of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly
 sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone ! It is gone,

that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage 415 whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

This mixed system of opinion and sentiment had its origin in the ancient chivalry ; and the principle, 420 though varied in its appearance by the varying state of human affairs, subsisted and influenced through a long succession of generations, even to the time we live in. If it should ever be totally extinguished, the loss I fear will be great. It is this which has given its 425 character to modern Europe. It is this which has distinguished it under all its forms of government, and distinguished it to its advantage, from the states of Asia, and possibly from those states which flourished in the most brilliant periods of the antique world. It 430 was this, which, without confounding ranks, had produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It was this opinion which mitigated kings into companions, and raised private men to be fellows with kings. Without force 435 or opposition, it subdued the fierceness of pride and power ; it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a dominating vanquisher of laws to be subdued by manners. 440

But now all is to be changed. All the pleasing illusions, which made power gentle and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private 445 society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off. All the super-added ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of moral imagination, which the heart owns, and the understanding 450

ratifies, as necessary to cover the defects of our naked, shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation, are to be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion.

On this scheme of things, a king is but a man, a queen is but a woman ; a woman is but an animal, and an animal not of the highest order. All homage paid to the sex in general as such, and without distinct views, is to be regarded as romance and folly. Regicide, and parricide, and sacrilege, are but fictions of superstition, corrupting jurisprudence by destroying its simplicity. The murder of a king, or a queen, or a bishop, or a father, are only common homicide ; and if the people are by any chance, or in any way, gainers by it, a sort of homicide much the most pardonable, and into which we ought not to make too severe a scrutiny.

On the scheme of this barbarous philosophy, which is the offspring of cold hearts and muddy understandings, and which is as void of solid wisdom as it is destitute of all taste and elegance, laws are to be supported only by their own terrors, and by the concern which each individual may find in them from his own private speculations, or can spare to them from his own private interests. In the groves of *their* academy, at the end of every vista, you see nothing but the gallows. Nothing is left which engages the affections on the part of the commonwealth. On the principles of this mechanic philosophy, our institutions can never be embodied, if I may use the expression, in persons ; so as to create in us love, veneration, admiration, or attachment. But that sort of reason which banishes the affections is incapable of filling their place. These public affections, combined with manners, are required sometimes as supplements, sometimes as correctives, always as aids to law. The precept given by a wise man, as well as a great critic, for the construction of

poems, is equally true as to states :—*Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia suntu.* There ought to be a system of manners in every nation, which a well-formed 490 mind would be disposed to relish. To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely.

But power, of some kind or other, will survive the shock in which manners and opinions perish ; and it will find other and worse means for its support. The 495 usurpation which, in order to subvert ancient institutions, has destroyed ancient principles, will hold power by arts similar to those by which it has acquired it. When the old feudal and chivalrous spirit of *fealty*, which, by freeing kings from fear, freed both kings 500 and subjects from the precautions of tyranny, shall be extinct in the minds of men, plots and assassinations will be anticipated by preventive murder and preventive confiscation, and that long roll of grim and bloody maxims, which form the political code of all power, 505 not standing on its own honour, and the honour of those who are to obey it. Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle.

When ancient opinions and rules of life are taken away, the loss cannot possibly be estimated. From 510 that moment we have no compass to govern us ; nor can we know distinctly to what port we steer. Europe, undoubtedly, taken in a mass, was in a flourishing condition the day on which your revolution was completed. How much of that prosperous state was owing to the 515 spirit of our old manners and opinions is not easy to say ; but as such causes cannot be indifferent in their operation, we must presume, that, on the whole, their operation was beneficial.

We are but too apt to consider things in the state in 520 which we find them, without sufficiently adverting to the causes by which they have been produced, and possibly may be upheld. Nothing is more certain, than that our manners, our civilization, and all the

good things which are connected with manners and 525
with civilization, have, in this European world of ours,
depended for ages upon two principles ; and were in-
deed the result of both combined ; I mean the spirit of
a gentleman, and the spirit of religion. The nobility
and the clergy, the one by profession, the other by 530
patronage, kept learning in existence, even in the
midst of arms and confusions, and whilst governments
were rather in their causes, than formed. Learning
paid back what it received to nobility and to priest-
hood ; and paid it with usury, by enlarging their 535
ideas, and by furnishing their minds. Happy if they
had all continued to know their indissoluble union, and
their proper place ! Happy if learning, not debauched
by ambition, had been satisfied to continue the instruc-
tor, and not aspired to be the master ! Along with its 540
natural protectors and guardians, learning will be cast
into the mire, and trodden down under the hoofs of a
swinish multitude.¹

If, as I suspect, modern letters owe more than they
are always willing to own to ancient manners, so do 545
other interests which we value full as much as they
are worth. Even commerce, and trade, and manu-
facture, the gods of our economical politicians, are
themselves but effects, which, as first causes, we choose
to worship. They certainly grew under the same 550
shade in which learning flourished. They too may
decay with their natural protecting principles. With
you, for the present at least, they all threaten to dis-
appear together. Where trade and manufactures are
wanting to a people, and the spirit of nobility and religion 555
remains, sentiment supplies, and not always ill supplies,
their place ; but if commerce and the arts should be
lost in an experiment to try how well a state may

¹ See the fate of Bailly and Condorcet, supposed to be here particu-
larly alluded to. Compare the circumstances of the trial and execution 560
of the former with this prediction.

stand without these old fundamental principles, what sort of a thing must be a nation of gross, stupid, ferocious, and, at the same time, poor and sordid, barbarians, destitute of religion, honour, or manly pride, 565 possessing nothing at present, and hoping for nothing hereafter?

I wish you may not be going fast, and by the shortest cut, to that horrible and disgusting situation. Already there appears a poverty of conception, a 570 coarseness and vulgarity in all the proceedings of the Assembly and of all their directors. Their liberty is not liberal. Their science is presumptuous ignorance. Their humanity is savage and brutal.

It is not clear, whether in England we learned those 575 grand and decorous principles and manners, of which considerable traces yet remain, from you, or whether you took them from us. But to you, I think, we trace them best. You seem to me to be—*gentis incunabula nostræ*. France has always more or less influenced man- 580 ners in England; and when your fountain is choked up and polluted, the stream will not run long, or not run clear, with us, or perhaps with any nation. This gives all Europe, in my opinion, but too close and connected a concern in what is done in France. Excuse 585 me, therefore, if I have dwelt too long on the atrocious spectacle of the 6th of October, 1789, or have given too much scope to the reflections which have arisen in my mind on occasion of the most important of all revolutions, which may be dated from that day, I mean a re- 590 volution in sentiments, manners, and moral opinions. As things now stand, with everything respectable destroyed without us, and an attempt to destroy within us every principle of respect, one is almost forced to apologize for harbouring the common feelings of men. 595

Why do I feel so differently from the Reverend Dr. Price, and those of his lay flock who will choose to adopt the sentiments of his discourse?—For this plain reason

—because it is *natural* I should ; because we are so made,
 as to be affected at such spectacles with melancholy 600
 sentiments upon the unstable condition of mortal pro-
 sperity, and the tremendous uncertainty of human great-
 ness ; because in those natural feelings we learn great
 lessons ; because in events like these our passions in-
 struct our reason ; because when kings are hurled from 605
 their thrones by the Supreme Director of this great
 drama, and become the objects of insult to the base,
 and of pity to the good, we behold such disasters in the
 moral, as we should behold a miracle in the physical,
 order of things. We are alarmed into reflection ; our 610
 minds (as it has long since been observed) are purified
 by terror and pity ; our weak, unthinking pride is hum-
 bled under the dispensations of a mysterious wisdom.
 Some tears might be drawn from me, if such a spect-
 acle were exhibited on the stage. I should be truly 615
 ashamed of finding in myself that superficial, theatric
 sense of painted distress, whilst I could exult over it
 in real life. With such a perverted mind, I could never
 venture to show my face at a tragedy. People would
 think the tears that Garrick formerly, or that Siddons 620
 not long since, have extorted from me, were the tears of
 hypocrisy ; I should know them to be the tears of folly.

Indeed the theatre is a better school of moral senti-
 ments than churches, where the feelings of humanity are
 thus outraged. Poets who have to deal with an audi- 625
 ence not yet graduated in the school of the rights of
 men, and who must apply themselves to the moral con-
 stitution of the heart, would not dare to produce such
 a triumph as a matter of exultation. There, where men
 follow their natural impulses, they would not bear the 630
 odious maxims of a Machiavelian policy, whether ap-
 plied to the attainment of monarchical or democratic
 tyranny. They would reject them on the modern, as
 they once did on the ancient stage, where they could not
 bear even the hypothetical proposition of such wicked- 635

ness in the mouth of a personated tyrant, though suitable to the character he sustained. No theatric audience in Athens would bear what has been borne, in the midst of the real tragedy of this triumphal day ; a principal actor weighing, as it were in scales hung in a shop of horrors,—so much actual crime against so much contingent advantage,—and after putting in and out weights, declaring that the balance was on the side of the advantages. They would not bear to see the crimes of new democracy posted as in a ledger against the crimes of old despotism, and the book-keepers of politics finding democracy still in debt, but by no means unable or unwilling to pay the balance. In the theatre, the first intuitive glance, without any elaborate process of reasoning, will show, that this method of political computation would justify every extent of crime. They would see, that on these principles, even where the very worst acts were not perpetrated, it was owing rather to the fortune of the conspirators, than to their parsimony in the expenditure of treachery and blood. They would soon see, that criminal means once tolerated are soon preferred. They present a shorter cut to the object than through the highway of the moral virtues. Justifying perfidy and murder for public benefit, public benefit would soon become the pretext, and perfidy and murder the end ; until rapacity, malice, revenge, and fear more dreadful than revenge, could satiate their insatiable appetites. Such must be the consequences of losing, in the splendour of these triumphs of the rights of men, all natural sense of wrong and right.

But the reverend pastor exults in this “leading in triumph,” because truly Louis the Sixteenth was “an arbitrary monarch ;” that is, in other words, neither more nor less than because he was Louis the Sixteenth, and because he had the misfortune to be born king of France, with the prerogatives of which, a long line of ancestors, and a long acquiescence of the people,

without any act of his, had put him in possession. A misfortune it has indeed turned out to him, that he was born king of France. But misfortune is not crime, nor is indiscretion always the greatest guilt. I shall never think that a prince, the acts of whose whole reign were a series of concessions to his subjects, who was willing to relax his authority, to remit his prerogatives, to call his people to a share of freedom, not known, perhaps not desired, by their ancestors ; such a prince, though he should be subjected to the common frailties attached to men and to princes, though he should have once thought it necessary to provide force against the desperate designs manifestly carrying on against his person, and the remnants of his authority ; though all this should be taken into consideration, I shall be led with great difficulty to think he deserves the cruel and insulting triumph of Paris, and of Dr. Price. I tremble for the cause of liberty, from such an example to kings, I tremble for the cause of humanity, in the unpunished outrages of the most wicked of mankind. But there are some people of that low and degenerate fashion of mind, that they look up with a sort of complacent awe and admiration to kings, who know to keep firm in their seat, to hold a strict hand over their subjects, to assert their prerogative, and, by the awakened vigilance of a severe despotism, to guard against the very first approaches of freedom. Against such as these they never elevate their voice. Deserters from principle, listed with fortune, they never see any good in suffering virtue, nor any crime in prosperous usurpation.

If it could have been made clear to me, that the king and queen of France (those I mean who were such before the triumph) were inexorable and cruel tyrants, that they had formed a deliberate scheme for massacring the National Assembly, (I think I have seen something like the latter insinuated in certain publications,) I should think their captivity just. If this be true,

much more ought to have been done, but done, in my 710
 opinion, in another manner. The punishment of real
 tyrants is a noble and awful act of justice; and it has
 with truth been said to be consolatory to the human
 mind. But if I were to punish a wicked king, I should
 regard the dignity in avenging the crime. Justice is 715
 grave and decorous, and in its punishments rather seems
 to submit to a necessity, than to make a choice. Had
 Nero, or Agrippina, or Louis the Eleventh, or Charles
 the Ninth, been the subject; if Charles the Twelfth of
 Sweden, after the murder of Patkul, or his predecessor 720
 Christina, after the murder of Monaldeschi, had fallen
 into your hands, Sir, or into mine, I am sure our con-
 duct would have been different.

If the French king, or king of the French, (or by
 whatever name he is known in the new vocabulary of 725
 your constitution,) has in his own person, and that of
 his queen, really deserved these unavowed, but un-
 avenged, murderous attempts, and those frequent in-
 dignities more cruel than murder, such a person would
 ill deserve even that subordinate executory trust, which 730
 I understand is to be placed in him; nor is he fit to be
 called chief in a nation which he has outraged and op-
 pressed. A worse choice for such an office in a new
 commonwealth, than that of a deposed tyrant, could
 not possibly be made. But to degrade and insult a 735
 man as the worst of criminals, and afterwards to trust
 him in your highest concerns, as a faithful, honest,
 and zealous servant, is not consistent with reasoning,
 nor prudent in policy, nor safe in practice. Those who
 could make such an appointment must be guilty of a 740
 more flagrant breach of trust than any they have yet
 committed against the people. As this is the only
 crime in which your leading politicians could have
 acted inconsistently, I conclude that there is no sort of
 ground for these horrid insinuations. I think no bet- 745
 ter of all the other calumnies.

In England, we give no credit to them. We are generous enemies : we are faithful allies. We spurn from us with disgust and indignation the slanders of those who bring us their anecdotes with the attestation of the flower-de-luce on their shoulders. We have Lord George Gordon fast in Newgate ; and neither his being a public proselyte to Judaism, nor his having, in his zeal against catholic priests and all sorts of ecclesiastics, raised a mob (excuse the term, it is still in use here) which pulled down all our prisons, have preserved to him a liberty, of which he did not render himself worthy by a virtuous use of it. We have rebuilt Newgate, and tenanted the mansion. We have prisons almost as strong as the Bastile, for those who dare to libel the queens of France. In this spiritual retreat, let the noble libeller remain. Let him there meditate on his Thalmud, until he learns a conduct more becoming his birth and parts, and not so disgraceful to the ancient religion to which he has become a proselyte ; or until some persons from your side of the water, to please your new Hebrew brethren, shall ransom him. He may then be enabled to purchase, with the old hoards of the synagogue, and a very small poundage on the long compound interest of the thirty pieces of silver, (Dr. Price has shown us what miracles compound interest will perform in 1790 years), the lands which are lately discovered to have been usurped by the Gallican church. Send us your Popish archbishop of Paris, and we will send you our Protestant Rabbin. We shall treat the person you send us in exchange like a gentleman and an honest man, as he is ; but pray let him bring with him the fund of his hospitality, bounty, and charity ; and, depend upon it, we shall never confiscate a shilling of that honourable and pious fund, nor think of enriching the treasury with the spoils of the poor-box.

. To tell you the truth, my dear Sir, I think the honour of our nation to be somewhat concerned in the

disclaimer of the proceedings of this society of the Old 785
 Jewry and the London Tavern. I have no man's
 proxy. I speak only for myself, when I disclaim, as I
 do with all possible earnestness, all communion with
 the actors in that triumph, or with the admirers of it.
 When I assert anything else, as concerning the people 790
 of England, I speak from observation, not from auth-
 ority; but I speak from the experience I have had in a
 pretty extensive and mixed communication with the
 inhabitants of this kingdom, of all descriptions and
 ranks, and after a course of attentive observation, 795
 began early in life, and continued for nearly forty
 years. I have often been astonished, considering that
 we are divided from you but by a slender dyke of about
 twenty-four miles, and that the mutual intercourse
 between the two countries has lately been very great, 800
 to find how little you seem to know of us. I suspect
 that this is owing to your forming a judgment of this
 nation from certain publications, which do, very errone-
 ously, if they do at all, represent the opinions and
 dispositions generally prevalent in England. The 805
 vanity, restlessness, petulance, and spirit of intrigue,
 of several petty cabals, who attempt to hide their total
 want of consequence in bustle and noise, and puffing,
 and mutual quotation of each other, make you imagine
 that our contemptuous neglect of their abilities is a 810
 mark of general acquiescence in their opinions. No
 such thing, I assure you. Because half a dozen grass-
 hoppers under a fern make the field ring with their im-
 portunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, re-
 posed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the 815
 cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who
 make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field;
 that, of course, they are many in number; or that,
 after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled,
 meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome, insects 820
 of the hour.

I almost venture to affirm, that not one in a hundred amongst us participates in the "triumph" of the Revolution Society. If the king and queen of France, and their children, were to fall into our hands by the chance of war, in the most acrimonious of all hostilities, (I deprecate such an event, I deprecate such hostility), they would be treated with another sort of triumphal entry into London. We formerly have had a king of France in that situation; you have read how he was treated by the victor in the field; and in what manner he was afterwards received in England. Four hundred years have gone over us; but I believe we are not materially changed since that period. Thanks to our sullen resistance to innovation, thanks to the cold sluggishness of our national character, we still bear the stamp of our forefathers. We have not (as I conceive) lost the generosity and dignity of thinking of the fourteenth century; nor as yet have we subtilized ourselves into savages. We are not the converts of Rousseau; we are not the disciples of Voltaire; Helvetius has made no progress amongst us. Atheists are not our preachers; madmen are not our lawgivers. We know that *we* have made no discoveries, and we think that no discoveries are to be made, in morality; nor many in the great principles of government, nor in the ideas of liberty, which were understood long before we were born, altogether as well as they will be after the grave has heaped its mould upon our presumption, and the silent tomb shall have imposed its law on our pert loquacity. In England we have not yet been completely embowelled of our natural entrails; we still feel within us, and we cherish and cultivate, those inbred sentiments which are the faithful guardians, the active monitors of our duty, the true supporters of all liberal and manly morals. We have not been drawn and trussed, in order that we may be filled, like stuffed birds in a museum, with chaff and rags and paltry

blurred shreds of paper about the rights of man. We preserve the whole of our feelings still native and entire, unsophisticated by pedantry and infidelity. We fear God; we look up with awe to kings; with affection to parliaments; with duty to magistrates; with reverence to priests; and with respect to nobility.¹ Why? Because when such ideas are brought before our minds, it is *natural* to be so affected; because all other feelings are false and spurious, and tend to corrupt our minds, to vitiate our primary morals, to render us unfit for rational liberty; and by teaching us a servile, licentious, and abandoned insolence, to be our low sport for a few holidays, to make us perfectly fit for, and justly deserving of, slavery, through the whole course of our lives.

You see, Sir, that in this enlightened age I am bold enough to confess, that we are generally men of untaught feelings; that instead of casting away all our old prejudices, we cherish them to a very considerable degree, and, to take more shame to ourselves, we cherish them because they are prejudices; and the longer they have lasted, and the more generally they have prevailed, the more we cherish them. We are afraid to put men to live and trade each on his own private stock of reason; because we suspect that this stock in each man is small, and that the individuals would do better to avail themselves of the general bank and capital of nations and of ages. Many of our men of speculation, instead of exploding general prejudices, employ their sagacity to discover the latent wisdom

1 The English are, I conceive, misrepresented in a letter published in one of the papers, by a gentleman thought to be a dissenting minister. —When writing to Dr. Price of the spirit which prevails at Paris, he says, "The spirit of the people in this place has abolished all the proud distinctions which the *king* and *nobles* had usurped in their minds; whether they talk of the *king*, the *noble*, or the *priest*, their whole language is that of the most *enlightened* and *liberal* amongst the *English*." If this gentleman means to confine the terms *enlightened* and *liberal* to one set of men in England, it may be true. It is not generally so.

which prevails in them. If they find what they seek,
and they seldom fail, they think it more wise to con- 900
tinue the prejudice, with the reason involved, than to
cast away the coat of prejudice, and to leave nothing
but the naked reason; because prejudice, with its rea-
son, has a motive to give action to that reason, and an
affection which will give it permanence. Prejudice is 905
of ready application in the emergency; it previously
engages the mind in a steady course of wisdom and vir-
tue, and does not leave the man hesitating in the
moment of decision, sceptical, puzzled, and unresolved.
Prejudice renders a man's virtue his habit; and not a 910
series of unconnected acts. Through just prejudice,
his duty becomes a part of his nature.

Your literary men, and your politicians, and so do
the whole clan of the enlightened among us, essentially
differ in these points. They have no respect for the 915
wisdom of others; but they pay it off by a very full
measure of confidence in their own. With them it is a
sufficient motive to destroy an old scheme of things,
because it is an old one. As to the new, they are in
no sort of fear with regard to the duration of a build- 920
ing run up in haste; because duration is no object to
those who think little or nothing has been done before
their time, and who place all their hopes in discovery.
They conceive, very systematically, that all things
which give perpetuity are mischievous, and therefore 925
they are at inexpiable war with all establishments.
They think that government may vary like modes of
dress, and with as little ill effect; that their needs no
principle of attachment, except a sense of present con-
veniency, to any constitution of the state. They 930
always speak as if they were of opinion that there is a
singular species of compact between them and their
magistrates, which binds the magistrate, but which has
nothing reciprocal in it, but that the majesty of the
people has a right to dissolve it without any reason, 935

but its will. Their attachment to their country itself is only so far as it agrees with some of their fleeting projects ; it begins and ends with that scheme of polity which falls in with their momentary opinion.

These doctrines, or rather sentiments, seem prevalent 940 with your new statesmen. But they are wholly different from those on which we have always acted in this country.

I hear it is sometimes given out in France, that what is doing among you is after the example of England. 945 I beg leave to affirm, that scarcely anything done with you has originated from the practice or the prevalent opinions of this people, either in the act or in the spirit of the proceeding. Let me add, that we are as unwilling to learn these lessons from France, as we are sure 950 that we never taught them to that nation. The cabals here, who take a sort of share in your transactions, as yet consist of but a handful of people. If unfortunately by their intrigues, their sermons, their publications, and by a confidence derived from an expected union 955 with the counsels and forces of the French nation, they should draw considerable numbers into their faction, and in consequence should seriously attempt anything herein imitation of what has been done with you, the event, I dare venture to prophesy, will be, that, with 960 some trouble to their country they will soon accomplish their own destruction. This people refused to change their law in remote ages from respect to the infallibility of popes ; and they will not now alter it from a pious implicit faith in the dogmatism of philosophers ; 965 though the former was armed with the anathema and crusade, and though the latter should act with the libel and the lamp-iron.

Formerly your affairs were your own concern only. We felt for them as men ; but we kept aloof from them, 970 because we were not citizens of France. But when we see the model held up to ourselves, we must feel as Eng-

fishmen, and feeling, we must provide as Englishmen. Your affairs, in spite of us, are made a part of our interest; so far at least as to keep at a distance your panacea, or your plague. If it be a panacea, we do not want it. We know the consequences of unnecessary physic. If it be a plague, it is such a plague that the precautions of the most severe quarantine ought to be established against it.

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I hear on all hands that a cabal, calling itself philosophic, receives the glory of many of the late proceedings; and that their opinions and systems are the true actuating spirit of the whole of them. I have heard of no party in England, literary or political, at any time, known by such a description. It is not with you composed of those men, is it? whom the vulgar, in their blunt, homely style, commonly call atheists and infidels? If it be, I admit that we too have had writers of that description, who made some noise in their day. At present they repose in lasting oblivion. Who, born within the last forty years, has read one word of Collins, and Toland, and Tindal, and Chubb, and Morgan, and that whole race who called themselves Free-thinkers? Who now reads Bolingbroke? Who ever read him through? Ask the booksellers of London what is become of all these lights of the world. In a few years their few successors will go to the family vault of "all the Capulets." But whatever they were, or are, with us, they were and are wholly unconnected individuals. With us they kept the common nature of their kind, and were not gregarious. They never acted in corps, or were known as a faction in the state, nor presumed to influence in that name or character, or for the purposes of such a faction, on any of our public concerns. Whether they ought so to exist, and so be permitted to act, is another question. As such cabals have not existed in England, so neither has the spirit of them had any influence in establishing

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the original frame of our constitution, or in any one of
the several reparations and improvements it has under-
gone. The whole has been done under the auspices,
and is confirmed by the sanctions, of religion and
piety. The whole has emanated from the simplicity of
our national character, and from a sort of native plain-
ness and directness of understanding, which for a long
time characterized those men who have successfully ob-
tained authority amongst us. This disposition still re-
mains ; at least in the great body of the people.

We know, and what is better, we feel inwardly, that
religion is the basis of civil society, and the source of
all good and of all comfort.¹ In England we are so
convinced of this, that there is no rust of superstition,
with which the accumulated absurdity of the human
mind might have crusted it over in the course of ages,
that ninety-nine in a hundred of the people of England
would not prefer to impiety. We shall never be such
fools as to call in an enemy to the substance of any sys-
tem to remove its corruptions, to supply its defects, or
to perfect its construction. If our religious tenets
should ever want a further elucidation, we shall not
call on atheism to explain them. We shall not light
up our temple from that unhallowed fire. It will be
illuminated with other lights. It will be perfumed
with other incense, than the infectious stuff which is
imported by the smugglers of adulterated metaphysics.
If our ecclesiastical establishment should want a revi-
sion, it is not avarice or rapacity, public or private,
that we shall employ for the audit, or receipt, or appli-
cation of its consecrated revenue. Violently condemn-

¹ Sit igitur hoc ab initio persuasum civibus, dominos esse omnium
rerum ac moderatores, deos ; eaque, quæ gerantur, eorum geri vi-
ditiōe, ac numine ; eosdemque optime de genere hominum mereri ;
et qualis quisque sit, quid agat, quid in se admittat, qua mente, qua
pietate colat religiones intueri ; piorum et impiorum habere rationem.
His enim rebus imbutæ mentes haud sane abhorrebunt ab utili et à
vera sententiâ. Cic. de Legibus, l. 2.

ing neither the Greek nor the Armenian, nor, since heats are subsided, the Roman system of religion, we prefer the Protestant ; not because we think it has less1050 of the Christian religion in it, but because, in our judgment, it has more. We are Protestants, not from indifference, but from zeal.

We know, and it is our pride to know, that man is by his constitution a religious animal ; that atheism is1055 against, not only our reason, but our instincts ; and that it cannot prevail long. But if, in the moment of riot, and in a drunken delirium from the hot spirit drawn out of the alembic of hell, which in France is now so furiously boiling, we should uncover our nakedness, by1060 throwing off that Christian religion which has hitherto been our boast and comfort, and one great source of civilization amongst us, and among many other nations, we are apprehensive (being well aware that the mind will not endure a void) that some uncouth, per-1065 nicious, and degrading superstition might take the place of it.

For that reason, before we take from our establishment the natural, human means of estimation, and give it up to contempt, as you have done, and in doing1070 it have incurred the penalties you well deserve to suffer, we desire that some other may be presented to us in the place of it. We shall then form our judgment.

On these ideas, instead of quarrelling with establishments, as some do, who have made a philosophy and a1075 religion of their hostility to such institutions, we cleave closely to them. We are resolved to keep an established church, an established monarchy, an established aristocracy, an established democracy, each in the degree it exists, and in no greater. I shall show you1080 presently how much of each of these we possess.

It has been the misfortune (not, as these gentlemen think it, the glory) of this age, that everything is to be discussed, as if the constitution of our country were to

be always a subject rather of altercation, than enjoy-1085
ment. For this reason, as well as for the satisfaction
of those among you (if any such you have among you)
who may wish to profit of examples, I venture to
trouble you with a few thoughts upon each of these es-
tablishments. I do not think they were unwise in1090
ancient Rome, who, when they wished to new-model
their laws, set commissioners to examine the best con-
stituted republics within their reach.

First, I beg leave to speak of our church establish-
ment, which is the first of our prejudices, not a preju-1095
dice destitute of reason, but involving in it profound
and extensive wisdom. I speak of it first. It is first,
and last, and midst in our minds. For, taking ground
on that religious system, of which we are now in pos-
session, we continue to act on the early received and1100
uniformly continued sense of mankind. That sense
not only, like a wise architect, hath built up the august
fabric of states, but like a provident proprietor, to
preserve the structure from profanation and ruin, as a
sacred temple purged from all the impurities of fraud,1105
and violence, and injustice, and tyranny, hath solemnly
and for ever consecrated the commonwealth, and all
that officiate in it. This consecration is made, that all
who administer in the government of men, in which
they stand in the person of God himself, should have1110
high and worthy notions of their function and distinc-
tion ; that their hope should be full of immortality ;
that they should not look to the paltry pelf of the
moment, nor to the temporary and transient praise of
the vulgar, but to a solid, permanent existence, in the1115
permanent part of their nature, and to a permanent
fame and glory, in the example they leave as a rich
inheritance to the world.

Such sublime principles ought to be infused into per-
sons of exalted situations ; and religious establishments1120
provided, that may continually revive and enforce them.

Every sort of moral, every sort of civil, every sort of politic institution, aiding the rational and natural ties that connect the human understanding and affections to the divine, are not more than necessary, in order to build up that wonderful structure, Man; whose prerogative it is, to be in a great degree a creature of his own making; and who when made as he ought to be made, is destined to hold no trivial place in the creation. But whenever man is put over men, as the better nature ought ever to preside, in that case more particularly, he should as nearly as possible be approximated to his perfection.

The consecration of the state, by a state religious establishment, is necessary also to operate with a wholesome awe upon free citizens; because, in order to secure their freedom, they must enjoy some determinate portion of power. To them therefore a religion connected with the state, and with their duty towards it, becomes even more necessary than in such societies, where the people, by the terms of their subjection, are confined to private sentiments, and the management of their own family concerns. All persons possessing any portion of power ought to be strongly and awfully impressed with an idea that they act in trust: and that they are to account for their conduct in that trust to the one great Master, Author, and Founder of society.

This principle ought even to be more strongly impressed upon the minds of those who compose the collective sovereignty, than upon those of single princes. Without instruments, these princes can do nothing. Whoever uses instruments, in finding helps, finds also impediments. Their power is therefore by no means complete; nor are they safe in extreme abuse. Such persons, however elevated by flattery, arrogance, and self-opinion, must be sensible, that, whether covered or not by positive law, some way or other they are accountable even here for the abuse of their trust. If they are not cut off by a rebellion of their people, they may be strangled by the very

janissaries kept for their security against all other rebellion. Thus we have seen the king of France sold by his soldiers for an increase of pay. But where popular authority is absolute and unrestrained, the people have an infinitely greater, because a far better founded, confidence in their own power. They are themselves, in a great measure, their own instruments. They are nearer to their objects. Besides, they are less under responsibility to one of the greatest controlling powers on earth, the sense of fame and estimation. The share of infamy, that is likely to fall to the lot of each individual in public acts, is small indeed ; the operation of opinion being the inverse ratio to the number of those who abuse power. Their own approbation of their own acts has to them the appearance of a public judgment in their favour. A perfect democracy is therefore the most shameless thing in the world. As it is the most shameful, it is also the most fearless. No man apprehends in his person that he can be made subject to punishment. Certainly the people at large never ought : for as all punishments are for example towards the conservation of the people at large, the people at large can never become the subject of punishment by any human hand.¹ It is therefore of infinite importance that they should not be suffered to imagine that their will, any more than that of kings, is the standard of right and wrong. They ought to be persuaded that they are full as little entitled, and far less qualified, with safety to themselves, to use any arbitrary power whatsoever ; that therefore they are not, under a false show of liberty, but in truth, to exercise an unnatural, inverted domination, tyrannically to exact, from those who officiate in the state, an entire devotion to their interest, which is their right, but an abject submission to their occasional will ; extinguishing thereby, in all those who serve them, all moral principle, all sense of dignity, all use of judgment

¹ Quicquid multis peccatur inultum.

and all consistency of character ; whilst by the very same process they give themselves up a proper, a suitable, but a most contemptible prey to the servile ambition of popular sycophants, or courtly flatterers.

When the people have emptied themselves of all the lust of selfish will, which without religion it is utterly impossible they ever should, when they are conscious that they exercise, and exercise perhaps in a higher link of the order of delegation, the power, which to be legitimate must be according to that eternal, immutable law, in which will and reason are the same, they will be more careful how they place power in base and incapable hands. In their nomination to office, they will not appoint to the exercise of authority, as to a pitiful job, but as to a holy function ; not according to their sordid, selfish interest, nor to their wanton caprice, nor to their arbitrary will ; but they will confer that power (which any man may well tremble to give or to receive) on those only, in whom they may discern that predominant proportion of active virtue and wisdom, taken together and fitted to the charge, such, as in the great and inevitable mixed mass of human imperfections and infirmities, is to be found.

When they are habitually convinced that no evil can be acceptable, either in the act or the permission, to whose essence is good, they will be better able to extirpate out of the minds of all magistrates, civil, ecclesiastical, or military, anything that bears the least resemblance to a proud and lawless domination.

But one of the first and most leading principles which the commonwealth and the laws are consecrated, is lest the temporary possessors and life-renters in it, unmindful of what they have received from their ancestors, or of what is due to their posterity, should act as if they were the entire masters ; that they should not think it among their rights to cut off the entail, or commit waste on the inheritance, by destroying at their

pleasure the whole original fabric of their society ;
 hazarding to leave to those who come after them a ruin
 instead of an habitation—and teaching these successors¹²³⁵
 as little to respect their contrivances, as they had them-
 selves respected the institutions of their forefathers.
 By this unprincipled facility of changing the state as
 often, and as much, and in as many ways, as there are
 floating fancies or fashions, the whole chain and con-¹²⁴⁰
 tinuity of the commonwealth would be broken. No
 one generation could link with the other. Men would
 become little better than the flies of a summer.

And first of all, the science of jurisprudence, the pride
 of the human intellect, which, with all its defects, re-¹²⁴⁵
 dundancies, and errors, is the collected reason of ages,
 combining the principles of original justice with the
 infinite variety of human concerns, as a heap of old ex-
 ploded errors, would be no longer studied. Personal
 self-sufficiency and arrogance (the certain attendants¹²⁵⁰
 upon all those who have never experienced a wisdom
 greater than their own) would usurp the tribunal. Of
 course no certain laws, establishing invariable grounds
 of hope and fear, would keep the actions of men in a
 certain course, or direct them to a certain end. Noth-¹²⁵⁵
 ing stable in the modes of holding property, or exercis-
 ing function, could form a solid ground on which any
 parent could speculate in the education of his offspring,
 or in a choice for their future establishment in the world.
 No principles would be early worked into the habits.¹²⁶⁰
 As soon as the most able instructor had completed his
 laborious course of institution, instead of sending forth
 his pupil, accomplished in a virtuous discipline, fitted
 to procure him attention and respect, in his place in
 society, he would find everything altered ; and that he¹²⁶⁵
 had turned out a poor creature to the contempt and
 derision of the world, ignorant of the true grounds of
 estimation. Who would insure a tender and delicate
 sense of honour to beat almost with the first pulses of

the heart, when no man could know what would be the
 test of honour in a nation, continually varying the
 standard of its coin ? No part of life would retain its
 acquisitions. Barbarism with regard to science and
 literature, unskilfulness with regard to arts and manu-
 factures, would infallibly succeed to the want of a
 steady education and settled principle ; and thus the
 commonwealth itself would, in a few generations,
 crumble away, be disconnected into the dust and pow-
 der of individuality, and at length dispersed to all the
 winds of heaven.

To avoid therefore the evils of inconstancy and ver-
 satility, ten thousand times worse than those of ob-
 stinacy and the blindest prejudice, we have consecrat-
 ed the state, that no man should approach to look into
 its defects or corruptions but with due caution ; that
 he should never dream of beginning its reformation by
 its subversion ; that he should approach to the faults of
 the state as to the wounds of a father, with pious awe
 and trembling solicitude. By this wise prejudice we
 are taught to look with horror on those children of
 their country who are prompt rashly to hack that aged
 parent in pieces, and put him into the kettle of magi-
 cians, in hopes that by their poisonous weeds, and
 wild incantations, they may regenerate the paternal
 constitution, and renovate their father's life.

Society is indeed a contract. Subordinate contracts
 for objects of mere occasional interest, may be dissolved
 at pleasure—but the state ought not to be considered
 as nothing better than a partnership agreement in a
 trade of pepper and coffee, calico or tobacco, or some
 other such low concern, to be taken up for a little tem-
 porary interest, and to be dissolved by the fancy of the
 parties. It is to be looked on with other reverence ;
 because it is not a partnership in things subservient
 only to the gross animal existence of a temporary and
 perishable nature. It is a partnership in all science ; a

partnership in all art ; a partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but1310 between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born. Each contract of each particular state is but a clause in the great primæval contract of eternal society, linking the lower with the higher natures, connecting the visible and invisible1315 world, according to a fixed compact sanctioned by the inviolable oath which holds all physical and all moral natures, each in their appointed place. This law is not subject to the will of those, who by an obligation above them, and infinitely superior, are bound to submit their1320 will to that law. The municipal corporations of that universal kingdom are not morally at liberty at their pleasure, and on their speculations of a contingent improvement, wholly to separate and tear asunder the bands of their subordinate community, and to dissolve it1325 into an unsocial, uncivil, unconnected chaos of elementary principles. It is the first and supreme necessity only, a necessity that is not chosen, but chooses, a necessity paramount to deliberation, that admits no discussion, and demands no evidence, which alone can justify a resort to an-1330 archy. This necessity is no exception to the rule ; because this necessity itself is a part too of that moral and physical disposition of things, to which man must be obedient by consent or force : but if that which is only submission to necessity should be made the object of1335 choice, the law is broken, nature is disobeyed, and the rebellious are outlawed, cast forth, and exiled, from this world of reason, and order, and peace, and virtue, and fruitful penitence, into the antagonist world of madness, discord, vice, confusion and unavailing sorrow.1340

These, my dear Sir, are, were, and, I think, long will be, the sentiments of not the least learned and reflecting part of this kingdom. They, who are included in

this description, form their opinions on such grounds
 as such persons ought to form them. The less enquir-1345
 ing receive them from an authority, which those whom
 Providence dooms to live on trust need not be ashamed
 to rely on. These two sorts of men move in the
 same direction, though in a different place. They both
 move with the order of the universe. They all know1350
 or feel this great ancient truth: "*Quod illi principi
 et præpotenti Deo qui omnem hunc mundum regit,
 nihil eorum quæ quidem fiant in terris acceptius quam
 concilia et cætus hominum jure sociati quæ civitates
 appellantur.*" They take this tenet of the head and1355
 heart, not from the great name which it immediately
 bears, nor from the greater from whence it is derived;
 but from that which alone can give true weight and
 sanction to any learned opinion, the common nature
 and common relation of men. Persuaded that all things1360
 ought to be done with reference, and referring all to
 the point of reference to which all should be directed,
 they think themselves bound, not only as individuals
 in the sanctuary of the heart, or as congregated in that
 personal capacity, to renew the memory of their high1365
 origin and cast; but also in their corporate character to
 perform their national homage to the institutor, and
 author, and protector of civil society; without which
 civil society man could not by any possibility arrive at
 the perfection of which his nature is capable, nor even1370
 make a remote and faint approach to it. They conceive
 that He who gave our nature to be perfected by our
 virtue, willed also the necessary means of its perfec-
 tion.—He willed therefore the state—He willed its
 connexion with the source and original archetype of all1375
 perfection. They who are convinced of this his will,
 which is the law of laws, and the sovereign of sovereigns,
 cannot think it reprehensible that this our corporate
 fealty and homage, that this our recognition of a seigni-
 ory paramount, I had almost said this oblation of the1380

state itself, as a worthy offering on the high altar of universal praise, should be performed as all public, solemn acts are performed, in buildings, in music, in decoration, in speech, in the dignity of persons, according to the customs of mankind, taught by their nature ; this is, with1385 modest splendour and unassuming state, with mild majesty and sober pomp. For those purposes they think some part of the wealth of the country is as usefully employed as it can be in fomenting the luxury of individuals. It is the public ornament. It is the public1390 consolation. It nourishes the public hope. The poorest man finds his own importance and dignity in it, whilst the wealth and pride of individuals at every moment make the man of humble rank and fortune sensible of his inferiority, and degrades and vilifies his condition.1395 It is for the man in humble life, and to raise his nature, and to put him in mind of a state in which the privileges of opulence will cease, when he will be equal by nature, and may be more than equal by virtue, that this portion of the general wealth of his country is employed1400 and sanctified.

I assure you I do not aim at singularity. I give you opinions which have been accepted amongst us, from very early times to this moment, with a continued and general approbation, and which indeed are so worked1405 into my mind, that I am unable to distinguish what I have learned from others from the results of my own meditation.

It is on some such principles that the majority of the people of England, far from thinking a religious1410 national establishment unlawful, hardly think it lawful to be without one. In France you are wholly mistaken if you do not believe us above all other things attached to it, and beyond all other nations ; and when this people has acted unwisely and unjustifiably in its1415 favour (as in some instances they have done most certainly,) in their very errors you will at least discover their zeal.

This principle runs through the whole system of their polity. They do not consider their church establishment1420 as convenient, but as essential to their state ; not as a thing heterogeneous and separable ; something added for accommodation ; what they may either keep or lay aside, according to their temporary ideas of convenience. They consider it as the foundation of their whole con-1425 stitution, with which, and with every part of which, it holds an indissoluble union. Church and state are ideas inseparable in their minds, and scarcely is the one ever mentioned without mentioning the other.

Our education is so formed as to confirm and fix1430 this impression. Our education is in a manner wholly in the hands of ecclesiastics, and in all stages from infancy to manhood. Even when our youth, leaving schools and universities, enter that most important period of life which begins to link experience and study1435 together, and when with that view they visit other countries, instead of old domestics whom we have seen as governors to principal men from other parts, three-fourths of those who go abroad with our young nobility and gentlemen are ecclesiastics ; not as austere mast-1440 ers, nor as mere followers ; but as friends and companions of a graver character, and not seldom persons as well born as themselves. With them, as relations, they most constantly keep up a close connexion through life. By this connexion we conceive that we attach1445 our gentlemen to the church ; and we liberalize the church by an intercourse with the leading characters of the country.

So tenacious are we of the old ecclesiastical modes and fashions of institution, that very little alteration1450 has been made in them since the fourteenth or fifteenth century : adhering in this particular, as in all things else, to our old settled maxim, never entirely nor at once to depart from antiquity. We found these old institutions, on the whole, favourable to morality and1455

discipline ; and we thought they were susceptible of amendment, without altering the ground. We thought that they were capable of receiving and meliorating, and above all of preserving, the accessions of science and literature, as the order of Providence should successively produce them. And after all, with this Gothic and monkish education (for such it is in the groundwork) we may put in our claim to as ample and as early a share in all the improvements in science, in arts and in literature, which have illuminated and adorned the modern world, as any other nation in Europe : we think one main cause of this improvement was our not despising the patrimony of knowledge which was left us by our forefathers.

It is from our attachment to a church establishment, that the English nation did not think it wise to entrust that great, fundamental interest of the whole to what they trust no part of their civil or military public service, that is. to the unsteady and precarious contribution of individuals. They go further. They certainly never have suffered, and never will suffer, the fixed estate of the church to be converted into a pension, to depend on the treasury, and to be delayed, withheld, or perhaps to be extinguished, by fiscal difficulties : which difficulties may sometimes be pretended for political purposes, and are in fact often brought on by the extravagance, negligence, and rapacity of politicians. The people of England think that they have constitutional motives, as well as religious, against any project of turning their independent clergy into ecclesiastical pensioners of state. They tremble for their liberty, from the influence of a clergy dependent on the crown ; they tremble for the public tranquillity from the disorders of a factious clergy, if it were made to depend upon any other than the crown. They therefore made their church, like their king and their nobility, independent.

From the united considerations of religion and constitutional policy, from their opinion of a duty to make sure provision for the consolation of the feeble and the1495 instruction of the ignorant, they have incorporated and identified the estate of the church with the mass of *private property*, of which the state is not the proprietor, either for use or dominion, but the guardian only and the regulator. They have ordained that the provision1500 of this establishment might be as stable as the earth on which it stands, and should not fluctuate with the Euripus of funds and actions.

The men of England, the men, I mean, of light and leading in England, whose wisdom (if they have any)1505 is open and direct, would be ashamed, as of a silly, deceitful trick, to profess any religion in name, which, by their proceedings, they appeared to condemn. If by their conduct (the only language that rarely lies) they seemed to regard the great ruling principle of the moral and1510 the natural world, as a mere invention to keep the vulgar in obedience, they apprehend that by such a conduct they would defeat the politic purpose they have in view. They would find it difficult to make others believe in a system to which they manifestly give no1515 credit themselves. The Christian statesmen of this land would indeed first provide for the *multitude*; because it is the *multitude*; and is therefore, as such, the first object in the ecclesiastical institution, and in all institutions. They have been taught, that the circum-1520 stances of the gospel's being preached to the poor, was one of the great tests of its true mission. They think, therefore, that those do not believe it who do not take care it should be preached to the poor. But as they know that charity is not confined to any one descrip-1525 tion, but ought to apply itself to all men who have wants they are not deprived of a due and anxious sensation of pity to the distresses of the miserable great. They are not repelled through a fastidious delicacy, at the

stench of their arrogance and presumption, from a
 medicinal attention to their mental blotches and run-
 ning sores. They are sensible, that religious instruc-
 tion is of more consequence to them than to any others ;
 from the greatness of the temptation to which they
 are exposed ; from the important consequences that
 attend their faults ; from the contagion of their ill ex-
 ample : from the necessity of bowing down the stub-
 born neck of their pride and ambition to the yoke of
 moderation and virtue ; from a consideration of the
 fat stupidity and gross ignorance concerning what im-
 ports men most to know, which prevails at courts, and
 at the head of armies, and in senates, as much as at the
 loom and in the field.

The English people are satisfied, that to the great the
 consolations of religion are as necessary as its instruc-
 tions. They too are among the unhappy. They feel
 personal pain, and domestic sorrow. In these they
 have no privilege, but are subject to pay their full con-
 tingent to the contributions levied on mortality. They
 want this sovereign balm under their gnawing cares
 and anxieties, which, being less conversant about the
 limited wants of animal life, range without limit, and
 are diversified by infinite combinations, in the wild and
 unbounded regions of imagination. Some charitable
 dole is wanting to these, our often very unhappy
 brethren, to fill the gloomy void that reigns in minds
 which have nothing on earth to hope or fear ; something
 to relieve in the killing langour and over-laboured las-
 situde of those who have nothing to do ; something to
 excite an appetite to existence in the palled satiety
 which attends on all pleasures which may be bought,
 where nature is not left to her own process, where even
 desire is anticipated, and therefore fruition defeated by
 meditated schemes and contrivances of delight ; and no
 interval, no obstacle, is interposed between the wish and
 the accomplishment.

The people of England know how little influence the teachers of religion are likely to have with the wealthy and powerful of long standing, and how much less with the newly fortunate, if they appear in a manner1570 no way assorted to those with whom they must associate, and over whom they must even exercise, in some cases, something like an authority. What must they think of that body of teachers, if they see it in no part above the establishment of their domestic servants? If1575 the poverty were voluntary, there might be some difference. Strong instances of self-denial operate powerfully on our minds ; and a man who has no wants has obtained great freedom, and firmness, and even dignity. But as the mass of any description of men are but men,1580 and their poverty cannot be voluntary, that disrespect, which attends upon all lay poverty, will not depart from the ecclesiastical. Our provident constitution has therefore taken care that those who are to instruct presumptuous ignorance, those who are to be censors over1585 insolent vice, should neither incur their contempt, nor live upon their alms ; nor will it tempt the rich to a neglect of the true medicine of their minds. For these reasons, whilst we provide first for the poor, and with a parental solicitude, we have not relegated religion (like1590 something we were ashamed to show) to obscure municipalities, or rustic villages. No! we will have her to exalt her mitred front in courts and parliaments. We will have her mixed through the whole mass of life, and blended with all the classes of society. The people of1595 England will show to the haughty potentates of the world and to their talking sophisters, that a free, a generous, an informed nation honours the high magistrates of its church ; that it will not suffer the insolence of wealth and titles, or any other species of proud pretension, to1600 look down with scorn upon what they look up to with reverence ; nor presume to trample on that acquired personal nobility, which they intend always to be, and

which often is, the fruit, not the reward, (for what can be the reward !) of learning, piety, and virtue. They¹⁶⁰⁵ can see, without pain or grudging, an archbishop precede a duke. They can see a bishop of Durham, or a bishop of Winchester, in possession of ten thousand pounds a year ; and cannot conceive why it is in worse hands than estates to the like amount in the hands of this earl,¹⁶¹⁰ or that squire ; although it may be true, that so many dogs and horses are not kept by the former, and fed with the victuals which ought to nourish the children of the people. It is true, the whole church revenue is not always employed, and to every shilling, in charity ; nor¹⁶¹⁵ perhaps ought it ; but something is generally so employed. It is better to cherish virtue and humanity, by leaving much to free will, even with some loss to the object, than to attempt to make men mere machines and instruments of a political benevolence. The world¹⁶²⁰ on the whole will gain by a liberty, without which virtue cannot exist.

When once the commonwealth has established the estates of the church as property, it can, consistently, hear nothing of the more or the less. Too much and¹⁶²⁵ too little are treason against property. What evil can arise from the quantity in any hand, whilst the supreme authority has the full, sovereign superintendence over this, as over all property, to prevent every species of abuse ; and, whenever it notably deviates, to give to it a¹⁶³⁰ direction agreeable to the purposes of its institution.

In England most of us conceive that it is envy and malignity towards those who are often the beginners of their own fortune, and not a love of the self-denial and mortification of the ancient church, that makes some¹⁶³⁵ look askance at the distinctions, and honours, and revenues, which, taken from no person, are set apart for virtue. The ears of the people of England are distinguishing. They hear these men speak broad. Their tongue betrays them. Their language is in the *patois* of¹⁶⁴⁰

fraud ; in the cant and gibberish of hypocrisy. The people of England must think so, when these praters affect to carry back the clergy to that primitive, evangelic poverty, which in the spirit, ought always to exist in them, (and in us too, however we may like it,) but in the thing must be varied, when the relation of that body to the state is altered ; when manners, when modes of life, when indeed the whole order of human affairs, has undergone a total revolution. We shall believe those reformers then to be honest enthusiasts, not, as now we think them, cheats and deceivers, when we see them throwing their own goods into common, and submitting their own persons to the austere discipline of the early church.



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PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE REFLECTIONS.

Origin of the Reflections. The members of an association which called itself the Revolution Society and which was composed chiefly of Dissenters, met as was their custom, on the 4th of November, the anniversary of the landing of the Prince of Orange, to hear a sermon in commemoration of the glorious day. Dr. Price was the preacher, and both in the morning sermon and in the festivities of the afternoon, the Revolutionists in France were loudly extolled. These harmless proceedings aroused Burke's anger and scorn. He set to work upon the denunciation of Price's doctrines. His design grew as he went on with the undertaking. Every piece of additional news that came across the Channel supplied new material to his contempt and his alarm. When it was known that he was writing a pamphlet, the literary world was stirred with the liveliest expectation. The "great rhetorical fabric arose." With indefatigable industry he revised, erased, wrote and rewrote for exactly a year, until in November of 1790 he gave to an anxious public his masterpiece. It was addressed to M. Dupont, "a very young gentleman at Paris," who afterwards translated the work into French.

Epitome. In the preceding portion of the Reflections Burke, after referring to the sermon of Dr. Price shows that it misrepresents the English Constitution. He disclaims the right "to choose our own governors," "to cashier them for misconduct," or "to form a government for ourselves." He compares the

proceedings of the English Revolutionists in 1688 with those of the French Revolutionists in 1789. The National Assembly is described; the representatives of the Tiers État; the clergy; the turbulent nobles. Jacobinical fallacies regarding political power, property, and liberty are discussed and the true Rights of man explained. The illiberality and inhumanity of the sermon are pointed out and Price is compared with Peters, the preacher who "conducted the triumph" at the trial of Charles I.

In the selection given here the treatment of the King and Royal Family of France is contrasted with the spirit of old European manners and opinions, which being natural and politic, still influences Englishmen. Louis is regarded as no tyrant and the author thinks the honour of England is concerned for the repudiation of Dr. Price's doctrines and sentiments. He proceeds to exhibit the true picture of the English political system which is based on (1) the Church, (2) the Crown, (3) the Nobility, (4) the People. Religion is grounded in nature, and most necessary where there is most liberty, aiding to enforce the obligation which ought to subsist between one generation and another. The Church is valuable as a cementing and pervading principle, controlling education and equally necessary to rich and to poor. The rights of property apply to the Estates of the Church, and are grossly outraged by the confiscation of Church property in France.

In the concluding part of the Reflections Burke shows that the efforts of the different classes are to destroy the Church; that the abuses of the monarchical government in France are not incurable; that the spirit of the late government was sound, the nobility friends of liberality, and the clergy deserving of respect. He then criticises the policy of the National Assembly, showing their ignorance of statesmanship and the evils of their legislature, executive power, judicature, army and financial system.





NOTES ON THE REFLECTIONS.

1. **Preacher.** Dr. Price, the Unitarian minister.
2. **dimittis.** "Now dismiss." See *Luke*, II., 29.
7. **Leading in triumph.** The language of Price and others.
10. **Transports.** Ecstasy.
14. **American Savages.** Probably a reminiscence of the author's reading.
15. **Onondaga.** Then a station of Jesuit missionaries.
18. **Women.** In his *Sett. in America* the author refers to the ferocity of the women.
25. **National Assembly.** The States-general convoked by Louis XVI. consisted of two privileged orders, clergy and nobility and of the tiers-état or commons. As the privileged orders refused to deliberate with the third estate the latter assumed the title of *Assemblée Nationale*. The court was compelled to make the nobles and clergy join the Assembly.
32. **Their situation.** Depending on the will of the mob.
34. **Vitiated mind.** The English sympathisers were not like the Assembly obliged to act from necessity.
38. **Whose constitution.** "The municipal government of Paris, which had passed out of the hands of the 300 electors, was at this time shared by 60 departments. Each department was a caricature of a Greek democratic state, was considered by its inhabitants as a sovereign power, and passed resolutions, which had the force of laws within its limits. This division into 60 departments was first introduced to facilitate the election of the States-general; but the easy means which it afforded of summoning the people of each district upon short notice, and of communicating a show of regularity and unanimity to the proceedings, made it too useful a system to be discarded. Much of that appearance of order and

government which characterises the first year of the Revolution is due rather to this device, than to that self-restraint which made 'anarchy tolerable' in Massachusetts."—*Payne*.

39. **Emanated, &c.** They were the result of temporary arrangements. Necker, by a grave error recognized the 300 electors as a legal body. Their functions properly extended only to the election of representatives but they were subsequently entrusted with power by the people because they were the only body in whom the public could confide.

52. **It is notorious.** The clubs governed in the departments of Paris, and through them in the Assembly.

57. **Monstrous medley.** Germans, Swiss, Italians, Spaniards and English. The nobles and clergy took a lead there.

60. **Catiline.** Lucius Sergius Catiline who plotted to assassinate Cicero and overthrow the Roman government.

Cethegus. Another of the conspirators.

63. **Distortion.** Perversion.

Academies. The French *Conciliabules*.

73. **Confiscation.** *L. con* and *fiscus*, a basket, the public treasury; hence the act of adjudging to be forfeited to the state.

75. **Embracing, &c.** "Burke refers to the circumstances attending the condemnation for a bank-note forgery, of the brothers Agasse, which occurred in the middle of January, 1790. Dr. Guillotin had some time previously proposed, to the Assembly to inflict the punishment of death in a painless manner, and to relieve the relations of the criminal from the feudal taint of felony. The Abbé Pépin, on this occasion, procured the enactment of the last of these changes; and while the criminals lay under sentence of hanging, their brother and cousin, with the view of marking this triumph of liberty, were promoted to be lieutenants in the Grenadier Company of the Battalion of National Guards for the district of St. Honoré, on which occasion, in defiance of public decency and natural feeling, they were publicly feasted and complimented."—*Payne*.

82. **Comedians.** *Gr. kome*, a village and *ode* a song.

86. **Explode.** *L. explodo*, to reject or hoot off.

89. **Petulance.** Impudence.

90. **Gallery, &c.** In allusion to the House of Commons.

93. **Nec color, &c.** Neither any complexion of government nor any aspect of the senate.

94. **Power given, &c.** See *Revelations*, xiii., 7.

101. **Burlesque.** *L. burleschus*,

102. **Institute.** Institution.

113. **The beau jour.** The language is that of M. Bailly.

115. **That the vessel.** The words of Mirabeau.

121. **Slaughter of innocent gentlemen.** Foulon and Berthier were murdered by the *lanterne* "with every circumstance of refined insult and cruelty.

122. **The blood spilled.** The words of Barnave when this horrid scene was described and Mirabeau told him "it was a time to think rather than to feel."

132. **Felicitation, &c.** alluding to the address presented to the king and queen on the 3rd of January by a deputation of the Assembly.

Notice the *Sarcasm*.

146. **Frippery.** Fr. *friper*, to wear and hence old clothes.

157. **Ordinary.** Chaplain.

Newgate. The noted prison. Notice the *hyperbole* and *sarcasm*.

165. **Leze nation.** The offence of treason against the nation received from the Assembly this new name (L. *lesa majestas*.)

168. **Anodyne.** A medicine that allays pain. Notice the metaphors.

173. **Balm of hurt minds.** Cf. *Macbeth*, II., 2.

184. **History.** Personified.

190. **Sentinel.** M. de Miomandre.

194. **Cut down.** He recovered.

197. **Bayonets.** Not derived from Bayonne but from La Bayonette where a Basque regiment early in the 17th century, running short of powder, stuck their knives in their muskets.

Poniard. Fr. *poignard*, L. *pungo*. The statement here made has been denied.

From whence. *Pleonasm*.

209. **Two.** M. de Huttes and M. Varicourt, two of the guards.

216. **Heads.....led.** *Personal metaphor*.

220. **Contumelies.** Reproaches.

227. **Old palaces.** The Tuileries, where the king was at the time.

233. **Orgies.** Drunken revels. They were celebrated in Greece and Thrace in honour of Bacchus.

236. **A Saint.** Price.

241. **Venerable sage.** Simeon.

246. **Some sort.** Extreme republicans.

253. **Io Pœan.** A song of Apollo to avert some dreaded evil. It was so called from the words with which it began.

261. **Millenium.** See *Rev.* xx., 2,

Fifth monarchy. The dream of a set of enthusiasts in the Puritan times.

270. **Regicide.** Burke saw the inevitable result.

271. **Sacrilegious.** The persons of the royal family were regarded sacred.

274. **Hardy pencil.** Burke thought the queen would be the first victim.

347. **Sarcasm.**

355. **Not a little.** *Litotes.*

365. **Derogates.** Detracts.

371. **Great lady.** Marie Antoinette.

372. **Triumph.** The "joyous entry" of the 6th of October.

380. **A sovereign.** Marie Theresa, Empress of Austria and mother of the Queen.

382. **Roman matron.** Such as Lucretia.

383. **In the last extremity.** Alluding to the queen's carrying poison about with her.

386. **It is now.** In a letter to Sir. P. Francis, Burke says the scene actually drew tears from his eyes.

387. **Dauphiness.** Marie Antoinette had been married to the grandson of Louis XV. while he was still the dauphin.

388. **This orb, &c.** In this famous passage we have *metaphor, simile, ecphonesis, vision, apostrophe, hyperbole, &c.*, brought into requisition.

394. **Elevation.....fall.** *Antithesis.*

396. **Titles.** As that of queen.

398. **Antidote.** The poison.

399. **Little did I dream.** *Anaphora.*

402. **Ten thousand.** *Metonymy.*

404. **Age of chivalry.** The lament for the decay of chivalry is an old one.

405. **Sophisters.** Sophists.

408. **Generous loyalty.** The idea of loyalty was to be effaced from the French mind.

Proud submission. *Modestie superbe.*

411. **Exalted freedom.** Bolingbroke, Gibbon and others considered that the spirit of freedom breathed throughout the feudal institutions.

415. **Felt a stain, &c.** "And if the conscience has not wholly lost its native tenderness, it will not only dread the infection of a wound, but also the aspersion of a blot."—*South.*

416. **Ennoble, &c.** Cf. Johnson's epitaph on Goldsmith "Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit."

420. **Chivalry.** The complement of feudalism. It had its origin about the 11th century. Under it the privileges, duties and manners of the knights were recognized.

435. **Fellows.** Equals.

441. **Illusions.** Distinguish from *delusions* and *allusions*.

444. **Assimilation.** Converting into a like substance.

449. **Wardrobe.** "Life is barren enough surely with all her trappings; let us therefore be cautious how we strip her."—*Johnson*. Payne considers the influence of Johnson on Burke may be traced here.

455. **Scheme.** That of the Revolutionists and political theorists. Notice the *climax*.

469. **Cold hearts, &c.** Cf. Pope, *Dunciad*. "A brain of feathers and a heart of lead."

476. **Vista, or visto.** A view as through an avenue.

478. **Mechanic.** Mechanical.

493. **Power.** Misdirected, he anticipates, after the destruction of polished manners.

507. **Kings, &c.** A very expressive paragraph.

512. **Port.** *Metonymy*.

523. **Nothing is more, &c.** To cherish Honour was the principal business of chivalry. While chivalry flourished Burke says, "No citizen of Europe could be altogether an exile in any part of it."

533. **Learning.** The clergy were almost the only learned persons during the middle ages.

536. **Happy.** *Euphonesis*.

539. **The instructor.** The Revolutionists followed "reason" so called.

543. **Swinish multitude.** Cf. Matthew, vii., 6. "The much resented expression 'swinish multitude' afterwards became a toast with the English Jacobins."—*Payne*.

548. **The gods, &c.** Burke shows that wealth, which some valued more than the preservation of "nobility" and "religion" depended upon the preservation of these.

575. **It is not clear, &c.** Hallam calls France "the fountain of chivalry." Probably Burke here alludes to the legendary chivalry of the Court of Arthur, of which Brittany had its share.

581. **When your fountain.** "This passage has not been verified. England and Germany are likely to transmit to future generations much that is worth preserving of the spirit of chivalry."

591. **A revolution in sentiments, &c.** Public opinion was indeed changing.

594. **Apologize.** A strong expression.

606. **Great drama.** That of life.

615. **Stage.** Burke was a great lover of the stage.

620. **Garrick.** David Garrick (1716—1779) the celebrated actor.

Siddons. The celebrated actress.

623. **School.** A *metaphor*.

631. **Machiavelian.** Like the pernicious political principles of Niccolo del Machiavelli, of Florence, as set forth in his work called *The Prince*. According to this book rulers may resort to any treachery or artifice to uphold their arbitrary power.

662. **Fear more dreadful, &c.** A striking prophecy of the horrors of the Reign of Terror.

679. **Remit his prerogatives, &c.** This statement is not correct. Such remissions had been wrested from the king by parliament.

685. **Provide force, &c.** Alluding to the arrest of magistrates.

694. **Complacent awe.** Referring probably to Frederick the great.

695. **Known to keep.** A French form for "know how to keep."

599. **Never elevate, &c.** Under weak kings nations have often obtained more liberty.

700. **Listed.** Enlisted.

701. **Any good.....any crime. Antithesis.**

718. **Nero.** A very wicked emperor of Rome.

Agrippina. Wife of the emperor Claudius and one of the most detestable of women.

Louis the Eleventh. A genuine tyrant and the founder of the absolute system completed by Louis XIV.

Charles the Ninth. Who authorized and took a personal part in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, 1572.

719. **Charles the Twelfth.** Became king of Sweden 1697 and proved himself a most successful general in wars against the Russians, Danes, Prussians and Saxons.

720. **Patkul.** The Livonian patriot, surrendered to him under a treaty by Augustus of Poland, and judicially murdered in 1707.

721. **Monaldeschi.** "An Italian gentlemen who had been a favourite of the queen, but in revenge for neglect had composed a book in which her intrigues were unveiled. She had him dragged into her presence, and then and there assassinated, Oct. 10th, 1657. Leibnitz, to his disgrace, was among the apologists for this crime which took place at Fontainebleau."—*Payne*.

724. **French King.** The title of King of France was thought to savour of feudal usurpation and was changed to "King of the French."

751. **Flower-de-luce.** The royal badge. Burke here alludes to the scandalous stories of the Queen of France which those about the court brought over.

752. **Lord George Gordon.** "This mischievous maniac had been convicted June 6th 1787, amongst other things for a libel on the queen of France; but before the time fixed for coming up to receive sentence, he made off to the continent. He soon returned and in August took up his residence in one of the dirtiest streets of Birmingham, where he became a proselyte to the religion, and assumed the dress and manners of the Jews. He was arrested there on the 7th of December on a warrant for contempt of court and committed to Newgate, where his freaks were for sometime a topic of public amusement, as may be seen from the contemporary newspapers."—*Payne*.

753. **Proselyte.** He assumed the name and style of the Right Hon. Israel Bar Abraham George Gordon, wore a long beard and refused to admit to his presence any Jew who appeared without one.

755. **Raised a mob.** The terrible "No-Popery riots" of June 6th 1780 set blazing six-and-thirty fires in various parts of London and "everything served to impress the mind with ideas of universal anarchy and approaching desolation."

763. **Thalmud.** The fundamental code of Jewish law.

771. **Dr. Price has shown.** In his *Treatise on Reversionary payments* and other works.

772. **Thirty pieces.** In allusion to Judas.

773. **Gallican.** Of France.

796. **Forty years.** Burke came to England in 1750.

808. **Bustle and noise.** Hurd, in a sermon states that; "A few fashionable men make a noise in the world; and this clamour, being echoed on all sides from the shallow circles of their admirers, misleads the unwary into an opinion that the irreligious spirit is universal and uncontrollable." Canning in a speech gives expression to a similar idea.

812. **Grasshoppers, &c.** Cf. Virgil *Georg.*, iii., 327, and also the story of the foolish traveller who dismounted to kill the grasshoppers which disturbed his meditations.

827. **I deprecate, &c.** *Paraleipsis*.

829. **A king of France.** John who was taken at the battle of Poitiers, 1356.

830. **You have read.** In the Chronicle of Froissart.

831. **Victor.** The Black Prince

838. **Generosity and dignity.** Excessive praise was given in Burke's time to the period of Edward III.

839. **Subtilized, &c.** Rousseau is now supposed to influence France as Lycurgus did Sparta.

840. **Rousseau, &c.** The free-thinking, infidel spirit, so characteristic of the last century came from Italy with the period of the Renaissance.

842. **Atheists.** Over 50,000 are said to have been in Paris alone a century before the Revolution.

857. **Trussed.** Bound up.

859. **Blurred.** Blotted.

861. **Unsophisticated.** Uncorrupted.

Pedantry. Show of learning.

876. **Our old prejudices.** Well might some of Burke's Whig friends become amazed at such views.

886. **Men of speculation.** Like Addison, Johnson and other essayists.

900. **Continue the prejudice.** Chesterfield in one of his essays defends prejudices and regards them safer guides than reason.

926. **Inexpiable war.** Cf. Livy, iv., 35.

932. **Species of compact.** Plato sets up the same fictitious compact according to Bishop Horsely.

951. **Cabals.** Fr. *cabale*. The word has been popularized from the "Cabal Ministry."

962. **Refused.** In the reign of John.

974. **Part of our interest.** The politics had influenced various European governments.

976. **Panacea.** A universal cure. Panacea, the daughter of Esculapius, the god of medicine.

979. **Quarantine.** "The forty days that a ship suspected of being infected with some contagious disorder is obliged to lie off port."—*Brewer*.

981. **Philosophic.** Then signifying, in France, unbelief in Christianity.

993. **Collins, &c.** Payne says, "All that is worth knowing of these writers may be read in Mr. Pattison's essay on the *Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688—1750*. The representative man of the sect was Tindal."

995. **Bolingbrooke.** Henry St. John (1678—1751); a prominent Tory politician; his talents were brilliant and versatile and his style of writing polished; he was unscrupulous, dissipated, and a noted infidel.

998. **Few successors.** The allusion is to Hume.

999. **Capulets.** Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, iv., 1.

"Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie."

The Capulets were a noble house of Verona, the rival of that of Montague. Juliet is one of the former and Romeo of the latter.

1002. **Gregarious.** L. *grex*, a flock.

1011. **Reparations.** Amendments.

1015. **Native plainness.** For good illustrations of English character see Butler's *Hudibras*, Addison's *Sir Roger de Coverley* and Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson*.

1017. **Those who, &c.** Robert Walpole, Lord Chatham and Lord Rockingham.

1027. **We shall never, &c.** In England Dissenting bodies sprang into existence as a result of the spirit of inquiry.

1033. **Unhallowed fire.** Cf. Numbers, xvi. The allusion is most likely to the sacred fire on the altar of Vesta at Rome.

1036. **Adulterated metaphysics.** The sentiments of the sceptics.

1048. **Greek, &c.** Burke speaks elsewhere of these "four grand divisions of Christianity." He was a strong friend of toleration.

Armenian. So called from Armenia where Christianity was introduced in the second century. They attribute only one nature to Christ, hold that the spirit proceeds from the Father only, and adore saints.

1055. **Indifference, &c.** *Antithesis*.

1059. **Alembic.** A vessel formerly used by chemists for distilling.

1065. **Not endure a void.** The worship of *humanity* and the Sunday services of "Secular" societies prove the statement.

1091. **Ancient Rome.** Athens was visited by the Romans, in the time of Pericles and the Decemvirate which is here referred to established at home.

1144. **Act in trust.** A favourite view of Burke's regarding those placed in power.

1159. **Janissaries.** The name was first applied to a celebrated militia of the Ottoman empire raised by Orchan in 1526.

1162. **Absolute, &c.** The stock arguments against democracy.

1166. **Less under responsibility.** Is this true?

1171. **Inverse ratio.** Discuss this opinion.

1199. **Sycophants.** Gr. *sukophantes*, from *sukon* a fig. The term was probably first applied to those who informed against persons exporting figs and hence an informer, a parasite, a flatterer.

1206. **Will and reason the same.** A conclusion of the schoolmen.

1209. **Will not appoint, &c.** Notice the *antithesis*.

1227. **Life-renters.** Tenants for life.

1231. **Entail.** Fr. *en-tailler*. An *entail* is an estate cut from the power of a testator. It must go to the legal heirs.

1232. **Commit waste.** Permanent injury done on a landed estate, as pulling down houses, cutting timber &c.

1240. **Continuity.** Burke holds that the liberties of England form an "entailed inheritance."

1244. **Jurisprudence.** In Burke's time practical jurisprudence in England stood sadly in need of reform. In France matters were about as corrupt as they very well could be.

1284. **Approach to.** *Pleonasm.*

1292. **In pieces.** Alluding to the legend of the daughters of Pelias, King of Thessaly, who "by the counsel of Medea, chopped him in pieces, and set him a boiling with I know not what herbs in a cauldron, but could not revive him again."

1309. **Many generations.** The argument is used by Cicero.

1326. **Chaos.** Confusion.

1330. **Anarchy.** The absence of order.

1338. **World of reason, &c.** *Antithesis.*

1351. **Quod illi, &c.** Cicero, *de Rep.*, Lib., vi.

1355. **Tenet.** An article of faith.

1356. **Great name.** Scipio.

1357. **Greater name.** Cicero.

1366. **Cast.** Birth.

1375. **Archetype.** A model.

Corporate fealty. Allegiance as body.

1379. **Seignior.** Authority of a seignior (*L. senior*) or lord

1380. **Paramount.** Over all.

1384. **Dignity of persons.** Ecclesiastical dignities.

1422. **Heterogeneous.** Dissimilar.

1430. **Our education.** Burke's arguments will appear weak to Canadians.

1440. **Austere.** Severe.

1458. **Meliorating.** Ameliorating.

1463. **As early.** Not farther back than Hooker and Bacon.

1474. **Precarious.** Canada and even Scotland and England are far from establishing this view.

1489. **Faction.** If dependent on party.

1498. **Private property, &c.** In his speech on the Petition against the Acts of Uniformity (1772) Burke maintained the contrary opinion.

1502. **Euripus.** The strait between Bœotia and Eubœa. Its tides—with the Mediterranean tideless—were a puzzle to the ancients.

1503. **Actions.** *Fr. actions*, shares in a joint stock.

1513. **Politie purpose.** Of keeping the vulgar in obedience.

1521. **To the poor.** Cf. *Luke*, vii., 22, &c.

1531. **Medicinal.** Notice the *metaphorical* language in this passage.

1554. **Dole.** From *deal*; "dole" a lament, is from the L. *doleo*.

1586. **Incur their contempt.** Experience does not justify Burke's conclusions.

1593. **Mitred front.** "The episcopal *mitre* symbolises the cloven tongues of fire which descended on the apostles on the day of Pentecost."—*Brewer*.

1601. **Scorn—reverence.** *Antithesis*.

1640. **Patois.** Provincialism.



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